

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAR, 1868.

THE SAN VITTORIA.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1519, a vessel destined to glorious achievement weighed anchor at San Lucan. It was one of a squadron of five ships, with a crew of two hundred and thirty-six men.

The commander of this adventurous squadron was a man of marked characteristics—sterling to harshness—bold to rashness—a man born to great adventure. He was also well descended, and from childhood the sea had been his home. He possessed some prestige of character in consequence of distinction attained in the East Indies under the renowned Albuquerque, and also of winning the first honors in the battle of Malacca, 1510.

Trained to the sea, it is not strange that high resolves and great problems should occasionally occupy our hero's mind. Besides, it was an age of maritime activity and achievement. Columbus had but recently discovered America—an event that was arousing princes and navigators to new and wonderful conjectures as to the possibilities of other discoveries. At that time, too, very little was known of the earth. This fed excitement. The nations that dwelt on the shores of the seas of Europe and Asia knew not whence those seas and shores extended. Up to the twelfth century the Mediterranean was the only sea known or navigated to any considerable extent. At this time England could not boast of a single port. France had perhaps two on the coasts of Normandy, but not one either in the Atlantic or Mediterranean. A few towns on the Baltic, on the coasts of Spain, Flanders, and Holland, controlled the shipping of the world. The Crusades had imparted a powerful impulse to maritime activity, filling the seas with crafts of every description. Marco Polo's great travels in the East had also given new ideas of the extent of the earth, and

produced a marked effect. The invention of the compass was emboldening seamen to venture further out than ever. The discoveries made under the auspices of Prince Henry and John II, of Portugal, supplied another quickening element. In 1498 De Gama sailed round the southern extremity of Africa and discovered the shores of India.

These grand achievements imparted zest to maritime pursuits, and raised to its high the spirit of bold adventure. The idea was ripe among a few enlightened men that the earth was a sphere and not, according to the popular belief, a plain. This idea, indeed, seemed to be an animating conviction in the mind of our commander, and an incident of recent occurrence he thought would give him an occasion to test the truth of it. The Pope, after the great discoveries made by Columbus, "out of his pure liberality, infallible knowledge, and plenitude of apostolic power," divided the earth, as he conceived, into two equal parts, giving one-half to Spain, the other to Portugal. The line was supposed to be drawn from pole to pole, and ran a hundred leagues west of the Azores. All to the east belonged to Portugal, all to the west to Spain. Under this division a question soon arose as to the ownership of some newly discovered islands—the Moluccas. According to the Papal partition, to whom did they belong? The geographers of the times could not tell, and the infallible Pope himself durst not answer such a question. Its decision was a matter of importance. Spain and Portugal were the great maritime powers of the globe, and commercial rivals. From the Moluccas came nutmegs, cloves, and mace. The question of ownership increased in interest as knowledge of the wealth of the islands advanced. They were discovered by Portuguese vessels sailing to the east. Could a vessel reach them by sailing to the west? This question perhaps had alone entered the

mind of our captain. He determined to solve the problem. Failing to get an addition of half a ducat to his monthly stipend from the King of Portugal, he had passed into the service of the King of Spain. To induce the Crown of Castile to assist him in his undertaking, he proposed to show that the Moluccas were west of the partition line; he would do this by a westward sail. As this demonstration would, under the bull of Alexander VI, give Spain as good a title to them as Portugal, the proposition was accepted. None but the God of heaven knew the greatness of the transactions thus agreed upon!

Sailing in a westward direction the *San Victoria* touched first at the Canary Islands. After obtaining supplies she set sail again, and by the middle of December reached the coast of Brazil. Tarrying here for one month she, on Easter eve, anchored still farther down the coasts at San Julian. It should be remarked that, up to this time, but one great thought, apparently, had occupied all hearts—the glory of the enterprise. But discontent, springing from national prejudices, soon began to manifest itself. The Spanish officers could not brook the idea of achievement under a Portuguese commander. One of these officers had already gone so far as to signalize himself in awakening discontent and the spirit of mutiny. The course adopted by the commander, though of a revolting character, was such as he no doubt thought the occasion and emergency required. Sending a letter to the mutinous officer, he ordered the bearer of it to slay him while in the act of its perusal. The order was strictly obeyed; the fatal stab was given, and the rebellious officer was in a moment a lifeless corpse. Severe measures were adopted in the case of others, enabling the commander to maintain his supremacy. Remaining at San Julian for five months, they afterward came to Santa Cruz and tarried two months. Sailing from the latter place they, on the 18th of October, discovered the narrow passage between *Tierra del Fuego* and the southernmost limit of South America. This Strait leads to the South Sea, and up to this time had been the object of search. A council was held as to the propriety of entering it. Some, faint of heart and incapable of weighing the grandeur of their enterprise, looked at the shattered and storm-riven vessels, and said, "Let us go back." But the spirits of progress were there, and they shouted, "Onward!" The commander, after all had freely spoken their minds, announced it as his irrevocable determination to go on, in spite of perils, as long as waters spread before him, and winds would waft

his vessels, till the end was attained. Did the heroic ever have a sublimer manifestation? On pain of death no man from that hour was to mention home, or shortness of provisions; and if he and they must eat the hides from the yards of the vessels, the fleet should go forward. The love of home, the yearnings of affection, the cravings of hunger, must not be once named among them.

After passing the Strait the squadron sailed up the coast, attempting to recross the equator and gain a better climate. Stern as was the commander, his nature was susceptible of sublime emotions. After a struggle of fifteen months he shed tears of joy as he surveyed the broad expanse of the waters into which he had come—the first sailor that had ever looked upon their placid bosom—tears of joy that God had opened the gates for his entrance into such a world! The name he gave these waters will be the name they shall bear as long as bark shall sail the deep—the Pacific Ocean.

For nearly four months they sailed over this watery main without sight of land—a length of time never before known—and the thought may not have been uncommon alike to captain and crew, we may never see land again.

They had not sailed far after leaving the Strait before fresh water and provisions were exhausted, and sufferings of a horrid character began to appear among them. Some had the scurvy; the gums were swollen over their teeth, and food could not be chewed; others suffered dreadfully from other causes. For the long space of four months their condition was one of unmingled and intolerable affliction. All that their stern commander had intimated as possible was realized. The leather was eaten from the rigging of the vessels, mice became dear as venison, and saw-dust was eaten to appease the gnawings of hunger and to avert starvation. Will they, must they perish? With these despairing thoughts relief was coming. Faint glimmerings of land appear in the distance. It is watched with eagerness, and proves at last to be a group of islands, which, on approaching, they found peopled, clothed with beauty, and apparently fertile. Rice, yams, and cocoa-nuts were in abundance. Was ever relief more joyous or welcome?

On account of the thieving propensities of the inhabitants these islands were called the *Ladrones*. Among other things they stole the beautiful skiff at the stern of the commander's vessel. This was made the pretext and excuse for plundering and burning the habitations of the natives. In the melee some of them were killed. This act, wholly uncalled for, with similar ones

now and then manifesting themselves, greatly tarnish the glory of our commander. Would that for himself and the glory of humanity one destined to become so illustrious could have been controlled by higher moral impulses!

In a few days they discovered the Philippines, and gradually a new world opened up to them full of wonderful objects; "elephants in trap-pings; vases and vessels of porcelain; birds of paradise that fly not, but be blown by the wind;" a salubrious clime of vast and varied productiveness—an oceanic paradise—where birds, and beasts, and men, and nature, were found rejoicing as if unrobbed of primal bliss. The Philippines were friendly and considerably advanced in civilization. One of the kings was of comely appearance—elegantly tattooed, dressed in silk, embroidered cotton, with earrings of gold, and silk turban, while a gold-handled dagger dangled at his side, and a profusion of gold rings decorated his person. The people were similarly dressed, and perfumed with aromatic oils. There was culture, too. For fishing there were nets and harpoons; for war, lances, bucklers, clubs, and cutlasses, while the land was in a high state of cultivation and produced a variety of spices in abundance.

Zebu was an island of note. The king was wealthy and powerful. Two thousand of his men, armed with spears and shields, were at the water's edge to receive the strangers, who entered the port with colors flying and cannon roaring, awakening all the emotions of fear among the natives. A treaty was formed easily.

Finding these various islands friendly and hospitable, our captain very unworthily attempted to exact tribute of them. Most of them, under duress, at once submitted. The king of one of them, however, firmly remonstrated. "As strangers I wish to supply your wants, to show you all proper respect, and I have sent you a present; but I owe no obedience to those whom, till now, I have never seen, and I will pay none." This noble protest only provoked the resolution to destroy the prince. Forty-nine men, our commander leading, well armed, attacked about 1,500 of the natives, who fought with desperation. The Spaniards were not equal to the task they had undertaken. An adjacent village was fired with the hope that it would create a panic among them, but in vain. The natives perceived that the legs of the Spaniards were unprotected by mail, and, so taking good aim and boldly rushing upon them, they were thrown into disorder. The captain at length was left with only seven or eight men, and was struggling with a wound from a poisoned arrow. They pelt him with stones; his helmet is stricken

off; he is wounded by a lance in the temple, and his sword arm is disabled. The Spaniards heroically persevere, but are pressed back into the waters, till their leader receives a fatal blow, bringing him to his face among the waves, where his career is ended. The men fled and left him in the hands of their conquerors. Thus the King of Matan maintained his independence, and "throughout the islands acquired for himself a matchless glory."

This disaster was the fruit of rashness; the Spaniards felt it severely. The loss of such a leader so far away from home, at such a time, and in unknown seas, was no ordinary calamity. Rash and unnecessarily stern as he was, he had now become their light and support. Add to this that many of their comrades were also slain. The King of Zebu, too, proved treacherous, and as a result many of the ships' captains had perished.

The remnant that was left did not, however, lose heart. They boldly swept out again into the unknown seas in quest of the Moluccas, concerning which they had heard something at Zebu. Touching at Bohol and Mindinas, they came to Sooloo, where they received the first intelligence of Borneo. Passing on with increasing eagerness, and yet through much stress of weather, they reached Pulcau, where they obtained provisions and the assistance of pilots. The conviction, meantime, was growing that their captain's ideas were correct, that the Moluccas could be gained by a westward sail. With their pilots, therefore, they flew away with renewed and growing zeal. At length, November 8th, the long-sought *ultima thule* was gained; the San Vittoria was anchored at last in the peaceful waters of the Moluccas. The problem was solved. Their commander was not a foolish enthusiast and dreamer, but a great and far-seeing man.

This great achievement unfolded many hitherto unknown truths. The earth was proved to be spherical; the extension of the American continent southward was also ascertained; a vast watery world between America and Asia was discovered; a new island world was also added to geography. The gates of the seas were opened, and the paths for enterprise upon the waters were marked out. Nothing in the history of the human race surpasses this achievement. "That of Columbus dwindles away in comparison. It is a display of superhuman courage, superhuman perseverance, a display of resolution not to be diverted from its purpose by any motive or any suffering, but inflexibly persisting to its end."

Having been hospitably received at the

Moluccas, and having bartered to the extent desirable, they were ready for the return voyage by the middle of December. It was found, however, that one of their vessels, the *Trinidad*, was unfit for sea. Of the others one had stolen away and two had been destroyed. The *San Vittoria* was alone on the return voyage. Lone and wonderful bark! How winds and waves have buffeted thee! How wonderful hast thou held on thy way! Couldst thou speak, of what sufferings, what heart-aches, what despairs, what deaths couldst thou tell! The commander that once with brave and heroic heart trod thy deck is not with thee now. Many of thy crew lie in distant watery graves. God's eye has been upon thee—is upon thee yet. Sail on, wondrous bark! Homeward bound, may propitious gales waft thee safely on! The story thou canst tell will wake the world to admiration, and the tale of thy fortunes will inspire the pens of historians in ages to come!

The *Trinidad* refitted and attempted to get back to Spain, but was wrecked. Her crew fell into the hands of some Portuguese, and were made prisoners.

The *San Vittoria*, on leaving the Moluccas, had on board forty-seven Europeans, some Indians, and native pilots. Heavy gales were soon encountered.

"Dread roared the blast; the wave
Boils to the sky; the meeting whirlwinds rave
O'er the torn heavens; loud on their awe-struck ear
Great Nature seem'd to call, *Approach not here!*"

Discontent appears; a mutiny occurs; twenty of their number are lost—we know not how. At length, September 6, 1522, the *San Vittoria* arrived at San Lucar, and on the 8th went up the River Seville. She had been absent three years and fourteen days, and had sailed probably 45,000 miles. Of the two hundred and thirty-six officers and seamen that sailed with the squadron only *thirteen* survived the voyage! Of the five ships the *San Vittoria* alone remained. "Her little handful of survivors on reaching Seville walked to Church in their shirts, barefooted, with burning tapers in their hands, to return thanks to the Most High for their wondrous preservation." Unconsciously these men, under the leadership of the immortal Magellan, who perished in the enterprise, were the pioneers of the world's progress, opening to their own and to all times the paths of civilization, commerce, and religion. They were not the happy discoverers, as was Columbus, of a continent, but in a sense *they were the discoverers of the world to the world*. How has that world moved since their tapers went out!

HAREM AND HOME LIFE IN THE EAST.

PART II.

THE afternoon spent at the Pasha's proved unusually interesting and entertaining, but less so than a visit to the home of a Damascene named Ali, and Bey of something or other, but called by the Consul simply Ali-Bey. As in Egypt, every department of labor has its sheik, so that a man would bear that title if he was only a regulator of the differences between two donkey boys; so, in Syria, every department of government or of labor has its Bey. Therefore, Ali-Bey may be a very great or a very small man, which I did not learn. I only know that his garment was of the finest cloth; that he welcomed us to his mansion with the manners of an Englishman united to the warmth of an Oriental. The court-yard was deserted when we entered, but when the gentlemen had been left in the pleasant salon, and we went across the court toward the harem, countless heads, some woolly, some turbaned, some sunny and light, some bound in gay kerchiefs, appeared at windows and doors, testifying to the use of slaves in this Eastern household. I did not marvel at the number of attendants, when I remembered that this quiet, gentlemanly, elderly man had just taken his fifteenth wife.

The salon, where the gentlemen had been left with the master of the house, had been elaborately decorated and adorned; the room to which we were shown, in a distant part of the mansion, was far less attractive. The silken divans showed marks of constant use, the curtains the prints of soiled fingers. One of the women only waited to receive us, a delicate Syrian face, with eyes of softest luster, as sad as the eyes of a wounded gazelle. She may have been thirty years of age, not more. Hardly had we given, and received the Eastern salutation, a touch upon the forehead, and a hand upon the heart, and seated ourselves on the broad divan before the rest came in—a group of thirteen women, whom I thought it would take long to know from one another, and longer still to locate satisfactorily, giving each her proper place in the household. They were too many to admit of much comment or individual manners. Not one came to the divan. Some sat on the *daïs*, some laughed in our faces, others saluted us and stared. They were evidently unprepared for our visit, and the ladies, whom we should probably have seen arrayed in silken trowsers, embroidered bodices and jewels, we now saw in all their home attire, and exhibiting their most every-day manners.

There was great variety of dress, both in material, style, and manner of wearing, half proving the statements we have often heard, that, in these particulars, the members of a harem are not restricted. The trowsers were nearly all of calico, the robes and jackets of widely differing pattern. I do not think one lady had on hose, and some were even without slippers. The plaits of the hair had evidently been made days before, and the few who had not the long locks to braid were the only ones whose coiffure was even neat. One after another offered the dainty cigarettes from their own mouths, evidently amused that we could not or would not smoke. Not one of the thirteen was over twenty years of age, and nearly all were under seventeen, and quite childish in size and looks. One had fresh flowers in her hair, of which she seemed specially proud. The others smiled significantly, and she triumphantly when we ventured to admire a bud, and, in true spirit of Oriental courtesy, she divided the whole clusters of little blossoms into as many parts as she had visitors, leaving only one sprig of evergreen in her hair. The flowers were—so said our interpreter—the gift of her lord, and a mark of special favor. Had every stranger present followed the same rule of Eastern etiquette, and begged the favor of presenting any thing and every thing admired by these childish mesdames, we should have returned to the salon shorn of mantles and gloves, ornaments, and even hair. From the minutest bow on the hat down to the buttons on the shoes, every thing in view was noticed, fingered, commented on, and admired.

By the time this was over we were summoned to an upper chamber, the real reception-room of the harem. The hangings and divans were of crimson satin; the room had tables—rare articles to be found in an Eastern salon—and upon them stood rows of sandals such as are worn by ladies in wet weather. They were made of ebony and mother-of-pearl, and each of the ladies seemed anxious that her own should be carefully inspected and admired. Then, by way of entertainment, the jewel box was brought forth; and though we learned which gift had been presented to each, it was plainly to be seen that all was one family box, and all the property of the master.

In this room, decked with diamonds and clad in silken mantle, was the new wife, enjoying her brief day of triumph. She was not above fourteen years of age, not as pretty as many of the others, but had a certain air of conscious precedence which the others evidently felt. There was no special indication of ill-feeling,

no special deference, but a general avoidance of her, while there seemed the greatest freedom of intercourse on the part of the rest toward each other. Doubtless each, in turn, had been through the same brief experience of triumph over her predecessors, of coolness and distrust from them, till time brought a new favorite, and each joined the sisterhood of those cast aside. It was not difficult for any one to take, from even a short interview, the mental and moral status of these child-women, or to realize that this life of such ease and want of care brought with it a sure heritage of ignorance and indolence. We read of the happiness of the slaves in these Eastern homes, of the voluntary going of young girls from their wretched homes to the markets. It may all be true, and that the life of the harem here is great gain compared to any thing the East would offer outside of it. But, in comparison with the life a woman should live, the life of activity that develops mind and soul, it is a terrible slavery, whose worst features can not be half comprehended when seen only in books. There were the customary sherbets, chibouks, and coffee, without partaking of which no visitor escapes from an Eastern house. Their ignorance with regard to any other mode of life than theirs made itself manifest in questions like this, "Why were we allowed to go unvailed?" "How many of us were of one harem?" etc.

Out into the court, as we passed along, came many slaves of various ages and hues, from whose numbers some of the wives have been taken. They took us to the baths in the lower floor of the house, a long suit of rooms with marble fountains, arched roofs, and floors of mosaics.

Among the women in charge was a young Nubian from the Nile, queenly in face and figure, beautiful as the dancing girls of Thebes. I wondered, as I saw her move about arranging the bath, if, in her, no one of her fifteen mistresses found a rival. There was not her equal among them.

The extremely simple mode of life makes the expense of an establishment like this small compared to American ideas of an expensive household. One dish of stewed herbs, and a pile of bread in the kitchen, around which this motley group of slaves gathers, and another in the eating-room of the family for the wives, makes often a meal in the richer as well as the poorer families of the East. Miss Pardoe, writing of the East as it was thirty years ago, speaks of Mussulmans, who, in imitation of Mohammed, furnished each one of their wives with separate apartments and servants. I am

assured by reliable authority that the instances in which this is the case are very rare.

Mohammed left at his death nine wives and a house for each to live in. Some historians place the whole number of his spouses as high as twenty-five. The teachings of the Koran allow a Mohammedan but four, but Ali-Bey has chosen to follow the example of the Prophet, and to disregard the precept.

As we issued from the bath two of the wives were watching by the doors, and they came forth, one bearing a baby in her arms, one leading a little girl of three years, whose long, black hair was braided in minute braids, at the end of each of which was a small gold coin. A sweet child, of whom the mother might justly be proud—a dear child with her mother's heritage before her—to be one of many in the home of some man who would love her while her face was fair with the same love he gave her predecessor, and would give the one who would succeed her. Rather a sorry fate, my little maiden. If I called you mine I should want to shut the lids over the soft eyes with mine own hand, and hide you under the orange blooms before that day. Among the Damascenes there lives a Jew who is building an Aladdin's palace, a wonder of architectural beauty and costliness. Patiently over the mountains of Lebanon little donkeys have struggled under their burden of rarest marbles that came from Italy by way of the sea. Precious stones gleam in the walls. Doors of rosewood swing on silver hinges, and the panels are inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Ebony and alabaster mock each other in the ceiling. Pictures, that look as if copied from Chinese fans, look out of frames of pure gold. A cradle of silver fret-work rocks in the nursery for the babies of the Jew. A fat woman, in a faded calico wrapper and red morocco slippers, a crumpled collar, and finger nails that were in mourning, with a diamond aigrette in her gray hair, and diamonds blazing on her fat hands—this was the mistress of the gorgeous house.

There is another house surrounded by grounds beautiful as an English park, and filled with the choicest treasures of the Orient—a house where the quiet elegance of a stately Western home and the negligent luxuriance of a magnificent Eastern one seem to have united. We did not expect to see the mistress of this place, though the spot, as one of the curiosities of Damascus, is visited by nearly all strangers, much as a menagerie might be visited when the lions are away. We had expected to meet the French *femme de chambre*, who should act as cicerone, and give us opportunity to judge of the tastes of this much-talked-of woman, who

wears our English garb and speaks the English tongue, and yet is called the "Queen of Palmyra." But it took only a glance at the lady in black dress and garden hat and gloves, working among the flowers, to assure us that we had come at the wrong time. The lioness whom we had thought far away in the desert was here in her pleasant cage; the queen, instead of living among the tents of her subjects, had sought her city home. Before there was time to retreat the lady observed us, and, coming forward, greeted us with a cheerful cordiality that left no doubt in our minds of a genuine welcome, and, sitting in her parlor, walking in her grounds, admiring her horses—creatures of the rarest desert breed, with soul enough in their eyes to make one question if there were not somewhere a boundless desert where they should wander in freedom immortal—so a very enjoyable morning was passed.

Let not some of my good brethern who have walked through this woman's home, peeped into her prayer-book and pored over her album, and then gone away to wail over the tokens of hopeless depravity her life has shown, and to draw a heart-rending picture of a deserted husband and neglected babies, hold up their hands in holy horror at the thought of personal association with Madame Medjuel, the wife of the Arab Sheik. I assure them the missionaries of Syria hold her in high regard as a Christian, as an active co-worker and helper in the labor of spreading the Gospel, as an earnest hearer of the Word, and a patient doer of the work of the Lord—a reformed woman, in short, on whose head the ashes of penitence have fallen till no man should dare to scatter dust over the whitened locks.

The story, as it comes from one of the relatives of the wronged husband, is so unlike the pathetic versions that have found their way to our own country as to be worth repeating. Madame Medjuel is an old and gray-haired woman, but still stately, self-possessed, and elegant. She was the daughter of an English admiral of wealth—the beautiful daughter for whom the father desired a lofty alliance. She was loved by a German Baron, Prime Minister of a Continental Court; but her father chose that she should become the wife of a well-known English Earl, to whom she was united while yet very young. An English Earl! that sounds fine, but, despite the earldom, a man of lowest habits and vilest tastes—one who made her life a thing to be endured and loathed. Its trials proved too great for a spirit undisciplined, and any way of escape from it would have been welcomed. And just at this trying

point in her experience the way of all that she should *not* have chosen opened before her, and the old love was strong to add to her temptation. She failed, fell, fled with the Baron, and left the Earl to his favorites, selected from among chambermaids and pastry-cooks. And now came her bitterest lesson, sufficient in itself, fearful as was her sin, to have been its penalty. The man for whom she had broken every link that bound her to honor could not marry her, could not take her to his home, and, after a time of wandering, found her a restraint upon his movements and fled. Alone, lost, desolate and desperate, beautiful still, with no lack of means—for she had wealth of her own—with *all* lack of faith in human help, she might have proved a destroyer of many besides herself; but her hand or her fortune was sought by a poverty-stricken Greek prince. They were married, and afterward the story of her shame became known at the court where her new husband stood high in favor, and the decree said one of two things must be—his position, influence, and prospects at the court must be relinquished or the stained wife be put away. He did not hesitate long, “though,” says the world, “he loved her.” In the greatness of his manliness, in the nobleness of his power of self-sacrifice, he withheld from her the knowledge of her fate till he had obtained possession of all the money which he could possibly get into his power—*then* he put her away.

And so escape the third from this “unfortunate alliance.” Then she fled, with no companions but her servants—fled from the face of man, from the lands called civilized—and alone, among the mountains of Syria and the deserts of Africa, she wrought out one of her life’s hard problems. Journeying from Damascus to Palmyra, she had engaged, as must always be done, the protection of one of the sheiks of a tribe of Bedouins. These sheiks are supposed to negotiate with all unfriendly tribes on the route, and to guard the traveler from all danger. Medjuel was faithful, but they were attacked, and only the desperate valor of the sheik’s defense and the risk of his own life saved hers. She had hated and despised all men, had believed all alike incapable of any thing noble, self-sacrificing, or even just, and here in this Bedouin sheik she saw for the first time in her experience an exhibition of courage, of self-sacrifice such as she had never hoped to meet.

He protected her to Palmyra and conducted her safely to Damascus, and, desolate and unfriended, when he left her she would have gone with him. To know his care would continue, that she could dwell near one who was gener-

ous and brave, grew in her nature to be a conscious need. She could not go to live in the desert with his tribe unless she went as his wife. He was unlearned—she had known three men of culture and letters. He was a Moslem—she had known the protection of men from the three great sects of Christians. He was but a petty sheik—she had been a duchess in one proud kingdom and a princess in another. He had no money—no matter, she had enough for two. He might take more than one wife—well, even that experience had already known its parallel in her past. He was beyond the limits of civilization—so was she. He could speak no language that she could comprehend—no matter, she had heard lying love-words enough.

So, one by one, the arguments against him, strange as it may seem to us, were surmounted, and they told the sheik that the lady would become his wife. Astonished and afraid, he went away to ponder on what the beautiful Frank could mean, and, pondering well, concluded that he had better respectfully decline, which he did, and then went away to the desert. But the persevering woman thought she could cure him of this lack of confidence, and she went after him. As his guest, among his wild people, caring for the sick, looked upon in wondering admiration by the simple Arab women, there she wooed and there she won him. They came to the English Consul at Damascus, who refused to unite them in the bonds of matrimony; so they returned, and were married in the desert by the simple ceremony of his tribe. Two years later the marriage was confirmed to her satisfaction by the English rite, and in the years that have since gone by she has shared his desert life. She told us she had ridden in long night-journeys behind him on his horse, or beside him on the camels in their travels in the desert. She had shared every peril and hardship that could accompany their wandering life. But it remained for others to tell how she had placed all her fortune in his hands; built him this palace in Damascus and another among the mountains; living here with servants like an English duchess when he is away, but conforming to his mode of life—eating beside him on the mat in true Oriental style—when he is here, and spending the greater portion of her time in the desert-life with him.

It remained for the missionaries to tell how, with hand, and heart, and purse, she works among the sick, the poor, and the ignorant, gathering up all the scattered fragments of her own wrecked life, and feeding with them the multitude. And this Arab sheik, Medjuel,

whose tent she shares, has proved worthy, in all that makes man manliest, of her gifts. He scorns to meddle with her fortune, and, though a devoted follower of the Prophet himself, says he should despise her could she change her faith; and he has never taken another wife, though the indulgence of his right to do so was among the probabilities of her future.

The foregoing is one of those true tales that is stranger than fiction. Its outline has been before the world in a variety of forms for many years. Tongues of chroniclers have done their worst for the outcast, and the world will care as little about her redemption as it cared for her perdition; but after hearing the tale as it was told to me, on the house-top one evening when the sun was going down the slopes of Lebanon toward the sea, I felt thankful that a little boat well-nigh wrecked on the sea of human passion had drifted into the tide of a true human love, and so against the Eternal Rock.

LUDWIG UHLAND.

GERMANY, within the past few years, has lost in Ludwig Uhland one of her best beloved poets, and she seems to have entombed with him a whole period of her past, rich in beautiful memories and ardent hopes. In fact, when our poet published the first edition of his *Lieder* in 1815, the dawn of a new era was rising on the German nation. After a long sleep, disturbed by restless dreams; after a destructive Winter, which had arrested all progress and paralyzed all life, the Springtime had at last returned, and the warm breath of May reanimated the sad and desolate fields.

O, how high did all hearts beat with joyous expectation at this time of national reawakening! How the breasts of all dilated, breathing with intoxication the life-giving atmosphere of reviving liberty and faith! Was it not their union that had produced this great movement, that was greeted almost as a miracle? Germany then afforded the world the spectacle that Alexis de Tocqueville declares he had met with only in England; she showed, in appearance at least, a perfect accord between the religious and political world, between private and public virtues, between Christianity and liberty. Uhland, in the preface to his poems, expresses himself thus: "Now that liberty, so long restrained, is escaping in bright flames, the *Lied* will be born again and spring forth under these radiant fires, with a refulgence hitherto unknown. . . . May a new generation arise, stronger and more fitly tempered than ours! Such is not only our

wish, but the ardent prayer we address to Heaven."

But these hopes were to be of short duration, the harvest seems not to have answered to the seedtime. The period whose coming Uhland welcomed with so much enthusiasm is now ended, and that which has succeeded it inspires much less confidence. Germany is now undergoing a political, philosophical, and literary, and more than all, a religious crisis. The true cause of the present paralysis of its philosophic thought, and the languishing of its poetic inspiration, is to be sought in this religious crisis; it is because Germany has forgotten how to pray that she has lost the secret of her beautiful songs and vast thoughts; it is because her faith is shaken that her intellectual life languishes. Her future will then depend on her solution of the religious question.

For a better understanding of the elevation and profundity of the German genius, for a better appreciation of the danger it incurs to-day, and the rocks it must avoid, there is perhaps a no more useful and instructive study than that of the life and works of the poet that Germany has but lately lost.

Ludwig Uhland was born on the 26th of April, 1787, at Tubingen. His grandfather had been an eminent theologian of Suabia, and the poet imbibed from the traditions of his family the elements of a sound and humble piety. All his life was passed within the narrow bounds of his province, and almost within the walls of the pleasant house situated on the enchanting banks of the Neckar. Simplicity was the principal characteristic and pervading charm of his modest way of living. When, later in life, merited distinctions of all kinds were lavished upon him as an acknowledgment of the talent of the poet and the services of the citizen, Uhland, to whom they came unsought, seemed to value them slightly. He was free from that puerile vanity which is the usual appanage of celebrity and the rock on which it too often splits.

Thanks to the solid studies he had prosecuted so well, Uhland, when hardly fifteen years old, was admitted to the University course and occupied himself zealously with the science of law. Yet, like all the young men of his time, our student was strongly attracted to literature; the muse visited him in his solitary hours and gave him glimpses of a world entirely new, full of charms and seductive poesy. At this time all Germany was repeating Schiller's verses, and weeping at the tomb in which her favorite poet had just been prematurely laid. The talent of Goethe was now in its full maturity, and himself at the apogee of his glory. On all

sides, especially in Suabia, poets were rising up at the voice of these masters of song. Uhland maintained relations of close intimacy with certain of his young countrymen, of whom we will name only Justinus Koerner, the poet and seer of Weinsberg, and Gustavus Schwab, who cultivated piety and poetry together, in his peaceful village parsonage. This circle of friends, in accordance with the taste of the time, studied with enthusiastic ardor the Germanic antiquities and the Christian middle ages. Love of country, liberty, and religion, combined in a common veneration, quickened the pulsations of these young hearts, and an irresistible inclination urged them to investigate the profound mysteries of the invisible world. Varnhagen von Ense, who visited Tübingen in 1808, tells us in his Memoirs that he found these young Suabian poets devouring the works of Jung Stilling and the mystic school, and passionately fond of all that related to religious traditions or popular legends.

The first poems of Uhland date from 1804; he published some of them in the *Musenalmannach* of Leo von Seckendorf, under the pseudonym of Volker; later, on his return from a literary journey to Paris, where he had spent nearly all his time in the libraries, rummaging over old manuscripts, he himself, in concert with his friends, undertook the publication of a *Musenalmannach* and a "German Parnassus." While the brilliant epopee of the empire was unfolding to all Europe, and the echoes of the Black Forest sent back from every side the roar of cannon, our poet, bent over his old books, followed the expeditions of the chevaliers of the Middle Ages, accompanied them to the Crusades, and gathered together the traditions of their marvelous exploits. He was torn, however, from his studies and reveries by the events that, in their precipitate and tumultuous march, invaded at last the peaceful Valley of the Neckar. The wars for independence of 1813 and 1815 made a strong impression upon Uhland; his patriotic songs, which can worthily be assigned a place by the side of those of Arndt, Koerner, and Schenkendorf, date from this period.

Uhland was then practicing his profession of law at Stuttgart, and had even been for some time connected with the judicial administration. He welcomed with patriotic gratitude the new constitution that the King of Wurtemberg, in advance of the other princes of Germany, gave his people in 1815, as a return for the blood they had shed for him. Well-known for his liberal sentiments, he was elected deputy to the assembly of the States, and took from that moment an active part in the political life of his

country. Though a loyal and firm citizen, sincerely attached to the monarchical form of government, he never ceased to fight in the ranks of the constitutional opposition. In 1830 he was called to the Professorship of Languages and German Literature in the University of Tübingen, but being unable to obtain exemption from lecturing during the legislative session, he tendered his resignation of it three years afterward. At last, in 1839, when, owing to the increasing influence of the conservative party, liberty of speech and action was withdrawn from the States, Uhland retired to private life, and only left it again in 1848, to take his seat in the National Assembly of Frankfurt, to which he had been sent by his countrymen. He was pained, but not discouraged, by the failure of this attempt to establish the unity of Germany, and watched with manly pride and patient resignation the progress of the reaction, refusing to believe in its final triumph.

In his studious retirement, with his beloved wife and adopted son, accessible to a very limited circle of friends, Uhland busied himself with erudite labors on the poetry of the Middle Ages; he thought to contribute still further to the enfranchisement and future grandeur of his country, as well as to the reawakening of the feeling of nationality, by showing the German people the nobility of its origin and making it love its heroic past. It was in the midst of these studies and surrounded by universal respect and sympathy, that death reached him on the 13th of November, 1862. A cry of anguish rose from all Suabia and all Germany when his death was made known; deputations hurried from far and near to be present at the funeral ceremonies that were a fitting testimonial of respect to the poet and the citizen.

Though possessed of an exterior but slightly attractive, embarrassed and even awkward in manner, every thing about Uhland bore the mark of integrity and probity. Reserved and not fond of having his attention diverted from his studies or his inward contemplations, his eye rarely lighted up with a passing gleam. We have already stated how much his modesty suffered from all the honors and ovations of which he was constantly the object. His dignity without haughtiness, his great moral purity, his blunt frankness, his incorruptible veracity and child-like piety, explain the veneration that he inspired far and near. It has been well said, "What Uhland gave his nation seems little; but that little was inclosed in the best of hearts, which, as we know, always contains a whole world. The entire nation has for fifty years taken delight in the view of the enchanted

world that the poetry of Uhland has opened to it."

Uhland published the first selection of his poems in 1815. This small collection was considerably enriched in the seven or eight editions that followed, down to 1830, when he ceased to compose in verse; at the present time the complete lyrical works of the poet form but a single volume of no considerable size. He wrote besides two not very remarkable dramas, *Ernest*, *Duke of Suabia*, and *Lewis of Bavaria*; at length he published, in 1844, a collection of popular songs, to which he attached a high value.

The question has naturally been asked why the muse of Uhland was not more productive, and why he was silent for about thirty years. Various explanations of this have been given. According to some politics diverted Uhland from poetry, his liberal tendencies counteracting the inclinations of his muse. The elegist, who could sing such beautiful romances and ballads of the feudal and Christian epoch, having become a zealous defender of the rights of the people, was likely to have his enthusiasm for the past somewhat chilled. Others assert that it was Uhland's aim, above every thing else, to give to all his poems the stamp of perfection, and that, feeling inspiration fail him, he preferred remaining silent to publishing indifferent works. We incline to the latter explanation, and think that, besides his many other high qualities, Uhland possessed the rarest of all, that which consists in the ability to pass severe judgment upon one's self; he could, as does not frequently happen to lyric poets especially, maintain a wise moderation in his productions and stop in time. It would have been easy for him to fill several volumes of poetry, but he doubtless wished to publish only that which had a permanent value in his own estimation. However this may be, the reception accorded his verses by Germany was certainly not of a nature to discourage him; never was sympathy more unanimous or better deserved, though it certainly was addressed to the man as well as the poet. The poems of Uhland speedily became the choicest treasure of the German people, and, with the exception of a few discordant voices, of which we shall speak directly, they found only admirers, and gave rise to a large number of imitators and disciples.

One of the first merits of Uhland's poetry, as we have said before, is its rare perfection of form. We can not sufficiently admire the nobility, the exquisite purity of the sentiment, the pleasing harmony of the thought and language, whether the poet sings the grandeur of nature,

the brilliant splendor of the Alpine world, or the silence of the valley with grassy declivities, or whether he revives the heroic scenes of the past, or rouses in the popular mind love of country, liberty, and justice. Uhland possesses the talent of giving to his deepest and intensest feelings an exceedingly graceful and elegant expression. In this we see the triumph of extreme simplicity in conjunction with the most consummate art. It has been observed, with truth, that the productions of Uhland are outlines, sketches rather than complete pictures or finished compositions; that they are water-color drawings, to which warmth and strength of color are wanting; and it has been justly remarked that the poetic genius of Uhland was musical rather than plastic; that musicians have found more themes of inspiration in his work than painters, as the admirable melodies of Loewe and Kreutzer, known and sung in all Germany, are sufficient to prove. But what is this saying, except that what constitutes a defect in dramatic thought is not one in lyric poetry; it is not necessary that in lyric poetry every thing should be completed, clearly marked and defined. Vagueness, provided it be not exaggerated, is an additional beauty; who does not know, besides, what deep, heart-thrilling emotions spring from the feeling of the infinite which is connected with it? We must only be careful, as Vinet has said with respect to Chateaubriand, that the vagueness of passion does not become a passion for the vague—a caution entirely inapplicable to Uhland. The soft, transparent tint which, like the peaceful reflection of the moonlight, envelops all his pictures, produces an irresistible poetic effect, and awakens the tenderest and most delicate feelings within the soul.

Another merit of the poetry of Uhland is its alliance of the highest mental culture with the greatest clearness of expression, and its having rendered classic poetry popular. This result Uhland certainly owes to his sympathetic manner of throwing himself into his conceptions. Gifted with a very great power of receptivity, he abandons himself to the subjects he has chosen with an incomparable openness and seriousness; he identifies himself in some sort with his materials, impressing upon them the nobility and elevation of his feelings. The poet has thus found that pure and sweet poem of the *Lied* of which he, truly speaking, is the creator, and which responds to the profound instincts of the German people. In fact, the principal trait of the German character is this fidelity, this *Treue*, for which it is so difficult to find an exactly corresponding term in our language; we mean that faculty of attachment

into which much confidence and much self-surrender enter, and whence renunciation and sacrifice arise. Is it not precisely this trait of the Germanic people that has rendered it so admirably fitted to receive and comprehend Christianity, to become one of its most precious conquests and blessed instruments?

And here we ought to point out the great difference which lies between Uhland and the poets of the romantic school, with whom he has sometimes been confounded, and from whom he is nevertheless so distinct. Uhland, it is true, has his choice of subjects in common with them, and sympathy for the chivalric and Christian Middle Ages, that feudal and priestly world which appeared so beautiful then, those doughty knights who struck with heavy blows of the sword, those pilgrims of the Holy Land, those tournaments, those gentle esquires, those chaste damosels, those Scandinavian fighters, those blind kings, those troubadours, those harpers, those monks and nuns, those subterranean castle chambers and their mysterious terrors, those renunciations of love, that tender tolling of bells, and those ever-recurring, melancholy lamentations. But the romantic poets were led to these subjects only by an esthetic sentiment, making use of the materials they offered them as a sort of offensive weapon with which to joke and quiz the self-satisfied, pedantic, and barren generation at the beginning of our century, which was utterly bereft of poetry and faith; these amiable braggadocios in reality only sought to free themselves from the yoke of conventional forms, and were not seriously interested in the high facts of chivalry and the Church. Uhland, on the contrary, was attracted to these subjects by a veritable sympathy, borrowing from them nourishment for mind and heart. He did not understand that ironical facility which turns an object to account without realizing fully its real value; he admired, in all seriousness, the devotion, the faith, the renunciation that Christianity inspired in the Middle Ages; he did not take the forms only, which to him were merely accessory; he was quite ready to sacrifice the shell, provided the precious nut was left, which it inclosed.

Hence, also, the criticism, well founded as it seems to us, that has been made on Uhland, of not having succeeded in representing the Middle Ages in their historical verity, with their local coloring, as Victor Hugo has done in his "Legend of the Ages;" Uhland has idealized all his figures, and has not succeeded in rendering in a striking manner the coloring of that epoch and the tone of it, simple and strong to crudity; he decomposes it rather to a vague melancholy; he softens the rude and emphatic accents of the

popular traditions of the North to accommodate them to the taste of the modern public. He allows all these sweet images of the past to be reflected peacefully, in the twilight mirage of his mind, without troubling himself about historic exactness. So, for our part, in spite of the success and merited renown of his ballads, such as the "Blind King," the "Goldsmith's Daughter," "Bertrand von Born," the "Minstrel's Curse," the "Black Knight," the "Pilgrim," "King Charles's Voyage," we prefer to them the compositions drawn from more actual life, the subjects of which are taken from nature, political events, and the interior life of the author.

Uhland excels in seizing and painting the contrasts that human life presents, the whimsical and capricious play of its lights and shades, the abrupt encounters of joy and grief, the glow of an enthusiastic piety followed by the sudden returns of an inexplicable melancholy. His poems are filled with the feeling of the vanity, the fragility of things here below, that incomplete and repining phase, that our finest creations and highest felicities offer us. Stooping down to all our wretchedness, Uhland has heard "those sighs of the creature of which St. Paul, the apostle, speaks, the earnest expectation which waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." "*Sunt lacrymæ rerum*," the Latin poet had said before. Uhland knew these inward faintings, these causeless bitternesses, these longing desires for things whose name only exists on earth.

That which, in our estimation, gives so much value to the poems of Uhland, and distinguishes him from the romantic school, is their moral character. Goethe, in his correspondence with Zelter, passes a quite severe criticism upon Uhland; he accuses him of having idealized his creations too much, and of being fearful beyond measure of alarming modesty. This is also the theme of the accusations that young Germany and the Hegelian school have brought against the poet of Tübingen, and especially is it the subject of the scoffing persiflage of Heinrich Heine, who constantly blames him for his too ethereal personages. "When we look closely at the women of Uhland," he says in his frivolous work on Germany, "they are only beautiful shades, an incarnate moonlight, having milk in their veins and sweet tears in their eyes; as to his knights, they bear little resemblance to the ancient valiants of Germany, who wore breeches of veritable thick iron, ate much, and drank more." The exquisite moral purity of the poems of Uhland contrasts, in fact, very perceptibly with the license of the muse of Heine, who was

not overscrupulous in this particular. Uhland professes a profound respect for the human soul; he bows before the nobility of its origin and destiny. Doubtless, in the religious point of view, his poems are not entirely satisfactory; the influence of positive Christianity is not sufficiently apparent in them. The poet cherishes the aspirations and desires of faith, but he does not know its power, its sovereign energy. Full of veneration for the Christian doctrines and the mystery of piety, he does not seek to comprehend them, nor to apply to himself their salutary effects. Uhland is not a Christian poet in the proper sense of the word; he appears to us to be rather the incarnation of the Germanic spirit, the type of the German lyric poet. Hence, his patriotic songs are among the most successful he has written, and leave the least to be desired.

In spite of the very vivid spirituality that pervades the poetry of Uhland, the absence of the Christian element, properly so called, causes a chasm, a sad void; it lacks real power over souls. The poet lulls us pleasantly, charms us, enchants us, but does not move us; he does not impel us to action, he does not make us better. We might be tempted to draw a comparison between the *Lieder* of Uhland and the *Poetical Meditations* of Lamartine; we prefer to compare them to the romances of his countryman, Berthold Auerbach, in which we find the same richness and delicacy of feeling, the same talent for painting the most diverse emotions of the soul, and the most varied aspects of life, which do not, however, succeed in elevating us, in humbling us, nor in truly correcting us. This is because animation, talent, poetic genius, even when combined with uprightness and nobility of character, are insufficient to exert a lasting, useful influence in this world; there must be zeal and passion for divine things, and that holy violence to which the promises of the kingdom of heaven are given.

"Increase our faith" is, we think, the unanimous prayer of the Christians of Germany at the present crisis. Yes, let sincere, positive, energetic faith rise again in this beautiful land, as in the great days of Worms and Spire, and Germany will again give to the world the signal of revival. Her thought will gain in strength, her imagination will take a new flight, the dry fountains of her enthusiasm will gush forth anew, she will repew the traditions of her most glorious past, and will have, besides what she has been denied hitherto, and what she so ardently longs for, political and ecclesiastical institutions in harmony with her national and religious activity, and a public life which shall

be the faithful expression of the private. Then will she blot out forever the stigma of her poet, "Rich in thoughts, poor in deeds."

OUT OF BONDAGE.

PART FIRST.

IF any one had asked Asa Bent eight years ago to give his candid opinion of himself, and he had been frank enough to do it, his answer would have been to this effect: "I am a patriot and a Christian; I have far more than ordinary intelligence, and to crown all my other virtues, I am a model husband and father."

Mrs. Bent's opinion, with a few mental reservations, would have agreed with his. Never was there a man living on better terms with himself; never was there a wife less disposed to eclipse her husband. She believed in him to that extent that there was no room left for any faith in herself. In all things pertaining to temporal or household matters his will was her law. She never dreamed of disputing it, or of doubting its wisdom. The one trouble of her life was that her children did not share in her reverence for him. It was only after long musing upon the Scripture declaration that the "wee ones" will go astray as soon as they are born that she could account for the early insubordination of her brood. As soon as they were able to comprehend their father's commands they manifested a most unnatural delight in going contrary thereto. A word or look from the gentle mother could control them, which made the puzzle greater.

In religious matters she just followed her wise husband's lead, listening to his explanations of the Bible in their family worship as if every word was a supernatural oracle, wondering at the depravity of her second daughter, who mimicked every turn of her father's features, thereby causing her sister and young brother to giggle outright in the most solemn places, and bringing condign punishment upon the whole group.

So complete was her conjugal subjection that when sometimes, as she joined in the prayer, a suspicion vaguely formed itself in her mind that her soul was her own, she repelled it in alarm as a whisper from the old adversary.

There were three children—Mary, aged fifteen, Judith, aged twelve, and Asa, the pet of the family, who had only seen seven Summers.

"We have one boy and two girls," Mr. Bent would inform you, naming the boy first because of the superiority of his sex. The oldest girl was named for her grandmother Bent, who had

died twenty years ago. The second, Judith, received her cognomen in consequence of her father having just read the history of Holofernes, and the boy was named for his father, of course. The timid mother did express a desire to give to her second little girl the name of her own sainted mother, who died only a month before the child's birth; but her husband was so struck with astonishment at her temerity that she gave up the dear name, Evelyn, at once, and meekly substituted that of the apocryphal murderess.

Mr. Bent was a tailor by trade. Not "the little tailor" celebrated in the song about "the good old colony times when we lived under the king," and, considering whose "paw" was clapped upon that personage and what was found under his arm, it is scarcely worth while to establish his "true succession" in that line. It is enough to know that he was a tailor, and that he was rearing his whole family, wife included, to the same occupation.

This trade gave him many advantages which are denied to most men. It could be carried on at home, thus enabling him to keep his family under his own eye, and also affording opportunities for the exercise of the talent of managing domestic affairs, which he possessed in an uncommon degree.

Asa himself did not like to work. Planning was his forte, and, as he often told his wife, he found the brain-work quite exhaustive enough for his bodily powers. He cut out the work, but the rest of his time and strength was devoted to the more congenial task of managing. His wife and Mary did the most of the sewing and pressing, and the disagreeable odds and ends of the business, such as piecing out scanty patterns, winding silk or thread, sewing on buttons, heating the goose, and sweeping out the shop in the morning, all came into little hands which should have known no heavier task than fitting and making up doll's clothes.

Mary and Judith had inherited from their mother a strong love for books, and they early showed a taste for learning and a longing for the refinements of cultivated society. These inclinations their father looked upon in the light of inbred sin, which must be rooted out if possible, and mortified and subdued at all hazards.

"My children are all mother," he would say despondingly; "there is not a bit of the Bent blood in them; all for froth and show—nothing substantial in any of them; clear mother."

"They are bright, pretty children, that any sensible man would be proud of," said an indignant neighbor to him one day when he had

especially deplored their unlikeness to the Bent family. "The less father in them the better, I say. What *are* the Bents, any way?"

Now, Asa Bent, after much wise thinking, had come to the conclusion that women, as a class, were wholly incapable of sound reasoning; so he deigned no reply to the saucy question of his neighbor, but turned himself with renewed zeal to the management of the home department. An extra number of button-holes to make were apportioned to Mary, and Judith was set to sorting over all the fragments of cloth that had accumulated for a year.

"There is nothing like work," he said, "to drive all these foolish notions of education and polish out of your heads. You can both read and write, and you can calculate all the sums of money that you will ever handle, and you have studied geography. That is enough for any woman to know. Look at your aunt Huldah. She never went to school but one Summer in her life. But there is no Bent in either of you."

"Thank the Lord for that!" muttered Judith.

"Eh? What did you say?"

"Shall I roll the dark-blue pieces with the black?" she asked demurely, for she had caught her mother's imploring look.

It was not true that the children were "clear mother." In disposition, except in being affectionate, they resembled her very little. They were not at all inclined to yield to superior force, and never obeyed willingly. As their father, after his harangue, sat himself down by the window to watch his boy who was picking up chips in the yard, two pairs of fists were stealthily shaken at his back, and defiant looks, expressive of any thing but reverence, were interchanged, to the grief of the mother, who sat silently stitching away at her appointed stint.

Mrs. Bent was a slender, pale woman, delicately built, after the manner of many American women. She was about thirty-five years old, but a stranger looking at her as she bent over her work would have supposed her to be fifty at the least. There was an air of languor and debility about her, but what was more noticeable was the utter absence of hopeful elasticity. She had been one of the merriest girls in town—a bright, sparkling creature, who had been the belle of the village without knowing it, and, what is quite as rare, without eliciting a spark of envy from her less-favored associates. Her exceeding gentleness of spirit had prevented that. An only daughter, she had been the light of home and the joy of her parents. This was her girl-life. As a woman, she lived, and moved, and had her being in Asa

Bent. Such strange things have always happened—we can scarcely call them providential—and they happen still around us every day. No power of faith can make us believe that all marriages are made in heaven.

It would have been amusing if it had not been so aggravating to see a strong man with a tolerable understanding occupy himself in regulating those minute details of the housekeeping which are usually left to feminine taste and skill. There was nothing about their daily life so trivial as to escape his attention. He appointed the hours for retiring to bed and for rising, the quality and quantity of the food eaten, the degree of heat expedient on a Winter's day, the amount of light requisite to work by.

He superintended the airing of the bedrooms and the number of bed blankets; he bought the family crinoline and decided what skirts should be worn with it; he made the girls clip the abundant tresses which they desired to fashion into chignons, and he positively interdicted white stockings. If, with a young girl's love of beautiful things, Miss Mary came into the shop with a dainty ruffle in the neck of her plain dress, it was taken off at once; but Miss Judith had a way of slipping a collar about her neck during any little chance absence of her father and whipping it into her pocket when she heard his returning step, which kept her mother in constant terror lest she should be detected.

"My child," her mother would remonstrate, "I wish you would respect your father's wishes."

"Could n't do it, mother, dear."

"Well, respect mine, then."

"But they are not yours. You would never think of wishing such silly things if you were left to yourself."

"Your father has a great many cares."

"Yes." Judith put on a sanctimonious look that made her sister laugh outright. "Yes, like the apostle, he is 'in labors abundant,' and we on that account are 'in deaths oft.' Now, do n't look so horrified, you dearest, best, darlingest mother! It is only when he is out that one can speak at all, and I get so full of thoughts that I have to say something awful to relieve myself."

Judith put her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her affectionately. Mrs. Bent could not resist the charm of that bright young face and loving manner. But she answered anxiously, "You must try to make the best of your lot in life. Suppose you had no one to care for you or to direct you."

"That is supposing a paradise, mamma."

"Hush, hush, dear, I hear your father coming."

It was easy to see by Mr. Bent's face as he came into the shop that something had occurred to trouble him. He was never in the habit of confiding in his womenfolk, so no one thought of asking the cause of his annoyance. He began to turn over the work and to make a memorandum of some orders just received; but he had an absent, preoccupied manner quite unusual to him. At last he spoke.

"Ruthie."

His wife looked up timidly.

"Tom Gray tells me that I have been drafted for a soldier."

She laid down her work and turned very pale.

"You—a soldier! Is it possible?"

"I do n't wonder that you are overcome. How you will manage here without me no one can tell."

"I was n't thinking of that, Asa. It is the danger that you will be in."

"Well, as to that, we are not to go into battle for a long time if at all. We are to garrison the fort in the harbor so as to let the soldiers there go into active service. The war will be over before we are needed to fight. The South have been trying it over a year now. They won't hold out much longer. If some one could have been General-in-chief who knew how to manage matters we should have had peace by this time. Eh, Judith? what was you saying to Mary?"

"I was telling her," she answered demurely, "that you will be chief as soon as the people find out how you can plan."

The saucy girl could scarcely help laughing as she met her mother's alarmed look; but she understood her father better than the others. He smiled complacently over the implied compliment of her words, and answered pleasantly, "No, Judith, I can not expect to be appreciated in the army as I am at home."

During the National troubles that had preceded the war, Mr. Bent had been loudly patriotic. When the news of the attack on Sumter thrilled through the land, no one had expressed more vehement indignation. The treachery of Floyd and other statesmen who had furnished the rebellious South with the munitions of war, supplied him a text from which he ferociously preached from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same. When the great rallying cry rang through the country after that sorrowful tragedy at Baltimore, he waxed more and more wroth, and heated his goose seven

times hotter than it was wont to be heated. Still, he had no idea of personally volunteering to fight his country's battles. No, indeed, let those who made the war fight it out. But now he was drafted. He could not get away from that. The examining doctor laughed loudly over his list of bodily ailments, and assured him that a soldier's outdoor life would entirely cure him.

He found it impossible to procure a substitute. "No; I could not think of it," said his brother-in-law, when Mr. Bent offered to give him the deed of his house if he would go in his stead. "It is n't the danger that I fear," he added mischievously, "but, Asa, it would be cheating the country. No one man could fill your place. I could fight, but there is a great deal of head-work for somebody to do. Do n't ask me, Asa; I would do almost any thing for you, but I can not rob my country."

"Well, I suppose you are right. If it were not for leaving my family it would n't be so hard. Every thing at home will go to ruin, of course."

His wife had been sitting by during this conversation, and she had understood her brother's ironical words. She went with him to the door when he left. "John," she said in a low, resolute voice quite unlike her usual subdued tones, "you must never speak like that again before me or the children. He is their father and my husband."

"I will not, if you do not like it, Ruthie. But," he put both hands on her shoulders, and held her back so that he could look into her face, "I often wonder, Ruthie, whether you are a wise woman or a fool."

She smiled a bright smile that made him remember her girlhood.

"You can not think otherwise than kindly of me, John. I have no fear of that. But these children must, if possible, love and honor their father."

As she went back into the room they had left, his face softened in expression, and his sight grew dim. Then he clinched his hands tightly together and hurried down the street homeward.

"Now, Ruthie," said her husband, as she returned to her seat, "let us talk things over. It seems as if you might get along somehow. We have had such a systematic way of doing things that some of it must have become a second nature to you."

"I will do my best."

"If I had time to write down directions, it would be a help. But if I must leave to-morrow it is out of the question."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes. Tom Gray and Eben Tracy were in the post-office, and they told me."

"They will be in your company, so you will not feel as if you were among entire strangers."

"There are several others from this town, though not from this neighborhood. But we are losing time. I will write some directions and send them home next week, if I can. Till then you must manage as well as you can."

"Yes."

"You will remember the order of the table-provision, because we have always had a system. It is codfish to-day and baked beans to-morrow. Boiled dish for Saturdays always, because it answers for a cold dinner on Sundays, and the bits that are left hash up for washing day. The quantities you know."

"Yes."

"It will soon be time to look over the Spring clothing. But that also I can write about. There will be some purchases to be made."

"Before we were married, Asa, I used to buy the most of what we needed at home. My mother thought I did it very well."

"Ahem! Did she? Perhaps she was not qualified to be a judge of such things. Very few women are."

"I will do my best," again said the wife meekly.

"Mary must give up that notion about going to school. You will need her at home. The shop must be kept up. I have engaged Brown to come and cut out the work; the making up you are used to now."

She might have answered that she ought to be used to it, having borne the burden for so many years, but she simply replied,

"Yes, I understand it."

"Judith is not quick with her needle, but she can do all the housework with a little oversight. It will be better for her than lounging about with a book in her hand. As for Asa," he paused and then sighed resignedly, "well, as for Asa, of course he will be ruined. No woman can bring up a boy."

She did not answer. Accustomed to hearing herself disparaged she did not think of defending her sex. He went on:

"You will have to economize. You can give up the sitting-room fire for one thing. The shop is pleasant enough, and, of course, you will not feel like seeing company. I shall think of other things before I write. I shall expect you to write every week. I can't advise you unless I know every thing that takes place. And, Ruthie, see that the children do not make a fuss when I leave. I have never left home, you know, and it will be all new to them."

Mrs. Bent sighed as she thought how little probability there was that the children would "make a fuss." Judith was already going through all manner of wild capers whenever he was out of the room, and the little boy could scarcely conceal his impatience for the parting hour to come. If they could but be held within decent bounds till he were fairly off! That was her chief care now.

The day of departure dawned bright and clear. When Mary first looked out of her window she thought the gray sky heavily clouded, but directly the sun arose and the somber tints fled away. They were to breakfast an hour earlier than usual, and after looking a few moments at the changing morning outside, Mary went to awake her sister and brother. It was difficult to awake the sleeping boy, and Mary smiled to remember how sure he had been that he should not sleep a wink when she put him to bed the night before. "Because," he said in his childish use of terms, "it will be a *hurrah*-day to-morrow." But she roused him at last, and both he and Judith began to dress with cheerful alacrity.

"Is it Thanksgiving or Fourth of July?" asked Judith, as she laid a pretty little collar where she could get it as soon as "the coast should be clear."

"Do n't, sister!"

"Is this *the* day, truly?" demanded little Asa.

"Yes; father will be off in an hour. You must hurry; but you must not go down with only one stocking on. Where is the other?"

"I do n't know," said the little fellow; "it was here a minute ago."

After much searching the stocking was found in the boy's pocket, he having tucked it in with a vague idea that it was a handkerchief.

"Only an hour," said the boy, tossing up his boots and catching them as they fell; "there'll be fun alive then."

"Hush, darling! be a good boy. What will father think if you seem so glad?"

"But we are glad; are n't we, Judy?"

"Fools, if we are not," she answered crossly.

"Hum! I'm to do the house-work and never go to school any more. Pretty plan. Just like him."

"O, children, do be good, just for an hour. You do n't know what he'll do if you show off. And mother is so anxious. She's sorry if we are not."

"Is she? Well, I'll be good. See!" his rosy little face was drawn down soberly, though his eyes still danced with glee. "But when he has gone," added the boy, "I'm going to have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

Mary smiled in spite of herself. She, too, felt as if a terrible weight were about being removed from their lives, and yet it seemed undutiful, if not positively wicked, to be thankful. A guilty sense of a lack of sympathy prevented her meeting her mother's eye as she entered the breakfast-room. She sat down silently in a corner, her heart full of self-accusings because of its own happiness, and her face the picture of a regret that she could not feel.

If she could have read her mother's thoughts she would have felt better. Mrs. Bent found it impossible to realize her situation. She felt as if the solid ground were slipping away from under her feet. How was she ever to take up the duties and responsibilities of a mother which she had never been permitted to assume when the children were young? There was no wifely feeling, no clinging love to subdue; there were no fearful forebodings in regard to the possible dangers of war; there was only the sense of standing alone in the midst of difficulties.

The children stood decorously in the doorway to bid him good-by; and he, who had been afraid of the indulgence of natural feeling, missed nothing in the spoken farewell.

As he passed down the street and saw his comrades parting with their families with many tears and fervent embraces, he congratulated himself upon the superior state of things at home.

"O, Tom! to think you may be gone for years! And you may be killed," sobbed poor Mrs. Gray, as she held up her rosy baby for a last kiss.

"Do n't, Nettie!" he clasped both mother and baby in his strong arms. "It is hard for me, but you will help me. You are a brave little woman, and I am proud of you. Do n't fret any more. Our God will have me in his keeping. We will pray for each other. Now let us say good-by."

"O, Tom, I can't! Let me go to the depot with you."

"My darling, that would only make you feel worse. O, if I could comfort you!"

The true wife looked at her husband through her tears, and the heroism of the woman asserted itself. She wiped her eyes and smiled brightly.

"There, Tom, go; I'm all right now. I—I've got the baby, your baby, and—and I'll teach him to pray for papa."

She turned away into her desolate home and shut the door. The men walked silently down the street to the depot, till they reached the station, when Eben Tracy's wife came quickly up

to the platform, and putting a paper of cakes and tarts into her husband's hands, turned away without speaking a word.

"What's that you said?" asked Tom Gray, sharply turning toward Bent as he wiped his eyes.

"I said that my wife knew better than to make such a fuss."

"There is no reason why she should."

"Well, I guess she is losing as much as any of the women. I always took all the care."

"Yes, every body knows how you have managed. Your wife gets her liberty this morning, and of course she won't 'make a fuss.' I suppose she is honestly glad to get rid of you."

This was a view of the case that had never occurred to him. Looking at himself in the light of an enlightened ruler, and reflecting what a stay and support he must have been in his family, he could not think of a greater calamity for them than his removal.

Yet the idea of their liberty, as suggested by Tom Gray, was very galling to him. Strange that he had not thought of this sooner. What if they should feel like rebelling against his fixed laws? Who could oblige them to obey? Suppose that little Judith, whose pert boldness he had noticed, should go to school and be a scholar in spite of him? Or if she should persist in desiring to learn music, which he had positively forbidden, who could hinder her? What if Mary should now answer Fred Lewis's letters—he, a green boy in college, and she a mere child? What if Asa got the sled and the skates that he was always crying for, and went careering down the hill-slopes and over the frozen ponds like a young Philistine? And, O horror! what if Ruthie, making herself smart and young, after the manner of widows and other women left to their own devices, should accept the neighborhood hospitality that he had always declined? Should join the sewing-circle, and perhaps have it held in his parlor, which had never been used except for a funeral once!

Asa Bent groaned in spirit as the cars sped on. "Do n't be down-hearted, Bent," said Tracy kindly. "We might as well make the best of it. Look! that is the sea; that blue haze in the distance."

"Cheer up, Bent," said Gray, roguishly winking at Tracy, "I expect you will soon be wearing shoulder-straps. You have such a talent for governing that you can't keep out of office if you try."

"Do n't vex him," expostulated Tracy in a low tone.

"Vex him; no, indeed," said Gray, laughing. "I am encouraging him. Here's a chance for

usefulness now, Bent. All in your line, too. Here's Tracy has been so used to minding his wife that he is all adrift without her. She is a capital cook," he went on, helping himself from Tracy's paper. "But he is almost as meek as your wife. Just try your hand on him."

SPIRITUAL POWER.

"Minds that heavenward tower

Aim at the widest power,

Gifts on the world to shower.

And this is not at once; by fastings gained,

And trials well sustained,

By pureness, righteous deeds, and toils of love,

Abidance in the truth, and zeal for God above."

THE highest and noblest type of power wielded in the earth is that which issues from an intense spiritual heart—a heart quickened by the Spirit of God and all aflame with zeal for the Divine glory. The impartation of Divine influence by the blessed Spirit is the secret of every good man's power in the world. "Ye shall receive power," said Jesus to his disciples, "after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Samson's strength lay in his hair; but the Christian's lies in immediate association with Christ, the source of all power, by a living, mighty faith. Weak and powerless as other men apart from Christ, yet with and through Christ, like Paul, he "can do all things." There can go out of no man's soul a quickening, moral energy on his fellows, unless a Divine pulse throbs in it. Where there is individual influence flowing out on society as from a living fountain, and raising humanity up to higher levels of thought, purity, and blessedness, there is, there must be, personal union and communion with Christ.

"Apart from me ye can do nothing." The branches, severed from the vine, could yield grapes as readily as Christian fruit away from Christ. As easily could the planets fling down upon us their brilliance from the heavens apart from the sun, or the flowers regale our vision with their many-hued colors and beauty apart from the light, as man could be the instrument of beneficent influence and action to his fellows apart from Christ. The lesson of all time is, no power without Christ; but with Christ power to act on the world and raise it heavenward almost without limitation. "All things are possible unto him that believeth." Let us glance at some exhibitions of this power—a power almost Divine, and yet wielded by man in the earth. They are every-where, confined to no period, locality, or race. We put the case interrogatively.

What did the apostles do, reader, toward "turning the world up side down," till they laid hold by prayer and faith at Jerusalem in the energy that made the worlds? And what did they not do in hurling to the dust religious error, superstition, and idolatry, and convulsing the nations after they were "endued with power from on high?" What lighted up the flames of the Reformation and started Europe's slumbering, dead masses toward God and spiritual life, but the taking hold of God by Luther and other noble souls, and throwing on the world those Divine forces which they obtained by faith and communion with the Omnipotent? What "revived expiring religion in the world" when the Establishment and Non-Conformity no longer had power to move men's hearts toward God, but the "strange warming" of Wesley's heart and kindred hearts by the Spirit of God? What but the faith, spiritual energy, mighty toils and sacrifices of the Asburian pioneers and veterans of the Gospel in the formative period of this country, can account, under the Divine blessing, for "the goodly heritage" we enjoy to-day? Who can believe that the thousand of Christian temples, the many glorious monuments and institutions of Christianity which every-where meet us, stand up in their majesty and might apart from their spiritual labors and influence? "There were giants in those days;" and that man wants ability to perceive things or moral poverty, who can separate the greatness of this country in any respect from the men of moral might who wrought in it for God and humanity before he was born.

"Without me ye can do nothing." How has the whole history of the Church confirmed this utterance of Jesus! When did Zion, in any age or among any people, fail to conquer her enemies, however formidable in numbers or intrenched in position, when she girded herself to battle in the name and power of the Crucified? Let Jerusalem, Rome, Athens, Worms, and a thousand other glorious battle-fields in different parts of the earth answer. When has the Church not lost ground and suffered eclipse when she has moved forward without Christ at the head of her column—when, in other words, she has departed from the faith, compromised her integrity, or dallied with the world? A forcible writer says, "Where there is faith there is strength. When faith dies, strength follows. In Athens, in Rome, in Jerusalem, it is the same story—the glorious period is the believing period. When God became a name, and the temple worshiped a form, they rotted and died." No fact stands out in bolder relief on the pages of her history than that the Church has, in all

ages, when pure and spiritual, achieved her grandest conquests in the face of the bitterest trials and bloodiest persecutions. The brightest riches in her history are those which mark her triumph, when in the eye of reason her cause was the darkest and most forlorn of hopes. Her prosperous periods, when the world smiled rather than frowned upon her, have always been her most dangerous ones.

Power is what the Church needs to-day more than ever—power in its individual and aggregate membership. Much has been achieved for God and our race by the Church of Christ; but how mighty, how vast the work yet to be accomplished! We are thronged on every side by depraved, lost humanity; multitudes, all unredeemed and on their way to perdition, jostle us in the walks of life. How much of that spiritual power which tells on other hearts when it thrills our own with its celestial hopes, do we need in order that we may win some of these lost ones around us to Jesus and heaven? Without this heart-felt, precious power, there will be no persuasive, magnetic influence about our words to them about their souls and their peril. David felt this when he lost his power by a great sin, and when he so fervently prayed: "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, . . . then shall I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee." How intense the consciousness of his great loss—the loss of religious joy to his own heart, and of effective spiritual influence on the hearts and welfare of others! How important, reader, that we have individual power in view of the salvation of our fellow-men! If every religious life involves the happiness and destiny of souls, can that life be too spiritual, too earnest in its activities for Christ and humanity? Be it our ambition, now and henceforth, to covet spiritual gifts, to seek after the largest measures of moral power, that we may always have the priceless joy of salvation in our own hearts, and may so lay out our influence on others that we may be the helpers of their joy and of their salvation.

WHAT a glorious troop might be formed of those men who have won their laurels in the campaign of life—fighting not against sword and bayonet, but against hardship and circumstance, natural defects, and the ridicule or opposition of their fellow-men! Nor has the fight been against a visible or tangible foe alone; these men have had themselves to conquer; their ignorance, their natural leaning to evil, the bad habits of early days, or even their poverty and the lowness of their social station.

TO "BABY."

SUNBRIGHT little darling
 With the dark-brown eyes,
 And the soft, sweet dimple
 Underneath that lies—
 With that bow of promise
 Arching o'er thy brow,
 And the hopes that cluster
 Richly 'round thee now!

Like a gleesome fairy
 With its wings of light,
 Like a star-beam shining
 On the darksome night,
 Like a bright pearl gathered
 From old Ocean's caves,
 Like a golden sunbeam
 Glittering on the waves!

Like to all that 's brightest
 On this earth of ours,
 Clouds the purest, whitest,
 And the sweetest flowers,
 How would flee the sunlight
 From thy new-made home,
 If this wordless music
 From their hearth should roam!

Spring of hopes uncounted,
 Fount of many fears!
 Even the joy thou bringest
 Giveth birth to tears,
 For the deep thorns springing
 In the path of life,
 For the dark years bringing
 Pain, and toil, and strife.

Yet there 's One who watcheth
 Even the sparrow's fall,
 And we know He'll give thee
 Strength to bear it all—
 Lead thy faltering footsteps
 From the paths of sin,
 To where the golden gateway
 Lets the angels in.

May thy happy childhood
 Flow like southern breeze,
 Or like rippling streamlet
 Onward to the seas;
 And the eyes that watch thee
 Now with joyous tears,
 Never dim with sorrow
 O'er thy added years!

Be to thy young mother
 In the years to come
 As a fair young sister
 Lighting up her home;
 And when sorrow cloudeth
 All life's way for thee,
 "As thy day" of trouble,
 "May thy strength still be!"

TOO STILL.

GOOD dame, the evening chores are done,
 Come sit thee by my side—
 How lonesome seems the silence of
 The house at eventide!

How different was the scene, good dame,
 A few short years ago,
 When thro' the homestead twenty feet
 Went running to and fro!

When through the homestead gay young forms
 Went tripping in and out,
 So busy it was hard to know
 What they were all about!

The old house rang from side to side
 With such a reckless noise,
 And every room was cluttered up
 By careless girls and boys.

How fast they came along, good dame,
 And then how fast they went!
 I wish that we had been with them
 More easy and content.

Mother, if we could have them back
 With what an earnest will
 We'd study how to deal with them—
 This house is woeful still!

How jovial was the evening hour,
 How bright the fire light shone,
 When here, in social circle met,
 All whom we called our own!

Brave Herbert with his sparkling eyes,
 And curling auburn hair,
 With his voice so like his mother's voice,
 And his forehead smooth and fair.

I know his ways were wayward ways,
 But his heart was warm and true;
 What was there for a loving word
 He would not dare and do?

There was Henry, brimming full of glee,
 Yet ready with his tears;
 With love, and wit, and music dowered,
 Our pride in other years.

These were the first to go, dear dame,
 Longest has been their stay;
 These never with the others came
 To gath'rings sad or gay.

The others all are busy now
 With duties of their own;
 They do not yet sit thinking o'er
 The days so quickly flown.

But the time will come to them, dear dame,
 When, with as vain desire,
 They'll look behind as fondly as
 Their mother and their sire.

Mother, the house is all too still,
 I long to hear a noise—
 The tramp, the laugh, the wild halloo,
 Of merry girls and boys.

DULL CHILDREN.

ONE would be disposed to conclude that the number of dull children of each sex was large were we to form our judgment on the positive assertions of many teachers. You enter into a school and see a class under instruction, and you observe some children at the bottom over whom the questions pass rapidly without receiving any answer. The teacher tells you that it is no use expecting an answer from them, "they are so dull"—probably he will say "stupid." Yet, strong as this evidence appears to be, I am inclined to think that the proportion of really dull children is much less than we should be led to suppose. I invariably find the number of dunces in a class to be in the inverse ratio of the teacher's qualifications. If he is endued with knowledge, good temper, and patience—indispensable requirements—although you find in his class children of various capacities, it is a question if you find a dunce among them. Now this fact leads to the inference that the notion as to the prevalence of dullness in children is to be ascribed to the incompetence or negligence of those who undertake to train them rather than to the incapacity of the pupil.

That there is such a thing as positive and extreme dullness is not to be denied. It consists in very great difficulty in taking in an idea, slowness of attention and memory, and usually slowness of action also. This cloudy state of intellect may clear away as age advances; while it lasts, however, it must be taken as it is and made the best of. Unpromising as it may be, there are faculties there which are capable of improvement. Only let children be treated according to their mental stature. Proportion the burden to the shoulders, and do not expect from the weak the same amount or kind of labor which you expect from the robust.

Yet there are some teachers who treat incapacity as a fault, to be rebuked and punished. This is at once unreasonable and cruel. In some there is also an unhappy tendency to make a butt of a dull child at which to aim the shafts of their wit and sarcasm. Such conduct is unworthy of a man. It is cowardly; it can not be replied to by the unfortunate object of it, nor by his class-mates, the more noble-spirited of whom may yet burn with secret indignation. And it is disgraceful, just as much as it would be to ridicule the loss of a child's eye, or the distortion of a child's limb.

There are no children, however dull, unless actually idiots, whose faculties are not capable of development. Only let not the instruction

be of an unsuitable kind or quality, or administered in a repulsive manner. Among the minds reputed dull are not unfrequently found those whose powers are naturally strong, but remain latent for a time unless elicited by some genial influence. Indeed, it has been remarked that many men, eminent for the depth and massiveness of their mental powers, have in childhood been considered dull. The finest timber is, in its earliest stages, the slowest of growth. The poplar and willow shoot forth rapidly, and were we not previously acquainted with their nature, we might anticipate that these would result in stately and majestic trees. The oak, on the contrary, is of slow development, and long in attaining to maturity. And a similar diversity may often be seen in the unfolding of the mental faculties. Nature in these, as in other cases, must be allowed to take its course. Yet, although we can not control, we may aid its operation.

There is little doubt that in those minds where the faculties lie for a time dormant, the slumber remains unbroken only because the secret of dispersing it is unknown or not employed. Once touch the right chord and the awakening mind responds. The child becomes conscious of a new being opening up within him, and delights in the exercise of his newly discovered powers. I am no advocate of the hot-bed mental system, which endeavors to force the youthful faculties to a premature development. This is in every view to be deprecated. It is injurious to both mind and body. Yet, on the other hand, I would not expose a child to influences adverse to the healthy development of its faculties; I would place the seed or tender plant in a soil congenial to it. I would not set the acorn or the sapling oak in a situation where the nutriment would be too smart or its surroundings hurtful, but so that the sun and air, soil and moisture would all be in its favor.

Let it be remembered that ideas are food to the mind. In proportion as it receives and digests them it gains strength and expands, and puts forth its powers. Knowledge, whatever its subject, consists of a succession of ideas. The success of a teacher, then, depends on his presenting what he has to impart in such a form that it can be clearly comprehended, and in such a quantity that it shall not weary or overload the mind. Quintillian remarks "that the youthful mind is like a narrow-necked bottle—to fill it you must pour in the liquid, not with a stream, but drop by drop." Nor is this all. It must be the aim of the teacher to adapt the idea he wishes to convey to the degree of knowledge and capacity in the pupil.

He must for the time descend, as far as in him lies, to his level, and, as it were, accompany him on his upward path. Rousseau, in his "Emile"—a book which, with much that is wild and much that is objectionable, contains some things of sterling value—lays down this as a fundamental maxim of education. He does, indeed, propose to push it to a somewhat ridiculous extreme. Yet, although it would be absurd for the tutor to attempt to play the boy, it is absolutely necessary that he should adapt his explanations to the pupil's ideas if he would impart instruction with success. This I believe to be the secret of all good teachings.

It is my opinion that many a child presents the appearance of dullness merely because the avenue of his mind has not been found, and not found because not sought. It is unreasonable to expect that one uniform mode of instruction shall be equally intelligible to all. One mind will catch the idea at once, because it links itself to what it already possesses; to another the idea is lost, because there is no such connecting link. Such cases are ordinarily set down as proof of dullness. But the intelligent preceptor will endeavor to discover where the difficulty lies and to remove it. And this he will not do by scolding or by calling the child "stupid," for if once this impression is made on the mind it relaxes all its energies, but by varying the explanation, presenting the idea in different words under various aspects and with new illustrations. A boy, even of the most reflective mind, may at times be found to encounter greater difficulties than others of inferior powers. Some idea, springing out of the subject under attention, passes across his mind, obscures the explanation, and he is left in confusion. If, while in this state, the subject is proceeded with, all becomes a riddle to him, and his attempts to answer the questions put to him will seem to betray stupidity. Yet the truth is that his mind was more on the alert than were those of the others, and it stumbled through its own activity. The teacher's part in such case is obvious. He will ascertain where the stumbling-block lies, and remove the difficulty.

One remark more, and that is to enter my protest against the memoriter system, which, to the disgrace of the middle of the nineteenth century, is still to be met with in schools. It invariably marks an incompetent teacher. It reduces all the pupils to the single test of memory, and leaves the superior powers uncultivated, and so brings under the stigma of dullness all who are not endowed with more memory than understanding. It is true that the

memory should be kept in exercise, but let the understanding go along with it, and then the exercise becomes both pleasant and profitable.

COMING UP THROUGH GREAT TRIBULATION.

"I HAVE come in, madam, to see whether you might not be disposed to lend a helping hand to a poor lone widow," said an intelligent yet melancholy looking stranger to Mrs. S. one morning as the latter was passing from her breakfast table through the basement. Mrs. S. turned to regard the unexpected visitor.

Before her she saw apparently a young woman, clad in the habiliments of mourning, having a countenance indicating uncommon intelligence, and whose tones of voice, graceful manners, and style of conversation, gave unmistakable evidence of extraordinary cultivation and refinement. Her dress, although threadbare and rusty, was yet manifestly of the finest texture, and though painfully scanty, was in all respects tidy and neat. There was meanwhile evidently a deep struggle going on within, as she was thus attempting to adjust herself to her new and unaccustomed situation, and make known the object of her call. Receiving encouragement and sympathy, however, from those whom she had ventured to address, she at length collected her thoughts and summoned the resolution, in answer to kind inquiries as to her history, to proceed as follows:

"I have been educated with the impression that to be poor is the greatest possible disgrace, and poverty has always been regarded by me as the most terrible calamity. On my way here I have not been able once to lift my eyes from the side-walk, because I imagined that, although a stranger in the city, every body knew I was going to beg bread for my children. But the Lord knows what a proud heart I have had, *and he will cure his children in his own way.*"

She then gave an outline of her history, which was certainly sufficiently strange, and which withal was told with such simplicity and apparent sincerity, that it was listened to with absorbing interest, and elicited that practical as well as tearful sympathy of which she literally stood in perishing need.

Her mother was born in the island of Martinique. Her father was an Englishman, son of a highly respectable man, who held an office under the British Government as collector of the English revenues of Canada. This lady, a French Catholic, had inherited a princely fortune from her father, who was killed in the time

of the insurrection at St. Domingo, at which time his family fled to the island of Martinique, with only their jewelry, which alone, however, enabled them to live in princely style till their other property was partially recovered. Nurtured thus in the lap of affluence, the fond mother never imagined that her daughter could ever know a want, and unconsciously fostered that pride which now, under vastly changed circumstances, the latter was having to suffer so much in overcoming and curing. Diamonds were displayed so profusely that they were regarded as very common ornaments, and she was not allowed to wear any thing but the most costly articles of dress—if possible, not one that could be obtained by any other person on the island, all their goods being imported expressly for her from Paris.

But what was a more serious evil by far, and one from which she now suffered most, was the impression which her mother had given her, that it was very degrading for her to perform the least service for herself or others. She must rely altogether on servants for every thing. Her mother once seeing her with a broom in her hand angrily caught it from her, and, throwing it down, said, "Do not ever let me see you with such a vulgar thing as that in your hand again."

At length her father died, and her mother married again, and by a series of events over which she had no control, her handsome fortune was gradually dissipated till she had but a single estate remaining. In the vain hope of recovering what she had lost, she reluctantly consented to the sale of this also, when, turning to her daughter and bursting into tears, she exclaimed, "Now, my daughter, you are a poor girl!" and very soon after died of a broken heart.

This idol of that mother proceeded at once to gather up what she could from the wreck of her fortune. She was accomplished, attractive, still young, and soon after accepted the hand of a lawyer of very respectable parentage, but trained in the dissipated habits of the society in which he had mingled. He died young, and left her a widow with four little children.

When a girl of sixteen a New England gentleman had been a guest at her father's house, then the abode of luxury. He was captivated with her, and sought unsuccessfully her hand in marriage; but, on leaving, asked her to accept from him, as a token of his esteem, a volume of the New Testament. She had never seen one before. After he had left she turned over its leaves with contempt, then threw it down, and it was soon carried away with other rubbish and consigned to the garret.

But the gayeties and follies to which she was accustomed, it would seem, failed to satisfy the cravings of her higher nature; neither was there any thing in the religion of forms in which she had been educated to interest or inspire her. She often retired to a solitary place, weary and sick at heart—"poor in spirit," yet ignorant of the way to obtain the blessing promised to such as are conscious of such spiritual poverty. God, however, had marked her thus early as his own, and was even then beginning within her a work which was to be completed by a process of discipline no less remarkable for its severity than for the length of time through which it was to be protracted. She bethought herself at length of the New Testament which she had so contemptuously thrown away. She looked it up, read it with avidity; kneeled and offered her first sincere prayer. God heard it; spoke peace to her soul; wrote her name in the Lamb's Book of Life; and, ever after, that little book was cherished by her as her most precious treasure.

Years roll by. We find her now brought by a second marriage to North Carolina, still attached to the Roman Catholic Church, and knowing no other form of worship. One day, however, influenced, as she afterward believed, by the Holy Spirit, she said to herself, "I will just go in for a few moments and see this Protestant worship." She was at once impressed with its simplicity, stillness, spirituality, and thought. "Why," said she, "this is just what I have for so many years been longing for." Since God had given her a renewed heart, her naturally clear, simple mind repelled the pomp and parade, the forms, rites, dogmas, and penances of a purely ceremonial worship, and welcomed most cordially the simple Gospel of Christ. With joy and gratitude she received her Savior, as now revealed to her, as her own precious Friend and Guide. Henceforth she never again entered a Roman Catholic church.

Meantime, aided by her religion, she found support under sorrows and difficulties deeper and more perplexing than ever before experienced. Her husband having been wrecked at sea, and all his property, which was invested in the ship and cargo, having been lost with him, she was a second time left a widow, and this time quite penniless, with three little children. Surely was not this a most painful trial of her faith? Under these circumstances would not one be sorely tempted to believe that God had broken faith with him, and under this sense of being abandoned of Heaven give quite up in despair? And yet God was still true. Having aimed in all her ways to acknowledge him, he

was still directing her steps, as truly during this night of disappointment and trial, as when she tripped along the flowery and sunny paths of worldly prosperity.

Three more years pass away, and we find the subject of this sketch in the city of Boston. She had come north, hoping to find relatives of her late husband able to help her. Disappointed in this she repaired to the city, as just stated, thinking, as her last resource, to support herself by teaching French. Here her faith was destined still further to be severely tried. Month after month her efforts to procure scholars were ineffectual. Month after month wore on, and though she studied to conceal as carefully as possible her destitute condition, she was obliged to dispose of one article after another of furniture or clothing to supply herself with the necessities of life. The day at length came when she was no longer able to buy even a loaf of bread for her children. The hard and almost bare floor was the only couch that invited those tender limbs, once accustomed to couches of down, to repose. Nay, of even the poor shelter afforded by the miserable, beggarly hovel in which she had taken refuge, she had now no longer promise. Unable for the time being to pay rent, notice was duly served upon her that under the circumstances she must promptly vacate the premises. And accordingly, with her fatherless, helpless little ones in her arms and clinging to her knees, this poor, forlorn, forsaken creature steps forth into the wide world alone, without a home—without one friend!

Alone? Not quite alone. Without one friend? There was One in whom she trusted still. Could one's faith well have been subjected to a more crucial, a more cruel test? Does she murmur? No, much less rebel, or blaspheme, or despair. Though receiving on her naked, defenseless head the pitiless storms of adversity, still her testimony is, "It is my Heavenly Father; he abhors my pride, and by these fires of trial would consume it." Like Margaret Fuller, she says, "I submit." But, unlike her, she does not say, "I submit under protest, having little or no confidence in God's paternal love," but rather confesses, "I will drink the bitter cup; it is my Heavenly Father who has mingled it. Nay, though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." From the very heights of worldly, temporal weal God has thus humbled this dear child of his to walk through the deepest depths of poverty's vale. Still she clings none the less—nay, almost frantically to the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." "Never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

She was not disappointed. Providentially her feet were led, in that hour of her supreme need, on the morning on which our story opens, to the door of one of God's own sons; a good Samaritan indeed—one whose chief delight it was to go about doing good, feeding the hungry, helping the helpless, defending the defenseless, visiting the widow and the fatherless, and causing their hearts to "sing for joy."

After having listened with an affectionate interest, better imagined than described, to this tale of vicissitudes and sorrows—sorrows literally "treading each other's heel" for a long series of years—the family thus called upon immediately interested themselves on behalf of the "lone widow." A good tenement was procured, furniture provided, and provisions supplied. At last, after her long agony, this tempest-tossed child of God had found a home.

But what was she able to do? She knew how to make a rare kind of jelly. Her new-found friend furnished the materials and allowed her all she might receive for the manufactured article. She could also teach French. Accordingly not many months elapsed ere she was employed in as many as five different schools as a teacher of the French language, where, by her amiable disposition and many interesting qualities, she attached herself very strongly to all her pupils.

It should not be understood, however, that our friend did not often encounter difficulties and sore trials in her new and unaccustomed mode of life. Bitter, bitter indeed was the fruit she not unfrequently was called upon to reap as the result of the mistaken kindness of her parents, who trained her in elegant idleness and utter ignorance of all that was needed to procure a livelihood for herself and secure her independence in days of adversity. The truth is, the test to which she was hereby subjected was, as may easily be imagined, an exceedingly severe one to a delicately trained woman, and one entirely unused to manual labor. Hence, notwithstanding all the kindness of friends, her little troubles were numerous, she not seldom making failures no less mortifying and discouraging to herself than embarrassing to those who were trying to help her. But in the midst of all her disappointments and distresses she never for a moment mistrusted God. Whatever dangers encompassed, or temptations assailed, or darkness gathered about her, still she exultantly sang, "God is my refuge and the rock of my salvation forever." Meantime, God on his part most amply fulfilled to her his word on which he had caused her to hope. She was never wanting in friends

to sympathize with and comfort her. Whatever were her necessities, they were all in some way duly met. As the result of this fiery ordeal through which she was thus providentially called to pass, her virtues became lustrous, her graces purified of all earthly dross, and her faith "big with immortality." Her last hours were cheered in a remarkable manner by the presence of the Savior. To her weeping children she said, "Do not forget so long as you live that your mother was once too poor to buy a loaf of bread; that she cried to the Lord, and he delivered her out of her distresses. Remember, God's word is true, it will never fail; not one of them who trust in him shall be desolate. O, the tender mercies, the tender mercies of Jesus!" Thus passed away one whose conversion was certainly a "miracle of grace," and whose singularly diversified career illustrates at once the heroism of faith, the "patience of hope," the ministry of suffering, and the faithfulness of God. Reader, I have not written a tale of fiction, but a real story of human life, illustrating the old maxim that "truth is often more romantic than fiction."

MR. CADY'S BAD HABIT.

MR. CADY had fallen into a very bad habit. It had probably grown upon him so slowly that he had no suspicion of it himself. He considered himself a most exemplary husband and father, and would have resented indignantly the charge that he was unkind to his wife. Yet he was unkind in a manner that wounded as keenly as a blow the sensitive spirit whose destiny was bound to him forever.

It was the habit of undervaluing whatever his wife did—of speaking with censure either decidedly expressed, or implied with regard to all her household management. Other people could appreciate her, and often had the remark been made, "How strange that one so dull as Joseph Cady should have won so fine a woman!" But Joseph Cady never imagined he had not laid sweet Phœbe Ross under lasting obligations to him by conferring upon her the honor of his name. The vanity of woman is a proverb, but surely it can not exceed the vanity of most men, who imagine themselves the great prizes in life's lottery.

Said a worthless, drinking idler upon a tavern step, speaking of a young lady recently married,

"If Alice had acted differently she might have had me."

The glittering prospect the young girl had seen fit to decline called forth a boisterous

laugh even from the motley group around the speaker.

Mr. Cady considered himself an excellent provider for the wants of his family. He was very fastidious about his table fare, and such articles as he liked he was sure to have on hand. But he never ordered new supplies without such cheerful remarks as—

"What, is the flour gone again so soon? It is a mystery to me where such an amount of breadstuff is consumed. Not in our house I am certain. Some women look after servants a little sharper, and are not afraid to speak their minds."

"Sugar again, Mrs. Cady? We are certainly very extravagant in the item of sugar."

"Another new broom? Well, our house ought to be a little cleaner than it is," and he glanced down at some saw-dust he had just tracked in from the wood-yard, "when we have a new broom every week."

It was useless to say that it was three months since the last one was bought, for

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still,"

and Phœbe was growing too life-weary to care for a dispute, in which he was likely to resort to a man's expedient, of raising his voice, when he saw the argument was going against him.

The excellent breakfast was smoking hot on the table, as the family gathered about it one chilly morning in Spring. The fire was burning brightly in the polished open stove, and every thing about was cheery and "heart-some," as Bridget would term it.

But the autocrat took his place at the table with a frown.

"Carrie, don't ever come to the table with your hair looking like a crow's-nest again," he remarked sternly.

"Go to my room, Carrie, and I will brush your hair again presently," said mother, as she poured out a cup of coffee for her husband. The hair was brushed, and Carrie resumed her seat. But there was no approval, and scarcely any notice, of her improved appearance, only the half-sneering remark, "Charley's hair is not much better."

He might have been gratified by seeing the weary mother ascend the long flight of stairs a second time to arrange the lawless curls which a frolic with his baby sister had disarranged, but just then a new source of discomfort presented itself. He had spoiled the meal for the rest, but it seemed by no means to damage his own appetite, judging by the manner the feathery cakes disappeared before him. But one

came on a shade or two darker than the orthodox hue.

"I wish, Mrs. Cady, you could instruct Bridget to bake cakes without burning them. Other women manage to have orders obeyed by servants. A little more decision would be of great service to us."

A visit to the kitchen followed, and by the time mother was ready to eat her breakfast she had no appetite for it. She took no nourishment all day, though she drained the ice pitcher more than once. Nothing seemed to satisfy the raging thirst which was consuming her.

Supper was farther from perfection than breakfast had been, and his wife's silence and apparent indifference to all he said irritated Joseph more than usual. Some sharper remarks than common were made on her general shortcomings, but it was like hurling darts against marble; her heart seemed turned to stone.

With a burning brow she laid her head upon her pillow, and when morning came no mother came with it to brighten and cheer the family-room. Mother was tossing in delirium, unmindful for once of the voices of even her beloved children. O, what confusion that household was thrown into! Joseph had never realized what she was to them before. All the light seemed put out. The children came down stairs after the rough toilet Bridget's hands had given them, and huddled shiveringly over the dull fire, so different from the cheerful blaze to which they had been accustomed.

The family physician came, and also a kind neighbor. Mr. Cady stood at the foot of the bed, waiting anxiously for the doctor's opinion.

"This sickness comes more from the mind than the body," said the old man gravely and slowly. "I have always found this phase of it to spring from mental trouble. If you will listen to her wanderings, Joseph," he said, as he fixed his piercing gray eyes upon him, "you may get a clew to the trouble."

The physician had said this with a purpose. The secrets of our houses are turned inside out to the family physician more than to any one else. He knows where the key to "the skeleton closet" hangs, though you have never opened it for him.

Joseph winced at the good doctor's words, for had he not heard that very morning the moan—

"O, I can do nothing to please him, all is wrong whatever I do. There, he is bringing a viper now to throw into my bleeding heart;" and then the maniac shriek which followed darted like a burning arrow through his brain.

Joseph's eyes were opened as by a lightning flash. He saw his own wretched, cowardly

treatment of the frail, defenseless woman before him, and he could only wring his hands in agony.

"How will it end, doctor?" he asked in anguish too deep for expression.

"That is more than I can say," said the doctor. "Sometimes the disease is very short and violent, sometimes it leaves the patient in a state of settled melancholy and derangement."

Either alternative seemed too terrible to contemplate. Just then Bridget came to call him to breakfast, but he declined going, as he could not eat.

"Then come and mind the children, an ye please, for I've my own work to do," and Bridget walked away with an air that said she was not to be trifled with.

She was much attached to her mistress, who had always been kind to her, but she regarded her master's unkindness as the direct cause of her sickness, so she looked with no complacency upon him.

"He's no good there," she muttered to herself, "so he might as well be a giving the children their breakfast."

It was a new thing for Joseph Cady to be dictated to by any one, especially a servant, and he felt like resenting the impertinence.

"You had better go, Joseph," nodded the doctor. "You'll have to be father and mother too for the present, and perhaps for some time to come."

How cheerless and dingy the room looked! how forlorn the appearance of the uncombed children! Was it her hand that wrought such magic in her household? And yesterday he had found fault over a single disarranged ringlet! The memory was like a pointed arrow now to his awakened heart.

"What muddy coffee, Bridget," he remarked, in disgust.

"Then settle it yourself," muttered Bridget, as she angrily slammed the door.

The sodden steak seemed unfit to eat, and yet he had grumbled yesterday over the delicately broiled one he had set before him. He did not know before to whose hand he was indebted for the feathery lightness of the cakes, till the leathery ones of this morning were set on for him. We learn to appreciate our common blessings only when God takes them from us.

For days the struggle for life went on. Mrs. Cady was still unconscious of all that was passing around her. Often, in the lonesome midnight, her husband had stood beside her, praying with a depth of feeling he had never fathomed before, for one look of recognition, one smile of forgiveness. But if she should be restored to him, could a life-long devotion win

back to him the heart he felt he must have so widely estranged? How little he knew of the depths of woman's love, of her readiness to forget all the past, in the blissful present, when once she realized that she was beloved and appreciated!

Joseph Cady had been subjected to many humiliations from the temper of Bridget, who never lost sight of his unkindness to her mistress, not to speak of sundry reflections on her honesty he had made in time past. He would gladly have discharged her, but it was not easy to find a new domestic, and he knew he must bear with her whims. The lesson was useful to him. He went down many degrees in his own self-esteem, and that is never hurtful to one. It is the great lesson we have to be learning all our lives, "Not to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think."

He was never disposed to find fault again about the mismanagement of servants after his three weeks' experience as head of the house. He only wondered by what magic his wife had ever been able to get so much cheerful, valuable service out of such a "stubborn, ignorant machine." Something whispered to his bosom, "It is the magic of kindness, a grace you need yet to take deep lessons in."

At last the cloud rolled up its dreary curtains. Pale and emaciated the mother came forth from her chamber to resume once more her duties as mistress of her house. But though so weak she needed a strong arm to lean upon; there was a happy light in her eye, and a glad song of joy forever in her heart or on her lips.

"This is something like home again," said Joseph tenderly, as he folded her shawl about her, and placed her chair by the table. It seemed a year since it had been filled before. Bridget came and went, her broad face radiant with smiles, and she had outdone herself in her efforts to have every thing as near to the old-time order as possible. The supper excelled any she had placed on the table for weeks, but the household were so happy they would cheerfully have supped on a crust.

Years rolled away, but the blessed lesson learned in that season of darkness was never forgotten. "That blessed sickness" Phœbe often called it in her heart, when she thanked her Heavenly Father for it. It gave her back her husband. It brought light and peace to a dwelling over which the gloom of despair was settling.

There are other men who need to learn the same lesson. O, beware that God does not open your eyes with a shock that will rend your heart-strings. Repentance may come too late.

HOMER.

IN entering upon the study of Homer, I hear the whisperings of a still, small voice—"speak gently, tread lightly, for the place on which thou standest is holy ground." Homer seems to have been nourished under the happy influence of a tropical heaven; in a land adorned with all the varied scenery of a southern clime—enhanced by the gorgeous atmosphere in which every object was bathed—among a people remarkable for brave and heroic deeds, and before indulgence and luxury had contaminated the hearts of men. Of all natural objects the mountains and sea have ever been the most powerful instruments in molding intellectual character. The poetical beauty of the Grecian mountains has called forth the admiration of all modern travelers. Their broken and craggy forms, their rich, silvery color give to the Grecian landscape a peculiar charm, and justify the expression of the poet Grey when he pronounced it a land

"Where each old poetic mountain inspiration breathes around."

Is it any wonder, then, that such a period—such a country, molded and cherished "the consummate flower of poetical genius?" Whether there ever lived such a man as Homer, or whether there were two or twenty such men, we have the conviction strengthened and confirmed, while bathing in the lofty grandeur, delighting in the strong, natural description, rejoicing in the rapid vehemence, rushing like an avalanche down the Alpine Mountains, that there was, in the dim ages of the past, a mind of strength, fire, and splendor, acknowledged by the world as Homer's.

He evidently must have been placed in a condition in life which surrounded his childhood with the most favorable circumstances; and rather than believe him blind, as he has been represented, "we should think him all eye;" for no object, great or small, within the range of vision, seems to have escaped his notice. He had an accurate knowledge of all Greece; a familiar acquaintance with the islands of the Ægean and Ionian Seas, the coast of Asia Minor southward, Egypt, Libya, and Phrygia; and so correctly were the shores, rocks, and mountains delineated, that his poems were the guide of mariners. His ear was ever tuneful to the melodies of nature and art; his sensitive nerves vibrated to every breath of heaven and every impulse of the soul; his busy fancy was ever molding and recombining for coming ages what he had seen, heard, and felt. His giant mind grasped all the knowledge of his age, and embraced the whole extent of mortal life in its

length, breadth, and height. He measured the strength of human passion, and sounded the abyss of the human soul. Over all the varied and contrasted scenes which his genius touched, he poured the illumination of a bright and genial spirit, which must ever allure to the Heroic Age of youthful Greece the heart of kindred spirit, wherever the love of song and literary culture has found a home.

In point of poetical merit, richness of thought, brilliancy of imagination, fitness of expression, strength of simile, boldness of figures, the world has never known his equal. His episodes, speeches, characters, human and divine; his battles, descriptions of the dying and the dead, discover a boundless invention. The uniform propriety of sentiment, the due elevation of style, and the sound judgment are no less worthy of praise. Blair has said, "In order to appreciate Homer, we must divest ourselves of modern ideas of dignity and refinement, and transport our imagination almost three thousand years back in the history of mankind." The critic surely must have possessed a false delicacy and refinement, or he did not fully appreciate the beauty and power of the original; for the higher the state of refinement and cultivation, the more the poems of Homer will be read and appreciated.

If there are some thoughts which are not as chaste as they might be, the highly cultivated heart will be so entranced with the eloquence and sublimity in which they are clothed, that the impurity of the sentiment will make but little impression, or be entirely lost to the reader. It can not be said of Homer's as of Byron's poems, "They are pervaded by a moral taint, which, as the eye of humanity becomes purer and purer in the lapse of ages, will more and more endanger its literary immortality."

The clouds that enveloped the life of Homer we can not penetrate, but let us imagine him traveling from town to town, along with others, bearing in his hands a laurel branch as a badge of office, reciting poems at festivals and the entertainment of the nobles. The compositions appear to be hymns addressed to the gods, or a simple ballad recounting the adventures and exploits of some favorite hero. He hears, he feels, he sees. He is convinced the highest degree of perfection has not yet been reached; he seizes the phorminx with all the fire, passion, and simplicity of his young soul, and all Greece is startled at the strains of a new bard as he peals forth, with transcendent eloquence, the wrath of Achilles, beloved by the gods, and stands forth the asserter of their power and the avenger of the injured priesthood.

Ruskin says, "The greatest painting is that which presents to the mind of the spectator the greatest number of ideas." Was there, then, ever such a painting as the *Iliad*? Achilles and Agamemnon having quarreled stand in the foreground; before the raging Agamemnon, as a suppliant, stands Chryses, bearing the fillet of Apollo upon a golden scepter, and in his hand gifts to ransom his daughter. Having received curses and threats instead of his child, we next see him wandering along the shore of the foaming sea, praying to the Olympian gods. One picture after another rises before us in quick succession. What canvas can do justice to the single combat between Menelaus and Paris, with the suspense of Helen as she stands in the background longing, yet fearing to know who is to be the victor. The battle scenes we can appreciate only by reading Homer; for there alone we hear the roar and din of battle, and catch the expression of the mangled, the dying, and the dead. The picture that impresses us the most deeply, is where Helen alludes to her own shame; the touching reminiscence of home crowned with her interview with Hector, in which she addresses her brother thus: "Would that on the day my mother brought me forth, a storm of wind had taken me into the mountains, or into the sea and the angry waves had swept over me!" Color and canvas would sink into utter nothingness when compared with the fire and sublimity of Homer in representing the lamentation of Helen over the mangled body of Hector.

It is said the subject of an epic poem must be one, it must be great, it must be interesting. Achilles is the hero of the *Iliad*; he rises upon us with renewed force as the poem advances; distress thickens, and every thing serves to aggrandize him, and make him the chief object of attention; and although he sometimes recedes, yet he is not lost to the sight, and ever and anon he rises before us, asserts his predominant importance, while all the other characters, however prominent, fall back and acknowledge due submission to him who stands in bold relief the central and great leading figure of the magnificent group.

The subject, "The Wrath of Achilles," is truly great. It is concise and prolific, and well worth the strength of such a mind as Homer's. The first sentence rivets our attention, and we are kept in a continual state of excitement from that to the close. We dread the result of the quarrel; we lament the withdrawal of Achilles; we are indignant at the power of the deities in not arresting the advancing, conquering forces of the Trojans before they are thundering upon

the outworks of the camp, and forcing their way into its precincts; we first hope, then fear as the war fluctuates with the utmost variety of fortune, and rejoice, notwithstanding the proud secession of Achilles, that the Greeks maintain their superiority; our hearts thrill with hope when Patroclus, clad in the armor of Achilles, arrests destruction for a time, but sink within us when it recoils with redoubled fury, to rejoice again tenfold when, desire to avenge the death of his friend proving more powerful in the breast of Achilles than anger against Agamemnon, he rushes into the midst of the battle, clad in the new and gorgeous armor forged by the god Hephæstus, blazing with the terrors of a mighty hero, arrests and throws back the tide of victory. "From that moment the safety and triumph of Greece is secure, and the fate of Hector and Troy is sealed forever."

In characters Homer never has been excelled, and never can be. Every one has something singularly his own; no artist could have distinguished them so decidedly by their features as the poet has done by their manners. Achilles stands preëminent in beauty, strength, and valor; Ulysses in counsel, subtilty, and eloquence; Nestor in wisdom and experience. Diomedes is impulsiveness, yet listening to advice; Ajax heavy and wieldy; Hector active and heroic; Agamemnon is inspired by the love of empire and ambition; Menelaus loves and cares for his people; Idomeus is a plain, direct soldier; Sarpedon a gallant and generous one; Paris is noted for his beauty and fickleness. In none of his characters does he display more art than in Helen, for we are ready to exclaim, notwithstanding her faults,

"No wonder such celestial charms
For nine long years has set the world in arms;
What winning graces! what majestic mien!
She moves a goddess, and she walks a queen!"

The speeches are the true representations of the characters from which they flow. The poem abounds in dialogue and conversation. With great accuracy does he discriminate between the language of gods and men, between the speeches called orations and harangues and those of conversation and dialogue. We should ever remember that the same genius that soared the loftiest, and from whom the greatest flights of imagination and the most sublime thoughts are derived, was also the one who stooped the lowest, and gave the simple narrative its utmost perfection. The highest compliment that could possibly be paid to the sentiment is in recognizing a similarity to the writings of the Holy Scriptures. In regard to his versification no man will deny that from his invention of

searching through, selecting from, and uniting different dialects to beautify and perfect his numbers, we find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound than in any other composition, ancient or modern. He impresses us at once that he has not only the richest mind, but the finest ear in the world. Aristotle says he is the only poet who has found out living words. The epithets, simple and compound, which he gives to the sea, mountains, rivers, rocks, characters human and divine, compel us to see every thing moving, living, acting.

The utility of the poems can be fully appreciated only by the Greeks. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were the Greek bible. They were the ultimate standard of appeal on all matters of religious doctrine, and early history. They were learned by boys at school; they were the study of men in riper years. They represent the state of society in which the protection of law was practically unknown. Although Homer may have occasionally drawn upon his imagination in his brilliant pictures of chiefs and their mode of living and warfare, yet the main features must have been taken from real life. In the battles as depicted, the chiefs are the only important combatants, while the people are introduced as a useless mass, frequently put to rout by the prowess of a single hero. The fallen foe is stripped of his armor, which becomes the spoil of his conqueror, and if the naked corpse remains in the power of the latter it receives the most degraded treatment. Achilles dragged the body of Hector around the walls of Troy, while the Greeks pierced it with their spears.

Homer, it seems, was a historian, politician, divine, professor of the arts as well as a poet. The introduction of the *Odyssey* impresses us differently from that of the *Iliad*. "O, Muse, sing to me of a man full of resources!" It seems to be the result of long and earnest thought; it is the reverse of the *Iliad* in subject, moral, manner, and style. The *Iliad* seems to have been the production of fiery youth, the *Odyssey* of mature and thoughtful manhood; but, although it may lack the fire of the *Iliad*, it is none the less rich for being gentle. Longinus compares the *Iliad* to the sun in its noonday splendor, the *Odyssey* to that luminary when shorn of its beams at setting. The language, imagery, and poetical expression are as appropriate to the latter as the fire and impetuosity are to the former. The religious and devotional feeling which pervades the second poem are far more sublime and impressive than the mythological attributes which invest the divine nature of the first. The *Iliad* resembles the foaming, thundering, overwhelming

cataract rushing with fury from the rocks and precipices of Niagara, while the Odyssey partakes the nature of the less turbulent though beautiful and impressive rapids below.

Baye says, "could he imagine all the poets of the ages pouring the contributions of their poetical genius into one golden chalice, he should consider Tennyson's as a delicately tinted, exquisitely refined foam mantling the top." I should consider Homer's the golden chalice itself, from whose inexhaustible fountain all poets, both ancient and modern, have drank. Coleridge, in speaking of Homer's poems, says: "Born, like the river of Egypt, in secret light, they yet roll on in their great, collateral streams, wherein a thousand poets have bathed their sacred heads and thence drank beauty, and truth, and all sweet and noble harmonies. Known to no man is the time or place of their gushing from the earth's bosom, but their course has been among the fields and by the dwellings of men, and our children now sport on their banks and quaff their salutary waters."

A FOOT-JOURNEY THROUGH THE TYROL.

FIRST PAPER.

THE Tyrol, which is the great Alpine province or crownland of Austria, is one of the most interesting portions of Europe, whether we regard its history, natural scenery, or the customs of the people. This "great natural rock fortress, approached only by narrow defiles or passes," was settled by Etruscans and Rhætians. Afterward it fell into the hands of Rome, and continued under its supremacy four centuries. Subsequently it was for a long time independent, being controlled by its own princes. Margaret Maultasch—"Pouting Meg"—was its last native ruler, and, dying childless, in 1363, she bequeathed her country to the Duke of Austria, Rudolph IV, of Hapsburg. Singularly enough the people quietly submitted to this arrangement, and have ever since exhibited a love of their monarchical government, quite in contrast with their Swiss neighbors west of them. More than once the Bavarians and French have invaded the Tyrol, and occasionally it has been for a considerable length of time under foreign rule. In 1805 Austria was compelled to cede it to Bavaria, but the Congress of Vienna, which attempted to make Europe what it was, before Napoleon I appeared, returned it to Austria.

The Tyrolese still retain the peculiar customs of their forefathers. They wear the same odd

costume of centuries ago, and to all appearance will continue to do so for many a year to come. The women wear broad-brimmed, high-crowned, black fur hats. In some instances the hats are of heavy felt, but generally they are of long, shining fur. These are worn in the markets, the vineyards, and the hay-fields alike. With the exception of the odd hat, there is generally nothing peculiar in the dress of the women. But the dress of the men is fantastic throughout. There is, first, the high, cone-shaped, black felt hat, ornamented with a very broad band and a little bunch of natural or artificial flowers, or a feather of a chicken or turkey. You seldom see a man without the flowers or feather, or both together, in his hat. The coat is adorned with an abundant supply of broad binding and bright buttons, designed to be as much in contrast as possible with the color of the cloth. The pantaloons, usually of black buckskin, are surmounted by the greatest of all the ornaments—a very wide leather girdle, covered with stitched figures, which must have taxed the time and ingenuity of the manufacturer to devise. Then the long, closely fitting stockings reach to the knees, while the shoes are low, and usually fastened by a buckle. This is the chief dress of the Tyrolese when engaged in labor through the week, but on the Sabbath or festal days they wear a dress of the same general peculiarities, but of much finer material and of even more brilliant colors and strange contrasts.

The Tyrolese are ardently devoted to music and dancing, and whenever a holiday occurs whole towns and villages quit labor and engage in the sports which have suffered as little change as the costume through the lapse of time. Rifle-shooting and gymnastic exercises are the universal sport of the men—an exercise which the Government takes good care to encourage and surround with as many charms as possible, as it is of great influence in making strong-bodied soldiers. The people are well-nigh as rigid and blind Catholics as can be found in the Papal States. You are almost never out of sight of a crucifix; it is easy to see a dozen at once peering above the vines and hay. They occur at intervals of only a few rods on the sides of all the roads, in the streets and dwellings of all the villages and towns, flanking the narrowest mountain paths, and crowning the glacier summits of the highest passes. The crucifix is always adorned with a bountiful supply of red paint, which, from its peculiar hue, never failed to remind me of the pokeberry juice of school-boy memory. This, of course, is designed to represent the blood

profusely flowing from the brow, the hands, the feet, and the side of the Crucified. Little chapels are frequently met with, and generally stand on the hill-top.

FIRST VIEW OF THE TYROL.

The first view I had of the Tyrol was from the top of the celebrated Bormio Pass, on the 4th of July, 1867. The glaciers were lying around in friendly juxtaposition, like great polar beasts asleep. The sky was unusually clear. A great snow-bank was slowly wasting away by the roadside, and in its long, precipitous side I scrawled the name of some of those good friends beyond the sea who are all the dearer because of the distance that separates us. For their own sake, however, I hope they are working out a higher place in fame than the record of their names on an Alpine snow-bank by a tired pedestrian's finger-end. Leaving my knapsack near the road to take care of itself for awhile, after my traveling companion and I had passed Ferdinandshöhe—the highest permanent human habitation in Europe—we climbed the high peak to the left. The reward was well worthy of the half-hour of difficult ascent. The really immense glaciers near at hand now appeared as only a small fragment of the whole glacier system bounding the entire horizon. To the west and south-west were the ranges we had been wandering over for more than a week, while to the north lay others that we hoped to climb in the weeks to come. It certainly gave me a very small idea of the work I had accomplished or hoped to accomplish to see the scene of several weeks' labor brought, to all appearance, almost within gunshot of where we were standing. This could be accounted for in a measure by the rarity of the atmosphere; but this was not the first time that, after performing a task, however difficult it may have seemed at the time, it appeared very small on looking down upon it long afterward from a higher point than where the brain or hands had wrought. But infinitely smaller than all earthly analogies, I apprehend, will seem the whole work of a life-time from the height of our heavenly home.

The great white Ortler peak rose directly opposite where we were standing. It is nearly ten thousand feet above the sea and nine hundred feet above the line of perpetual snow. It stands as a patriarch in the midst of a large dependent group, all the intervening gaps bearing their burden of glaciers, whose depth and story no man can tell. Till lately the Ortler was regarded as the highest mountain of the Tyrol, but the recent measurements of the

Swiss engineer, Denzler, have proved that there are several others between four and five hundred feet higher. Its peculiar conformation makes its ascent very difficult and dangerous. Till 1804 it was thought inaccessible, when, owing to the large reward offered by Archduke John, of Austria, to the first man who would scale it, Joseph Pichler, a bold Alpine hunter, gained the coveted prize. Since then it has been ascended a number of times, and careful surveys have been made of the Ortler and its snow-clad family.

The winding road by which we had ascended on the Italian side could be seen here and there like an unbound thread in the deep distance. Just around a rocky angle was the long, low custom-house, connected with which was the inn of Santa Maria, where we had been treated to an unsavory dinner a couple of hours since, and where the Austrian publicans muttered gruffly through their great beards the first tidings we had of the death of Maximilian in Mexico. Beginning the descent from where an obelisk marks the frontier line between Italy and Austria, the steep road, numbering its fifty zig-zags, came in full view. New and different scenes were presented every few minutes; in fact, the succession of them was so rapid that our whole walk from the top of the Bormio Pass to the little inn where we rested at night seems now, at the distance of only a few weeks, more like a dream, or some description that I have read, than a living experience.

We spent the night in the little village of Traftui, a corruption of *Tres Fontes*—three fountains—which takes its name from the three icy streams that flow out of the precipitous side of a huge rock further up the valley. The forests, which extend as high up toward the Pass as vegetation can exist, abound in wild deer, while there is a certain plateau near by that goes by the name of the "Bear's Play-ground." The mountain shepherds have had many unpleasant experiences with the bears, which come down on their favorite "play-ground" and make sad havoc of the flocks that dare to intrude upon it. An hour's walk from Traftui brings you to a humble shed covering statues of the Savior, the Virgin Mary, and Saint John; from the breast of each a stream of clear, fresh, "holy water" is made to flow. Close at hand is the little chapel containing a picture of the Madonna, which is supposed to possess miraculous powers. It is visited yearly by multitudes of Tyrolese pilgrims, and, for all the confidence they would place in your words, you might as well tell them that they are citizens of Patagonia as that that execrable daub can never cure their diseases.

We started about five o'clock next morning to complete the journey down the valley, and then to take the highway through the Vintschgan to Meran. The air was very refreshing, but it would be hours before the sun could penetrate the valley. The shepherds were leading their herds out to pasture. The milk-women were returning to their huts with their well-laden pails, and now and then a friendly bird would start up before us and afterward dart off to its home in the fir-forest. The road crossed the now wide and constantly enlarging stream very frequently, and on every bridge we dropped our knapsacks and Alpine staves for a leisurely gaze into the mad torrent below, and then far up and down the valley sides where quiet cottages nestle, like little cages, under some kindly rocky shelf. Villages multiplied as the valley grew broader, but they were so filthy and unromantic when we reached them that we tripped through them as rapidly as possible, preferring to rest by the roadside where the unartistic peasantry had not yet disturbed the lovely work of nature. In due time the road suddenly emerged into the broad historical Vintschgan; castles of rare beauty crowned every rocky height within view; the bells from the chapels of the thickly scattered villages held high carnival, as the clock had just struck ten; the hay-fields near and far were alive with groups of gayly dressed men and women, who were gathering their harvest by the aid of only little sickles; and the deep-green carpet of numberless vineyards lay unrolled all along the hill-sides, and bounded the horizon at each end of that enchanted valley.

The Vintschgan, so called from its ancient inhabitants, the Vennotes, is the broad valley watered by the Adige. The stage-coach traverses its entire length, an arrangement which proved very convenient to us about the middle of the afternoon. Picturesque castles increased on either side, some of them being no longer tenable, because of their ruined state, while others are occupied a part of the year by their titled owners. Almost every village has its reigning saint, and chapels line the wayside throughout the valley. In some instances we observed tufts of barley and Indian corn hanging over the crucifix, half hiding the crown of thorns. On asking a peasant what it meant, he said as nearly as I can now recall, "That means that we owe all our blessings to Him who died for us." A beautiful reply, and worthy of a less sensuous worship than that of the peasant and his countrymen.

Of the castles on the way Juval is one of the most extensive and picturesque. Before the invention of gunpowder it was considered impreg-

nable. In A. D. 1546 its owner, Linkmoser, surrounded it with a large outer building, a fact commemorated by a tablet over the gateway. Its halls are ornamented with frescoes of Biblical scenes—all made in the sixteenth century—and its door-posts are of the finest marble. From its windows, through which many generations have looked out upon the beautiful valley, there is a very fine distant view of the mountain range bounded on the west by the Ortler. The Castalbello is another very large ruin. It was occupied till 1842, when its wooden work was destroyed by fire. It stands upon one solid rock, and is again surrounded by a dense growth of ivy. All the different attractions of the valley combine as you draw near to Meran. The castles increase in number; the vineyards assume even a tropical luxuriance; the chapels multiply; and waterfalls come in to help the splendor of the scene. Meran is not the enthroned queen of all, but lies low in the valley, as a rustic divinity asleep amid her favorite groves and mountains. The dusty old stage-coach strikes the rough cobble-stone pavement, and immediately the spell of my day's enchantment was broken. We began to look about for our scanty possessions of guide-books, maps, knapsacks, and staves. They lay scattered around and dusty enough, on the stage top, where we had been riding for the last three or four hours, to the infinite bewilderment of the villagers and hay-reapers whom we passed. A sudden halt before the broad door-way of a hotel was the signal to dismount, and we were once more back again to real life. A huge crucifix stood at the end of the hall where we were assigned rooms; but I fear the symbol had but little influence over the management of the hotel. The proprietor's boast was, that kings and princes had been his guests; but of all the hotels where we stopped in the Tyrol, this was the only one where the waiters were impudent; where, as far as I know, a direct and systematic attempt was made to cheat; where we were compelled to sit at the table next to a man who seemed to be an angry cross between intoxication and insanity; and where we were treated at breakfast to loaves of bread which had lost their crust and suffered huge excavations by hungry mice on their nocturnal peregrinations. We would not eat the bread, but had to make out a long and vigorous case before getting better.

MERAN AND TYROL CASTLE.

Meran, a town of about three thousand inhabitants, first appears in history A. D. 857, and owes its origin to the destruction of the neighboring Roman town of Maja, A. D. 800, by the

fall of a mountain. Fragments of buried houses, Roman coins from Drusus to Justinian, and human bones, are still turned up in the fields and vineyards. Meran lies just at the junction of three valleys; it was the ancient capital of the country, and its castle of Tyrol was the residence of the rulers. In the Middle Ages it enjoyed great prosperity as a commercial center, but numerous wars and the conflicts between the princes and their vassals prostrated it, and it now owes nearly all its thrift to health-seekers, who visit it in large numbers every Summer and Autumn. It abounds in boarding-houses and fine promenades for their accommodation. The stores are mostly under low, gloomy arcades, which are almost blocked up much of the time by lounging peasantry.

The castle of Tyrol, about an hour's ascending walk from the town, gave its name to the country. It is, in part, a ruin, the massive watch-tower being the principal portion now remaining perfect. The door-way of the little chapel is interesting because of its very old symbolic sculptures. They evidently date from the early art-period of the Christian era, probably not a whit later than the eleventh century. The authorities have created a little literature of disputation concerning their origin, and to this day there is no certainty arrived at. One authority states that they are taken from the *Heroes' Book* of the exploits of Emperor Ottnit and Hugdietrich, in slaying the dragon's brood on the mountains of Trent, a fable emblematic of the victory of Christianity over paganism. Baron von Hammer has explained them to be Gnostic symbols; this is probably the nearest approach to the truth yet reached.

The castle of Tyrol contains an interesting collection of parchment manuscripts, and some vases and armor from the Middle Ages. It would be easy enough to get lost amid its winding halls, dark stairways, and subterranean passages. Its largest room is ornamented with portraits of the later members of the Hapsburg dynasty, all being distinguished by the unusually heavy under-lip characteristic of the family. From the windows of this room you enjoy the greatest luxury which the great old castle, with all its history of cruel power and thrilling romance, can give; a view of brother-castles that may be counted by the dozen; of villages so close together as almost to form a continuous city; of streams running in all directions, as if engaged in some musical, hide-and-go-seek game of their own; of vineyards whose divisions and ownership seem obliterated by their luxuriant overgrowth; of avenues of chestnut, mulberry, and plum-trees winding with the roads; of

glaciers that lie high up on the bleak hills, and look down with the same cold eye as in the long-gone centuries; and of the bold mountains of porphyry and dolomite that bound the eastward view toward Botzen, and tell of the Brenner Pass, over which the Roman legions often went to make conquests in the barbarian north, and of the disturbance of whose hardy people by victorious Drusus, Horace thus sang:

"Videre Rhaeti bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem.

Drusus, Germanos implacidum genus
Brennosque veloces, et arces
Alpibus impositas tremendis
Dejecit acer plus vice simplici."

Plucking a few ivy-leaves that hung in wasteful plenty over the outer wall of the castle, and emerging through the gateway where the portcullis used to hang, we reached the main road leading through villages and vineyards down to Meran. The street corners were occupied by smoking, lounging peasants, who, in accordance with their social custom on seeing strangers, whom they regard no nearer nobility than themselves, gave a homely but hearty greeting as we passed. The shop-keepers were half asleep at their stalls under the arcades, and the promenades were alive with slowly sauntering invalids from Northern Europe. The setting sun cast long shadows across the market-place in front of the Archduke John Hotel, where we lodged—there, now, I have divulged its aristocratic name in spite of a benevolent design to the contrary—and thus closed another of Meran's loveliest days.

A MORNING WALK TO BOTZEN.

Early the next morning we started on a six hours' walk for Botzen. The road was attractive beyond all the descriptions of the guide-books, and I had no regrets at seeing the stage pass by and leave us to enjoy the scenery at our leisure. This section was a favorite home of the southern nobility of the Middle Ages, who displayed great taste in the selection of sites for residence, for their castles occupy all the points where good prospects are presented. There is one bridge on which you may stand and count twenty castles within clear view. The *Lowenburg* contains sixty chambers, and is surrounded by terraces and sloping vineyards. The *Schonna* has more the appearance of a fortress, and the guide can still show its gates, armory, draw-bridge, and dungeons. The *Fragzburg*—the Roman *Trifagium*—stands on a high cliff and looks down on the *Katzenstein* and *Neuberg* at its feet. It is occupied, and still retains its grim medieval glory and solidity. On the almost perpendicular cliff rising at the

left of the roadside there stands a not very extensive, yet one of the most interesting ruins in the Tyrol. It is the *Maultasch Castle*, so called because it was a favorite home of the last Tyrolese ruler, Margaret Maultasch, or "Pouting Meg." There are many strange stories connected with its history, and in all the books of the legends of the Tyrol the *Maultasch* plays a very romantic part. My companion having taken advantage of a rickety old chaise that was bound for Botzen, I was left alone for a while; so I clambered up the hill to see the ruin more closely, and enjoy the fine prospect from its crumbling walls. The desolation was complete. The heavy archways had long lost their key-stones; some had entirely fallen, and others looked so threateningly that I hastened from beneath them. Lazy lizards lay sleeping on the shapeless stone fragments whose almost effaced images had occupied years of artistic labor far back in some unknown medieval century. The ivy-vines aided the work of decay by softly penetrating every crevice, and thus gently uplifting and overturning the huge stones that war and time had mercifully spared. Fig-trees grew wild in the courts where once the princely halls had stood. But from those old windows, which are now only misshapen rents, you enjoy the scene of nature which never grows old. It was as beautiful when I saw it as when Pouting Meg looked at it. I then found what I did not perceive before, that the *Maultasch* stands just on the rocky angle commanding a view of two immense valleys. But the ruin was lonely beyond description, and I was glad enough when I could feel satisfied with the enjoyment of the prospect sufficiently to leave it and all its stories to take care of themselves. In order to save time I took a nearer way down; but it was a sore experience, for I lost my way. Half-running and half-falling, meanwhile waking up innumerable lizards that lay as dead on the mossy rocks, I finally reached the hill-side of a vineyard. The heat was intense, and it was nearly an hour before I was fit to leave the shade of a convenient chestnut-tree for the last part of the journey to Meran.

The *Sigmundskrone* is the most extensive ruin for many miles around. It rests on the rocky base where the Roman castle of *Formicaria* stood, and may be seen in all directions. The view from it must be very fine, but my Maultasch experience took away all the spare time for that purpose. In 1475 the *Sigmundskrone* became the property of Archduke Sigismund, who had it restored in much the same condition in which it now exists. At present it is the property of Count Sarntheim, and its

vaults are used as a powder magazine for the local troops.

Botzen is the great commercial center of the Tyrol; its population numbers ten thousand, who, in physique, language, and customs, bear a strong resemblance to their Italian neighbors. It lies in the center of a magnificent amphitheater formed by the dolomite and porphyry mountains east and north, and by the castellated hills south and west. It was settled originally by the East-Goths. The houses have a decidedly Italian appearance, and the principal business is conducted under dingy arcades, as in Meran. From the early period of the history of Botzen the arcade on one side of the market-place has gone by the name of the Italian, while the opposite one has been called the German, because of the respective nationality of the venders.

The parish church was finished A. D. 1400, and has lately undergone extensive restorations and other improvements. The gardens abound in many rare floral varieties, and are justly regarded as one of the principal attractions of the town. As this was the market-day I had a good opportunity of seeing the costume of the peasantry, and the various productions of the country. Oranges, lemons, figs, apricots, and mammoth plums were offered in large masses by as unkempt a set of fruit dames as I have ever seen handle dirty coppers and stained pint-measures. As a pleasant offset to their appearance, all the streets were musical with the refreshing mountain streams that are made to flow through them, and the market-places and street corners are ornamented with grotesque fountains which are ever flowing.

We returned that evening by stage to Meran, just in the hours when the cool air from the mountains gradually supplanted the heat of the sun. The next day was the Sabbath, and as there was no Protestant service we enjoyed some of its sacred hours together in reading and explaining the Scriptures, and in social prayer. Never was the strong English of King James's Bible more welcome; seldom have its truths been so transcendently comforting, or its Savior more the present Friend. And the pleasantest memories that I have brought home from that land, which Nature has so richly endowed but superstition so cursed, are not of mountain or vale, of town or castle, but of seasons of nearness to Him whose presence blesses the worshiper, whether alone or with the multitude.

THE children who despise age are likely to receive the retributive justice of being despised by their own descendants.

FANNY BETHEL,
THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

CHAPTER VI.

PROVERBS are said to contain the wisdom of ages, and if so it was not wonderful that Aunt Rachel was considered the wise woman of the village. Among the many which she quoted from her large stock to Fanny was one which she repeated more frequently than any other. "'It's a long lane that has no turn in it,' dear," she would say, and at a time when least expected it came true. Years passed by, bringing more and more prosperity to the village, and as the facilities for traveling increased, the beauty and healthfulness of its surroundings made it a pleasant Summer resort for those who were tired of home.

To Fanny Bethel, however, little change had come. As the village schoolmistress, she still lived in the cake-shop house, applying herself so closely to her trying occupation that it was telling painfully on her appearance and health. Old Maja had grown so feeble that a little girl had to be taken as an assistant, thus increasing Fanny's responsibilities and expenses, which Kate never sought to lessen by her aid.

Her life, although a hard one, was not without enjoyment; she was a favorite in the neighborhood. Cordial smiles greeted the schoolmistress wherever she went, and in every house she entered, friendly salutations attested her welcome. To live amid general regard, although the daily life is full of troubles, is like "sitting in sunshine calm and sweet," and goes far in the healing of wounds whose existence is never named by the sufferers. She also took an honest pride in the progress of her scholars, and her heart, shrouded as it was by a constant veil of sorrow caused by Kate's steady petulance and ingratitude, swelled far oftener with thankfulness than it sunk into dejection.

But a change was at hand. Most of those persons who came to C. for Summer recreation boarded at the Eagle Hotel, of which Aunt Rachel's son was landlord, attracted by the reputation of the home-comforts to be found there. Aunt Rachel, who lived with her "Jim," sought an acquaintance with all the guests, and they, pleased with her quaint manners and harmless peculiarities, found great amusement in talking to her. Among others that came from "the city" at the time we speak of, was an elderly couple, who seemed very anxious "to hear the histories of the old families in the neighborhood," and Aunt Rachel was by no means slow to "speak all she knew."

The sad reversal of the Bethels was duly

descanted upon, and the character of the self-sacrificing Fanny lost nothing by Aunt Rachel's narration. "Poor little Kate Maclean," she said, "I do n't know what would have become of her but for Miss Fanny, for as she is not a drop's blood to her she had no right to do for her, for Mrs. Maclean, that is, Mrs. Bethel, was desperate hard with her!"

"Is she still with Miss Bethel?" asked Mr. Reynolds.

"Yes, and likely to be so," was the reply, "unless some of her rich friends should come and look after her."

Nothing more was said at this time, but on the next evening as the same party were sitting on the porch together, Kate Maclean, who came on an errand, made her appearance among them. The large sun-bonnet she wore could not hide her beauty; and as she approached by no means awkwardly and told her business to Aunt Rachel, it was easy to see that she had made a favorable impression on the old couple. Desiring further information our old friend gave it readily, and in return learned that Mr. Reynolds was a cousin of the second Mrs. Bethel; that there were many other relatives, and that he was willing to take the orphan girl to fill the place made vacant in his home by the death of his only child.

Fanny at first hesitated, but having received satisfactory assurances as to his name, position, wealth, and right to protect the orphan, was at last obliged to consent, particularly as Kate declared that "no one should stop her from going where she could move in a higher sphere." She shed a few tears at parting with Fanny, but selfish and vain, it was easy to be seen that delight at the change predominated over regret. As the carriage rolled out of sight Maja declared it was "a good riddance, for she was just a heart-break," and Aunt Rachel echoed, "Well, well, they do say that luck is blind, and I think so, for this luck ought to have fallen in Miss Fanny's dish. If she had n't had such a pretty face they would have left her as they did before. I say pretty is as pretty does; and, Maja, they are all tarred with the same stick, for that old Reynolds never once thanked Fanny for what she had done for the child when she was a poor, *disolute* orphan."

It was with no little anxiety that Fanny parted with Kate, who had for so long been an object of interest to her, but a letter, which she received soon after her departure, relieved all apprehension. She was going to a fashionable school, and had all the advantages necessary to fit her for the gay circle she was to move in, and declared that she was happier than she had

ever been. Two letters were all that she ever sent, and Fanny concluded that she desired to forget every thing that would remind her of the time when she was an assistant schoolmistress at C.

At the end of two years Fanny received a letter containing the wedding cards of Mr. and Mrs. Woodbridge, with a description of the bride's *trousseau*, and the magnificent house in New York of which little Kate Maclean was now the mistress. Great was the wonder in the village as the news spread, although most of the gossips wished the luck had been Fanny's, and Aunt Rachel shook her head as she said "it was more by good luck than good guiding, and far-away birds always had fine feathers." No invitation was given to Fanny to visit New York, but with that "charity which suffereth long and is not easily provoked," she never mentioned the omission lest it should provoke animadversion.

And now Time in his flight had joined two more years with those beyond the flood, and found Fanny Bethel in the epoch of woman's loveliest maturity. The bloom and freshness of girlhood had given place to those calmer and more finished graces which belong to the dignified woman—which come not to pass away, but to deepen and endure! Many had been her trials—her life was one of loneliness and toil, but that had been borne with such submission to the Divine Will, that it had not fretted the frail thread of existence, as is often the case in similar circumstances, and her character, tested by time and adversity, more than confirmed the beautiful promise of her youth. The past years had been well spent in acquiring self-knowledge, self-mastery, self-discipline, and now the hardest struggle was over. It was rest after the battle. Left to stand alone and act for herself, she acquired energy from the very greatness of her difficulties, and was supported by the consciousness of possessing the only true power—a power not indeed her own, but His upon whom she leaned for support. Content to fill the humble but responsible situation of a village schoolmistress, she went quietly on, and living for others as she had done from her earliest years, she felt that such existence was only living for her purer self.

Many predicted she would be an old maid. Mrs. Stintem's Betty and Cerinthy had long ago ceased to be "scullards," as their mother said, and were married—one to the young lawyer Bradley and the other to a clerk in the new factory. Fanny remained unsought; she was one gentle indeed as May, but nevertheless one who could not easily be approached. There are

many who believe that marriage affords the only chance of insuring felicity, and is the proper station for woman, an opinion largely shared in by our heroine's two friends, Maja and Aunt Rachel, who were loud in their censure of Kate Maclean. "Her mean ingratitude, after being raised on her step-sister's bounty, only to think, had never invited her to New York, where she would have a better chance of being settled than in such a place as C."

How wrong to say chance! In a government of love, such as rules this world of ours, there is no chance; a Father's hand rules our destiny and turns the most seemingly adverse circumstances to the furthering of his own immortal will. Fanny herself had no anxiety on the subject of matrimony. True, the contrast between her early prospects and her present condition would often rise up before her in painful vividness, but she would not suffer herself to dwell upon the thought. She knew better than those around her how she had suffered, but she did not hold such a mistaken belief as to suppose that an adherence to good in the performance of self-sacrificing duties must find its recompense here below or the Divine Ruler must be unjust. Virtue is its own reward, and Fanny had hers, as all Christians may have, in the light which shone within her own pure breast, and in the enjoyment of that peace which is vouchsafed to all those who live above the world.

CHAPTER VII.

Very cheerless was the morning of the — of January, 18—, as it rose upon the village of C.; the ground was covered with a white mantle; snow was falling, and the wind so cold and cutting that none but those who are compelled to brave all weathers would venture out. Many grumbled at the bad weather; not so, however, the children belonging to Fanny's school, for to them it brought a holiday. She had, therefore, but few pupils in the morning, and as the storm by no means abated none came in the afternoon. The gloom of all around was contagious, and our heroine felt its influence on her spirits, but tried to shake it off by engaging in active occupation. Maja had now become nearly helpless, and some of the neighbors, but particularly Mrs. Stintem, urged that she should be sent to the poor-house, as she certainly would become paralytic and prove a great burden, but Fanny would not listen to such a suggestion. "'Thine own and thy father's friends forsake thou not,' saith the Scriptures," was her steady reply; "as long as I can work Maja shall never want a home nor the comforts requisite at her age."

Fanny's circumstances were much changed,

and by no means for the better, since she had commenced school-keeping at C. Other teachers had come in, with showy circulars, and opened "institutes" in larger houses than the "cake-shop cottage," where our self-denying heroine, now no longer the fashion, still lived; and as novelty bears a charm, which is equally attractive every-where, the C. folks were dazzled as well as others. Languages were to be taught in so many lessons; a knowledge of music acquired by magic; all the "ologies" were done up in a single term, and twelve lessons manufactured one who had never held a pencil into an artist; in short, the pupils were as Aunt Rachel said, "to skate into and slide over an *edje-gation!*" The gullibility of the public in such cases is too well known to need comment here. Our poor heroine found her pupils diminished to the number of eight, and now her heart was heavy, for this was almost as dark an hour as on that rainy night when Aunt Rachel made her memorable visit to the Locusts. There was every prospect of a hard Winter, Maja was helpless and ill, the few scholars she had would not yield a support, and she feared to look forward. She had been obliged to keep a little girl, but if these circumstances continued she must dismiss her, which she would regret more on the child's account than because it would impose additional labor on herself. No wonder she was despondent! We are but mortal, and no matter how firm may be our faith in the trust that "all shall work together for good," or how assured we may be of the unerring wisdom of our Heavenly Father, there are times when we must say, "Let this cup pass from me!"

The storm continued all night. The next day a keen wind brought fresh and blinding falls of snow, which drifted every-where and rendered the roads nearly impassable. The stage had long been due, and the host of the "Eagle" had given up all hope of its coming in that day, when late in the evening it was seen slowly floundering along. The horn sounded—the landlord was on the alert, and the tired horses, as if inspirited by the cheering blast, plucked up new life and dragged the lumbering coach cheerily to the door. Fanny Bethel was sitting at her window musing sadly over her present difficulties, and never dreaming what this stormy day was to bring forth for her. She saw two travelers descend from the stage, and after a short conversation with the landlord a quantity of baggage was carried in. Fresh horses were brought, the stage went on, and Fanny proceeding to her domestic duties forgot all besides.

And now let us describe the strangers who, seated beside a blazing fire, were conversing

earnestly while they waited for the supper they had ordered to be served in their parlor. The elder of the two, apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, extremely well dressed and gentlemanly, was evidently a sailor; his hair was gray and contrasted strongly with his sun-burnt face, which looked as if it had for a long time been bronzed by tropical suns. His features were good, and his eyes beaming with benevolence would have redeemed any face from plainness. The other gentleman, whose military undress showed him to be an officer, was about thirty-five or forty, tall, well-formed, and marked with a higher polish in tone and manner than his companion, no less invited confidence than did his sailor friend.

Their supper was served and proved excellent; and with a blazing hickory fire roaring up the wide chimney, the sailor declared he had never found a pleasanter port. Their praises of the good cheer pleased Aunt Rachel, who, on account of her daughter-in-law's absence from home, superintended the affairs of the table; and as she moved in and out of the room her quaint appearance and singular answers to the questions the strangers asked, both amused and interested them, but particularly the sailor.

After supper he placed a chair near the fire and begged her to remain and grant him a few words of conversation. "You call this place C., I believe," was his first remark.

"Yes—that is, we that live here do," replied Aunt Rachel, "but they have coined some new name for it abroad. Things are all turned upside down since I was young, and these times are not like the old."

"How so?" asked the stranger. "These are days of progression if not of improvement."

Rachel was now in her element, and gave a history of the early times "when there was the right kind of quality here, the Morgans, the Evanses, and the Bethels; rare quality they were, none of your mushroom set that are big-bugs at C. now."

"Are any of those old families you have mentioned in the neighborhood at this time?" inquired the sailor.

"None left of 'em but one lone girl, who is the schoolmistress," answered Aunt Rachel, and then launched off in a description of the time, which was in her opinion the golden age in the chronological history of the village of C. That any strangers had ever settled there she lamented as a real calamity, although the condition of her family was materially improved by that event. The affairs at the Locusts, Mr. Bethel's failure and death, and the subsequent troubles were all duly descanted on, even to

detailing the harsh treatment of the second Mrs. Bethel to her husband's daughter; the disinterested kindness of Fanny to her step-mother's desolate child, and how, when the little girl had grown up, and her mother's rich relations had taken her away, she had behaved in a shameful way to Miss Fanny, who she declared was a "perfect *progedy*" of every thing that was good.

The sailor was too much interested to notice or smile at Aunt Rachel's peculiar manner of speech, and as she concluded he arose from his chair and walked uneasily about the room.

"This Fanny Bethel you speak of is then Fanny Evans's daughter," he said. "Is she still here, or can you tell me where she is to be found?"

"That I can, quick enough," replied Rachel in her own abrupt manner as she arose and went to the window; "there, do you see that little white house? My Jim fixed it up for her when she began to keep school, and she lives there just with old Maja, her mother's nurse. She did pretty well at first, but she an't well off, for some *furrin* teachers has come here lately, and her scollards have left her school to larn some new-fangled ways of *edjegation* that we plain folks can't understand. But I always tell her to keep a stiff upper lip, for it is a long lane that has no turn in it! She's so good that she'll have a blessin' yet, for God does not forget us, though we sometimes think he does."

Colonel Chalmers smiled at Aunt Rachel's proverbial eloquence, but his sailor friend seemed lost in thought, and did not hear it. He continued his hasty walk for a moment longer, then, stopping suddenly before the old woman, startled her by seizing her hand and saying, "Aunt Rachel, I know you, although you seem to have forgotten me. Look in my face now and tell me if I resemble any one you have ever seen."

Aunt Rachel scanned the bronzed face and whitened hair, gazed into the intelligent eyes and on every feature, but shook her head as she said, "I somehow misdoubt you are like somebody I have seen sometime or 'nother, but can't make you out."

"Did you never hear of a lad named Morgan Evans, who, when his father was ruined, went to sea in hopes of doing something for his family?"

"You Morgan Evans?" said Rachel doubtfully; "Morgan Evans was a boy when he went away, with red cheeks and curling black hair, and you are an old man, gray-headed, and looking as if you had lived in the sun all your life."

"Nevertheless, I am Morgan Evans," said

the sailor, "and, having enough of this world's goods, have come to cast anchor for a little while here in the old harbor at C."

"You should have done so long ago," said Rachel bluntly. "Why have you left your sister's child to strive so long to make a livin'? But better late than never."

"I can easily answer your question," said Captain Evans. "I heard of my parents' death and my sister's marriage with the rich Mr. Bethel, but never knew that she had a daughter. Satisfied that she was well off, as I had little time to spare, I undertook another voyage, hoping to visit her when I returned. I will tell you at another time how the vessel I sailed in was wrecked on a hostile shore; how the crew were saved and kept prisoners for a long time; how since then I have traveled to all parts of the world, sometimes half starved, at others feasted to the full. In one of the intervals, when I was in the West Indies, I saw an acquaintance, from whom I learned that my sister was dead, and that Mr. Bethel had married a gay and fashionable wife, but was not happy in his second choice. Since then I have heard nothing from C., and, having no longer any interest there, did not care to return. I have been living in New Orleans for the last few years, where I met my friend Colonel Chalmers here, who is a Northern man as well as myself. His health could not endure the climate; his physician ordered him to the North, and as I had never forgotten the old settlement of C., and never took to Southern ways, I determined to travel with him and take a look round, and here we are."

"And glad I am that you've come at last," said Aunt Rachel, "since you will make our good Fanny rich. But indeed I must go now and tell my Jim and the neighbors the good news. But, dear me, what will Becky Stintem say?"

As night approached the storm increased. The wind blew with terrific violence, and the fine snow drifted like fine spray through every cranny. Having sent her little help to bed, laid a mat to the door, and trimmed her fire, Fanny Bethel sat down beside it, listening partly to the muffled fury of the tempest as she mused on what was likely to be her fate. With the few scholars she had she was not able to meet expenses. She might leave the village to seek a livelihood elsewhere, but Maja was almost disabled, and she would not forsake the faithful friend who had spent her strength in the service of her family. No, she would accept of employment, let it be ever so humble, but Maja should never want. From Kate she never heard. In

the whirl of fashionable life the gay Mrs. Woodbridge had no time to think of Fanny Bethel, or what she had done for her in the days of her deserted childhood.

Her way seemed hedged up. "Has God forgotten to be gracious?" she was almost ready to say; but the thought that when he hedges up our path his hand is as conspicuous and his power and wisdom are as much to be acknowledged as when the way is plain before us, kept down the rising doubt. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" was the language of her heart, and, resolved to shake off the gloom that oppressed her, she arose, lighted a lamp, and sat down to read. She was startled by a hasty knock at the door, and when she opened it was not a little astonished to meet the tall form of a man who was an entire stranger. Inquiring if "Fanny Bethel lived here," and being answered that she did, he stamped the snow from his boots, removed his cloak, and prepared to enter.

"I must beg you to excuse my late visit," he said, "but I was so anxious to have a little talk with you that I could not put it off till morning. Your mother had a brother, Morgan Evans, who went to sea long ago—perhaps you have heard of him—and I have come to tell you something about him."

They seated themselves beside the fire, which, as it crackled and blazed, diffused a ruddy warmth. The stranger told our heroine that he was Morgan Evans, and related in detail those passages of his life of which he had already given the outline to Aunt Rachel. It was late when the uncle and niece parted, and both were equally happy. None but those whom God in his wisdom has seen fit to place alone in this dreary world can imagine the pure joy that filled Fanny's heart at the thought that there was now one strong natural link, one tie of kindred blood to bind her to life, and her prayer that night was one of gratitude. It would be tedious to relate what followed; the surprise of every one, the envy of some, and the joy of many when the news was spread that Fanny Bethel was not going to be schoolmistress any longer, for a rich uncle who had come from beyond the sea had bought the Locusts, and they were all going to live there again. For once gossip had spoken the whole truth. Morgan Evans, tired of toil and bustle, feeling the infirmities of advancing age, and desiring to cast anchor in a quiet haven, purchased the Locusts, for which he willingly gave a large price, as the property had originally been part of his father's farm.

The house was remodeled according to Fan-

ny's taste, and none may describe the joy of her heart when she once more found herself an inmate of those dear old walls. Nor was old Maja less delighted when she found herself a permanent resident in her own room, "and living just as she was used to do." She had nursed Morgan Evans, and recognized him at once, notwithstanding the change which time had made in his appearance, and the kind-hearted sailor spared no pains in order to make her comfortable. His wealth was sufficient to afford a substantial and hospitable style of housekeeping, and they were visited by many friends from a distance, for Captain Evans was well known and much beloved.

Mrs. Woodbridge by some means heard of Fanny's good fortune, and wrote to congratulate her on the lucky event; but when, in less than a year after, Fanny became the wife of Colonel Chalmers, she and her husband made a Summer visit of some length at the Locusts, and begged that it might be returned. Colonel Chalmers, with the pride of his caste, would have refused, but Fanny, educated in a different school, conquered his reluctance by pointing to a certain beautiful passage in the Bible which says, "How often shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? Not seven times only, but seventy times seven."

Brightly shone the sun on Fanny Bethel's wedding-day, and joyous and hearty were the good wishes and congratulations which were bestowed on her by all who knew her. But none were more sincere in their rejoicing at the prosperous termination of their favorite's trials than Maja and Aunt Rachel. When the ceremony was concluded Maja folded her hands and uttered an earnest prayer that Fanny Chalmers might be as happy as Fanny Bethel deserved to be, but Aunt Rachel, with characteristic enthusiasm, exclaimed, "I knew Miss Fanny would come to good. I always told her to keep a stiff upper lip, for it was a long lane that had no turn in it."

Reader, our story is done, but as it is the fashion to tell what becomes of the characters, we will dispose of them as quickly as possible. Mrs. Stintem lost all her property by her sons-in-law. They were unsuccessful in some speculations and failed, so they went off to the far West and left the old lady behind. She did not long survive the loss of her property, and when she died Morgan Evans and James Hudson paid the expenses of her sickness and burial. Morgan Evans remained at the Locusts for many years, the family relations continuing till his death, which did not occur till extreme old age. His life was a happy one, and when called

home he died blessing his niece and all who belonged to her. Fanny Bethel passed through the hard trial of prosperity unscathed. Sincere, earnest, and unselfish, her character was written on her countenance at all times; and, although called to move in a high class of society, she remained as self-denying and humble as when she played the part of schoolmistress in the little cake-shop cottage. Her uncle almost worshiped her, the heart of her husband was bound up in her, her children arose and called her blessed, and the poor and needy acknowledged the helping hand that was extended toward them all. The village is much changed, it has grown up into a substantial borough; many elegant buildings have taken the place of those built in primitive times, and the little cake-shop school-house is no longer there; a Swiss cottage, with quaint roof and heavy moldings, occupies its place. Maja and Aunt Rachel lived to a great age, and the memory of both was cherished with great respect long after they were quietly sleeping under the elms in the old church-yard.

A DREAM OF REPOSE.

A BOAT we had not seen before,
I thought, came sailing to our door;
We knew not whence, we knew not why,
And only entered you and I.
And in my dream it seemed to me
We sailed, and not upon a sea.
"Through fields as green as rivers' shores,"
We floated on with idle oars,
Till faded all the cities' spires;
Till died our fears and our desires;
Till all our memories of wrong
"Floated away like truthless song;"
Till lived no shadow of regret
For any losses we had met;
Till all our joys were sweetly blending
With peace and happiness unending.

And all the noisy world was stilled;
No more we strove, no more we willed,
Life's plans no more our pulses thrilled—
Our purposes were all fulfilled.
We had been kindred, you and I,
But what to us was earth's weak tie?
For we were changed, and we seemed then
Kindred of every race of men.
And all the fair things that we saw
Had not a lack and not a flaw.
The air we breathed was like the clover,
Recalled when Summer days are over,
Sweet as the breath of the white flowers,
Of woods and ponds—that breath of ours;
For fragrance rested on the air,
And beauty met us every-where.

Where we were going we could not guess,
For we were lost in boundlessness;
Blue skies above, green fields below,
And little else we cared to know.
Out of the region of alarm
We felt "there is no joy but calm;"
"Forever, ever passed away,"
Was what we felt, but did not say.
I spoke not, nor spoke you to me,
All was as still as still could be.
Yet from that feeling of repose
At last a strong emotion rose;
We felt we soon should see the King
Of which the saints and prophets sing;
Our boat should touch a happy shore,
And we float backward nevermore.

THE EARLY DEAD.

BLESSED are they who in childhood die;
Thus a holy beatitude might run
In the promise of young brows pure and high,
Gone away from our vision one by one.
There are left sweet words, and tresses of hair,
And toys that were dropped from a dimpled hand,
As links of a chain through the viewless air
That anchors our hopes to the better land.

Thrice blessed are they who in childhood heed
The song that the loving angels sing,
Who come to gather for God's high mead
The flowers to which our fond hearts cling;
Our fairest were borne by the reaper hand
O'er the river of Death on their silent bark,
And we tried to feel that our Father's hand
Was gently leading them through the dark.

But naught could we see save the brow so white,
And the meek hands folded, and dim, closed eyes
That never again would unvail their light
This side of the portals of Paradise;
And the smile still lay on their lips so sweet
As we pressed them again in a last good-by,
Our struggling voices could scarce repeat,
"Yes, blessed are they who in childhood die!"

There is music lost from the long, still day,
As Time counts over his golden sands,
But we hear his voice from the heavenly way,
Who holdeth our darlings in his hands;
And could we but list to the wondrous strain
They sing to the harps of the angel throng,
The thought would bring rest from our yearning pain,
That for us is the sighing—for them the song.

We know that the land is bright and fair,
Where the children are tenderly gathered in
From many a sorrow and many a snare,
To a life of beauty that knows no sin;
And we pray while our moments come and go,
That when in the last long sleep we lie,
We may waken some shining morn to know
How blessed are they who in childhood die!

CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN SCIENCE.

BY modern science in the present article we do not mean exclusively that department of research which confines itself to the investigation of physical nature, but that tone or spirit of modern intelligence which so strongly tends in our day to study every subject in the light of reason. We mean, rather, that spirit of rationalism in the broader sense in which Mr. Lecky uses the term in his *History of Rationalism*—a sense now largely accepted; that spirit which investigates history, religion, philosophy, and nature, only with reference to the facts which may be positively known with regard to them, and which so strongly inclines to reject every thing that may not be thus positively known, and brought within the domain of rational explanation. It is the positivism of modern society.

It is undeniable that this tendency has been steadily growing throughout Christendom, certainly since the Reformation, and, we think, equally certainly, though not so obviously, from the introduction of Christianity. It is really a product of Christian freedom. In our day it is almost universally prevalent in enlightened nations. It is giving rise to the reinvestigation of every department of knowledge, and to restatements of conclusions and beliefs. It demands to *know*, not merely to *believe*. It professes to deal with facts, not with theories, traditions, or faiths. The standard and final appeal for all that men can know is reason. It accepts nothing on mere authority. Exactly here we reach the point where it comes into collision with the Bible and Christianity. Religion rests upon faith—science upon reason. The mind that too exclusively pursues the study of the former is apt to depreciate the sphere and value of the latter. The mind that dwells too exclusively in the sphere of facts and reason is equally prone to arrogate to itself the possession of the only means of certain knowledge, and to ignore or deny the province of faith and authority.

The power of faith and the power of reason are coördinate endowments of human nature; neither is without the other. Faith without reason leads to superstition; reason without faith leads to atheism. It is fatal to truth to limit ourselves exclusively to the exercise of either of these great powers of our nature. To define the sphere of each, and to bring them into harmonious coöperation is the work of our day; and whenever we shall have brought both these elements of human nature to work to-

gether in the evolution of truth, the problem of harmonizing revelation and rationalism, the Bible and science, Christianity and reason will be solved. No progress is made toward this harmony by denying the value and authority of either, or by ignoring the present attitude of antagonism between them.

A hundred years ago Hume threw down the gauntlet of this battle when he sneered at what he called "our most holy religion," because, as he said, it is founded upon faith rather than upon reason. Since that day a whole school of thinkers has arisen who suppose there are vast fields of knowledge which do not rest on faith but on reason alone, and that such knowledge only is certain and ought to be received by men. This is positivism. While it contains enough truth in its claims to make it specious and popular, two fatal mistakes lie at its foundation: first, in the supposition that there is any human knowledge that does not ultimately rest on faith, and, secondly, that no knowledge ought to be received by men but such as can be expressed in the formulas of reason. As has been so clearly shown by Sir Wm. Hamilton, it ignores a fact of our very consciousness; namely, that reason itself must rest upon an ultimate groundwork of faith, not only in religion, but in all real science, a defect in the positive philosophy which J. Stuart Mill himself has shown would render it absolutely impossible scientifically to prove or to know any thing. We *must* believe in order to begin to *know*; must believe in our own nature, in the validity of our own mental processes, in the uniformity of external nature, in the great intuitions or first principles which lie at the foundation of all reasoning, not one of which can be proved by reason, and yet the disbelief of which leads to universal skepticism, confusion, absurdity, and absolute incertitude with regard to every thing.

But, secondly, such a philosophy would shut us out from every department of knowledge which does not come immediately under our own observation, and which is not embraced within the compass of our own powers of reason. All the intuitions of our nature, all the beliefs, hopes, and fears of the human soul, all the vast sphere of the supernatural, which may after all be underlying, overlying, and permeating all things, all revelations or communications that may come to us from other and higher states of existence, must remain forever unknown. It is self-evident that our capability of knowing is not shut up within these narrow limits; that our life is not this contracted, arid, heartless thing; but that we are endowed with

other powers of our nature by which we have access into the vast fields of morality, religion, the spiritual, and the divine; that even with reference to our earthly existence—our practical life—our joys, our happiness, our welfare depend vastly more on our *beliefs* and *trusts*, our *faith*, than upon our reason.

The human soul with all its wonderful capacities is one—one knowing, believing, comprehending being; and the reason is only one of its powers, faith is another. The processes by which we come to the knowledge of material or scientific facts, are only one chain of intellectual states; the processes by which we rise to the knowledge of religion, of the spiritual and the divine, by which, in a word, we mount up to God and the knowledge of our relations with God, are another chain of intellectual states, as real, as true, as authoritative, as are the processes of reason.

The great error of all this rationalistic or positivistic tendency is, that it is a mutilation of human nature. It is an extravagant exaltation of one part of our nature to an exclusive supremacy, and a depreciation of other powers of the human soul which are as real and as authoritative as the other. When rationalism ignores all that we mean by the human heart—the intuitions, instincts, sentiments of humanity, which are as universal, permanent, and indestructible as the soul itself, it as much mutilates man, and as little comprehends the whole man, as would the physiologist who should limit his knowledge of the human being to what he can discover on the dissecting table with the knife and the microscope. We are so created that religion is necessarily not only a part of our nature, but the supreme and ruling part of it, the chief instinct, and of increasing power in proportion as we rise to the pure and spiritual beings which the Creator intended us to become.

Another great fault of this rationalistic spirit is, that it extends the pretensions of human reason beyond its rights, and beyond its legitimate limits. It regards all things as accessible to the researches and to the methods of human science, and so arrogant does it become of its own capabilities, that it denies the reality of all that lies beyond the range of its vision. And yet evidently the knowledge that most intensely interests and concerns men is a kind of knowledge that lies entirely outside of the capabilities of unassisted reason, and beyond all the methods of scientific investigation. Men of science are "masters of a machinery by which they can reduce to order a vast mass of phenomena under certain grand and simple laws. But the case is altered if they proceed to theorize on the

great problems of that spiritual world which lies every-where beside and beyond the processes of nature, infolding the whole realm of matter in a network of mystery to which no scientific method holds the key." Has the astronomer any means by which he can see God or gaze upon his throne? Can he tell us whether there is a plan of redemption for the fallen and the lost? Has the chemist any means of settling the question of the soul's immortality? Has the geologist found methods of determining the way of peace for a troubled conscience? Can physiology detect for us the grounds of eternal right and wrong? And because science has no methods by which it can answer these questions which are more intensely interesting to man than any facts it can discover for us, is it not the very height of arrogance to assume that there are no other methods by which a satisfactory solution of them can be reached?

It is the invasion of this vast province by the scientific spirit, or rather the arrogant assumption by this spirit that because this vast sphere of knowledge can not be reached by its processes and instruments, therefore there is no such sphere, that is most illogical, unfair, and blameworthy. No men in the world know better than these men of science, that in no department whatever of their researches can they reach the final and ultimate truth; that in every direction of scientific investigation a point is reached beyond which they can not go, and that point is not an ultimate fact, but the borders of the unknown and unknowable still stretching out into the infinite and immeasurable. No men in the world know better than they that "the world of man's experience is rounded off at each extreme by an eternal mystery, as well as flanked throughout its course by the unfathomable depths of the unknown." They deal only with phenomena; what underlies these phenomena they have no means of knowing. Immediately behind all these phenomena may be God, and an infinite series of spiritual forces, about which science utterly knows nothing, and has no means of knowing.

And yet there are powers of the human soul that reach out beyond the material and the phenomenal, and realize for man spiritual and divine things; and these apprehensions of God, of eternity, of immortality, of accountability, are as real and as true as any of the demonstrations of reason. Man was created for science; but he was also created for religion. He was made for earth; but he was also made for heaven. He can reason and thus gain knowledge. He can believe and thus gain knowledge. Abelard and Anselm are both right; in some departments

of knowledge the law of man's being is "*Intellige ut credas*;" in another more vast and of infinitely more concern to man, the law of his being is "*Crede ut intelligas*." When the world learns rightly to appreciate both these laws and to assign the operation of each to its legitimate sphere, religion and science will no longer be in antagonism, but will be harmonious co-workers in the vast domain of knowledge; the one exploring and expressing in credible and authoritative formulas the facts of the natural world and of the physical and mental life of man—the other revealing and expressing in equally credible and authoritative formulas, the supernatural and divine in the universe of God, and the spiritual and immortal in man.

It is necessary, also, that Christians should distinctly recognize the fact that the conclusions of reason, the results of scientific processes are true, are divinely true, and are authoritative for men. They are the discoveries of facts in the order of nature, an order created by God, and, therefore, when really discovered and rightly stated, are as true and divine as are the facts of religion. But on the other hand religion is also true; its great principles, universal, permanent, and indestructible, assert themselves forever in the human consciousness. Whatever contradicts them is false. But, also, whatever contradicts the well-ascertained facts of nature, or the demonstrable conclusions of reason, is also false. Nature is from God; religion is from God. Both are true; neither can contradict the other. Religion may express facts which are above reason; it certainly does, and if it did not, would be of but little service to man. Reason may lead to conclusions that may indicate errors in the human statement of religious truths, and necessitate a more accurate statement of them, but neither can announce facts which absolutely contradict the other.

The Christian religion is expressed in the Bible. The Christian believes this book to have come from God, and to contain a divine statement of the truths of religion. Therein God has spoken; holy men of old speak there as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; and, in later days, God there speaks through his Son. The supreme object of this revelation is to declare the nature and will of God, the moral relations and immortal destiny of men, and to make known a scheme of salvation, a method of reconciliation between a holy Creator and sinful creatures. With the spiritual or religious contents of this revelation supposing it to have come from God, reason has nothing to do but to assist in determining what the revelation is. But in the process of revealing these higher

truths it states collateral truths and contemporary facts. It is a historical revelation. Its facts and its history coming from God must also be true.

The scientific or rationalistic spirit touches this divine revelation at various points, and touches it legitimately at various points. It has the right to inquire what are the evidences on which this book is received as the word of God? What is the extent to which infallibility or impossibility of error attaches to the utterances of this book? What is the history of each part of the book? What are the facts here stated and the truths here uttered? Are the collateral facts which it contains historically true? As some of these facts are extraordinary, are superhuman, purely miraculous, the scientific mind asks emphatically what are the evidences that these supernatural events actually occurred? And as science has been eliminating so many supposed supernatural elements out of human history, and miraculous interpositions are, so to speak, so unscientific and irregular, an amount of evidence is here demanded which would not be required for less extraordinary events.

These questions touch the Bible on the points of historical accuracy, critical interpretation, and its miraculous characteristics. Thus far the scientific spirit has a right to go; these are all questions lying legitimately within the domain of rational investigation; and in these questions the devout and intelligent Christian has as profound a concern as any other one can possibly have. It is these questions that are now giving rise to a more searching and critical investigation of the evidences of the authenticity of the books of the Bible, to a more profound criticism of the sacred text, to its history and interpretation, and to the historical accuracy of the events recorded in the Bible. Practically, the great questions which now lie open between the Bible and science are substantially these: "The creation of the world—whether it was, in fact, created at all as stated in the Bible, and in the order affirmed in the first chapter of Genesis; the antiquity of the human race—whether man existed upon the earth at a period anterior to that which is fairly implied in the Bible; the origin of the race—whether the different types of men upon the earth have a common origin, and have been derived from a single pair, or whether men have sprung up in different centers, either as developed from inferior orders of creatures, or from independent created heads of the different races; whether a miracle can be believed, or whether the laws of nature are so fixed and unchanging that there never has been, and never can be, sufficient evidence of

the direct interposition of the divine power to justify the belief that those laws have ever been set aside."

Of course these questions and others similar to them are not new in our day, but they are certainly pressed with greater earnestness, and pursued with a sharper, profounder, and more independent criticism than at any previous period. They are legitimate questions of scientific and historical research, and Christians should certainly be the last people in the world to find fault with any who honestly and candidly, however earnestly and searchingly, pursue these inquiries. We have as yet no real and irreconcilable conflicts between the results of either scientific, historical, or critical researches and the rightly interpreted records of the Word of God. If we believe the Bible to be of God we can not fear that there ever will arise any irreconcilable conflict. The Bible is true; the legitimate conclusions of reason and science are true; they can never, therefore, be in actual conflict. While the Bible may be imperfectly interpreted, and science may bring forward imperfectly authenticated facts or mere scientific theories, there may be seeming contradiction; and the proper procedure for both parties is to reinvestigate the case—the Bible student, on the one hand, to make himself sure that he understands the Bible, the scientific student, on the other, to make himself sure that he has found undeniable facts and not hasty theories.

When any supposed fact is brought forward as in conflict with the Sacred Records, we are yet a vast distance from the conclusion that the Bible is false. We are first to determine whether the fact alleged is a veritable fact, an incontrovertible truth in history or nature; or if it be a theory, what are the facts on which the theory rests, and are they of sufficient number and sufficiently authenticated to give the theory the force of undeniable inductions. When it is ascertained that the supposed collision arises from unquestionable facts, there still remains the question whether the collision is between the scientific or historical fact and the Bible, or between that truth and the prevailing interpretation of the Bible. It is evident that Divine truth can not be held responsible for erroneous human interpretation. It is one of the oldest canons on the interpretation of Scripture, laid down explicitly and repeatedly by Augustine, Aquinas, Bellarmine, Pascal, Buckland, Whewell, that we are not to cling to a meaning which was previously drawn from the letter, if the progress of knowledge has shown it to be erroneous. And what does this canon mean but that the progress of knowledge helps us to

a better understanding of the Bible; and accordingly, repeatedly, this monster science which has seemed to threaten us as a bugbear or giant, has turned out after all to be a good angel in disguise. And so we may rest perfectly secure it will continue to be to the end. God in his Word and God in his works will never be found in contradiction; let the Christian search the Scriptures to know what God really has said there, and let the man of science search creation to know what God really has written there, and we may be sure that the products brought forth by the two students will be found in perfect harmony, and leading us to higher and clearer conceptions of God as he reveals himself to us in his Word and works.

What, then, should be the attitude of Christians toward the scientific spirit which is pervading all society in our day? It should be one of fairness, openness, and frankness. Christianity has nothing secret, nothing hid; no unfair battles to win; no covert purposes to accomplish; no errors to conceal. She claims to be the truth; she believes and worships the truth; she seeks and teaches the truth. She is the enemy, the perpetual, standing protest against all kinds of untruth and error. She has nothing to conceal, and, therefore, nothing could be more impolitic in her friends than any appearance of unfairness, any manifestation of unwillingness to have her claims and her teachings thoroughly investigated.

On the other hand she has the right to demand that these investigations shall also be characterized by fairness and impartiality; that they, too, shall wear the aspect of honest inquiries after truth. And when they depart from this candor and obvious sincerity, Christianity is well justified in pronouncing upon them her anathema. There is no need of hostility between teachers of Christianity and students of science. Science has its departments of knowledge to investigate, and they are quite different from the subject-matter of the Christian revelation and faith. Their business is with the natural, ours with the supernatural. It is quite possible that we sometimes give just ground for some of the contempt of scientific men when, prematurely and unpreparedly, we rush into the domains of science. It is certainly true that men of science very often lay themselves open to contempt when, just as prematurely and unpreparedly, they obtrude into the domain of revelation. "Stick to your theology and your things above nature and you are safe," says the man of science. We accept it, and reply—"Stick to your science and the things that are within nature and we all will be safe." We

have a right to demand that Science shall confine herself to facts. This is her vital and essential law. Her business is to observe, to investigate, to discover and arrange facts, not to develop hasty theories and splendid speculations. When science presents us incontrovertible facts, it is our duty to accept them and study their real relations to the Bible and our faith. As yet Science has discovered no real fact that has in the least necessitated a particle of diminution in our faith in the Bible as a divine revelation. When she offers us theories, however grand or plausible, we have only to hand them back for further consideration, till those theories are demonstrated by facts of sufficient number, certainty, and importance to warrant the generalizations, or at least till men of science can reach some good degree of unanimity in the theories themselves.

In many of these movements of modern inquiry the Church herself should take the lead. In all matters of Biblical criticism, of Christian evidences, of doctrinal history and statement, Christian teachers with all candor and faithfulness should meet the modern want of reinvestigation and restatement in the light of the advanced knowledge and improved facilities of modern times. In placing the Bible on the solid foundation, not of mere tradition and authority, but of fact, and history, and critical interpretation, which is to be the grand achievement of our own age, the Church herself should have the glory. Let the Christian and the man of science pursue their studies as candid inquirers after truth, both in their own proper lines of study, and we feel perfectly sure that the lines will be found convergent, and will eventually meet in a focus in which will be found the grand and final generalization that will express the eternal and immutable truth.

THERE is a legend of an old Scandinavian demigod, in which shines the light of a great hidden truth. A cup of water was put into his hands, and he was bidden to drain it of its contents. He drank till his thirst was slaked, but found, to his astonishment, that the water was diminished not a drop. Then at last came out the secret. By some unseen channel the cup was replenished from the bed of the Atlantic. The draught it held was nothing less than all the oceans around the world! Such a cup is secret prayer. A good woman going quietly into her closet seems, no doubt, to our merchant princes and politicians, an insignificant object enough. But her little chamber connects with Omnipotence!

THOMAS C. FLETCHER,
GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI.

WE present in this number of the Repository a faithful likeness of one of the practical and energetic self-made men who have become prominent in the history of the eventful period of the war for the Union and its reconstruction. He is a native of the State which he has displayed such signal ability and success in restoring to peace and prosperity. When only sixteen years of age he entered the battle of active life, poor and uneducated, but with genuine Western courage. He felt the necessity of education, but had neither the means nor the opportunity for its acquirement. He read with avidity what books he could borrow and find time to read, gathering up general principles, and trusting to his naturally logical mind to reason to details.

When twenty-one years old he was elected clerk of the courts of the county in which he was born. While in that office he studied law, married, resigned his office, went into the practice of his profession, and engaged in land speculations. His parents, who were strongly attached to the institution of slavery, emigrated from Maryland to Missouri before he was born. When very young he was present at one of the slave auctions, then so common in the slave States. He saw parents and children, husband and wife torn from each other with heartless cruelty. That scene made him an abolitionist. As early as 1857 he boldly assailed slavery and engaged in the contest with the all-powerful pro-slavery party of Missouri. He befriended the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and made common cause with them, and, like them, took the great personal risk of speaking the truth wherever opportunity was offered.

In 1860, almost self-constituted, he was a delegate to the Chicago Convention, and assisted to nominate Mr. Lincoln for President. He stated at the time that "he was from a district in which there were more Democrats and slaves in proportion to the population than in any district represented in the Convention."

He was a leading member of the first Republican State Convention ever held in a slave State. The bitter canvass of 1860 found him in the strongest pro-slavery district of his State advocating Mr. Lincoln's election. The Douglas men encouraged him because of his merciless handling of Breckenridge, and the Breckenridge men cheered his attacks upon Douglas. This division of the Democracy, together with his popular manner and the novelty of hearing

and seeing a "real live Black Republican," preserved him from the violence of the intolerant slave spirit which ruled the hour in Missouri.

When the war came he raised regiment after regiment, and, though offered a nomination for Congress in a newly made district overwhelmingly Republican, he declined it, and went into the service of the Union as a Colonel; was wounded, made a prisoner, suffered for months in rebel prisons, was finally exchanged, was breveted Brigadier-General for gallant conduct, and in 1864 was elected Governor of the then desolated and prostrate State of Missouri. Ten days after his inauguration he issued the proclamation that thenceforth no person in Missouri should "know any master but God." Freedom was accomplished and a loyal rule established. His speeches and messages glowed with the inspiration of a resolute and progressive spirit. With a strong hand he struck down every obstacle to a complete loyal rule. The Supreme Court was forcibly ejected from the bench, and loyal and true judges put in their places. With freedom and the predominance of a patriot party, quiet came to Missouri; "peace is within her walls and prosperity within her palaces;" and her Governor, not yet forty years old, is recognized as one of the rising statesmen of the West.

Governor Fletcher is a constant attendant at the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in a letter published in New York says "that he depended more upon the members of that Church than upon his militia, for they were always on duty." He was with Sherman near Atlanta when nominated for Governor, and soon after, falling sick, was sent back to the hospital at Nashville, where, being advised that his restoration to health would require a long time, he resigned and returned to Missouri, where his health rapidly improved, and in a few weeks he was able to go into the south-east part of the State and rally the Union men to resist the coming of the rebel General Price in his last grand raid into Missouri. This he did so effectively that he collected from that almost depopulated portion of the State more than a regiment of old and young, who took arms, and under his command fought the heroic battle of Pilot Knob under General Thomas Ewing, jr., where nine hundred men resisted twelve thousand for two days, killing and wounding more men of the enemy than the whole Union force numbered, and holding all of Price's force in check till General Rosecrans could concentrate his forces to drive him from the State. Marching and fighting was the canvass he made for Governor.

The radicalism of Missouri politics could not have found a more faithful exponent. The popularity which gave him forty thousand majority for Governor has not in the least abated among the steadfast radicals of that State. In person Governor Fletcher is a remarkable specimen of the Western man developed by physical and mental culture. Tall, handsome, and exceedingly graceful in manners, every one who comes in contact with him bears witness to his inexhaustible fund of conversation and his general good nature. As the highest officer of the State, with the multiform duties and responsibilities of his office pressing upon him, he is always accessible, always polite, ever ready to listen to the most obscure person. In his home, at his own fireside, where his accomplished and pious wife presides, no one can be more hospitable. He has the rare gift of concealing all official consciousness in the most cordial politeness.

As a public man Governor Fletcher identifies himself with every movement whose object is the improvement of the material and social interests of the people. He is always ready at any expense of personal convenience, to address a railroad meeting, a Board of Trade, a teachers' convention, a literary association, or a Sunday school, actuated by the principle that every man is bound to contribute what he can to the good of society. He works with industry and facility, and the records of the gubernatorial office were never so well systematized as now.

As a speaker Governor Fletcher has those qualities which are sure to make a man popular. There are few men in the country who can better please and persuade a political assembly. His art is to *tell the truth* to the people and to have faith in his well-adjusted principles. At times he is exceedingly eloquent, swaying the crowd at his will, but at no time can the most virulent political opponent accuse him of discourtesy or insincerity. His administration is identified with the marvelous prosperity of the State under free institutions; the glory of the one is that of the other, and we believe that it will be recorded in the history of the State as its most brilliant chapter.

WE are afraid to trust truth alone. Fatal error. Fire, and flood, and time sweep away the proudest works of man; he who builds on these builds on sand, but he who builds on truth builds on a rock which, though the eye see not, the hands touch not, neither floods nor ages can waste.

ONE YEAR.

"JUDGE not, that ye be not judged!" The words rang clearly down the long, arched aisles of the old church, and echoed solemnly back from the dim galleries. One year of my life had preached to me a more impressive sermon from that text than any mere human lips could, and I found my thoughts wandering from the exhortation that followed back to those olden days.

We were sitting together, I remember, my sister Marion and I, in our pleasant little parlor. We took great pride in our housekeeping in those days, and though our establishment was not very large every thing about it must be in daintiest order before we could settle ourselves comfortably to our sewing. I glanced about me that morning as I slowly fitted on my thimble, with a pleasant feeling of content with the room and its belongings. My glance wandered from the delicate pattern of the carpet to the cozy, old-fashioned sofa, and then to the pretty chintz-covered chairs, resting last and longest on Marion in her low seat by the window. She looked so thoroughly sweet and lady-like, from the knot of wavy brown hair at her head to the tip of her little slipper. The neatly fitting dark morning dress and plain white collar looked elegant as she wore them—my lovely sister Marion!

From this complacent reverie I was startled by a well-known step on the stairs, and Marion's half-laughing, half-rueful "O dear!" Without the ceremony of a knock the door was thrown open, and Granny Stetson presented herself with her inevitable knitting, and her restless, peering eyes, that always seemed to be searching in all the corners for a something that they never found.

"La! but it's tiresome work a gettin' up them stairs!" she exclaimed, throwing herself into the easiest chair the room afforded. "It's e'en a most too much for me, such climbin'. I would n't have come only I know how lonesome you two girls get here all alone, and you've asked me so many times to run in often."

Her cool manner of telling such an outrageous story was provoking. We had never said any thing of the kind to her; her visits were far more frequent than agreeable already. An inveterate beggar was Granny, always wanting something, and generally contriving, by some word or deed, to make one uncomfortable before she took her departure. Marion used laughingly to declare that she was "like a musketo—not content with taking a bite, but insisting on leaving a drop of poison behind."

"I can't stay long, though," Granny continued, settling her ball in the depths of her capacious pocket and beginning to knit vigorously. "Looks mighty nice and comfortable here, do n't it, now? 'joy housekeepin', you two?"

"Yes," answered Marion, dryly.

"Do n't say? Some folks do, and more of 'em do n't—girls partic'lar. How does your father 'joy it?"

"The housekeeping? he has not been called upon to take charge of it yet," answered Marion, provoked yet amused.

"Well, now, he, he," giggled the old woman.

"I mean how does he 'joy your housekeepin'?"

"We have n't asked him," I said indignantly, taking up a book and retreating to a window.

"La! do n't s'pose you have; 't would be rather a cur'us question, come to think on 't. Actions speak louder 'n words, do n't they now? Men is queer critters; do n't know when they air well off—widder men partic'lar."

"Do you know who has moved into that little house opposite?" I asked, making a desperate effort to turn the conversation.

"No, only their names is Smith, and there's four of 'em—him and her, and the two children. She's sickly lookin', and he's a clerk, and the furniture was n't no great. They do n't buy but a cent's worth of milk a day, and they eat their first meal in the house last Wednesday; I do n't believe it was any thing but bread and tea, 'cause he went away with a basket, and that's all he brought back. That's all I know about 'em. I an't so prying to find out things about my neighbors as some folks."

Marion flashed a laughing glance at me that seemed to say, "It is of no use. She will never go till she has said all she came to say; might as well let her alone."

"Eh! what you two girls winkin' about? got some secret you think I do n't know? What's that you're a makin', Mary Ann—nothin' agin my seeing it, have you?"

Marion displayed her work—a ruffled pillow-slip—without answering.

"Dear a me! that's nice—not over fine, though. Getting ready, an't you, he, he!"

That peculiar, giggling laugh was unendurable. "Getting ready for what?" I asked shortly.

"Well, now, you need n't get mad! 'T was n't no more 'n natural I should speak on 't, I'm sure, bein' your nighest neighbor, and every body else a talking about it. Cur'us match; but then widder men is cur'us."

"I do n't know what you are talking of," said Marion, the hot color sweeping over her face.

"Why, your father and Dr. Lerie—heard of her, I reckon, he! he! Well, I must be a goin';

you girls is such talkers you always make a body stay longer than they mean to. I only come of a arrant—just to borrow a slice of butter, if you can lend it to me."

A loan, in Granny's vocabulary, was equivalent to a gift, as I had good reason to know. I was only anxious to have her take her departure, however, and answered quickly,

"Yes; I will get it for you."

"I'll go right along with you and save you the trouble of bringin' it up," she said, following me. "La, what a nice store-room you've got! Leetle bigger slice of butter than that, Annie, 'cause I eat consid'able butter, partic'lar if it's good. Why, here 's some nice lemon pies! Mary Ann 's so often wanted me to taste on her lemon pies that I guess you may give me one of 'em now, jest to please her, though I don't eat 'em in giner'al."

"Well," I said desperately, turning around to see the last of a half dozen eggs disappearing up the sleeve of her dress, "is that all you want?"

"He! he! you're a cur'us girl! One would think I generally wanted pretty much all there was in the house, to hear you talk. Well, I dunno as there's any more I need, 'less you could let me have a cup of powdered sugar and a drawin' of tea. Black tea you have, hey? I always use green tea myself, but then it's more costly, and some folks can't afford it. That 's all, I'm 'bliged to you."

"Perhaps you had better go out this way," I said, throwing open an outer door, "it is nearer."

She flashed a sly, twinkling look at me from her little, peering eyes. "Hope you an't in no hurry to get rid of a body, air you? I want to go the other way and say good-by to Mary Ann."

And "the other way" she went, leaving me to follow or not as best suited me.

"Yes, I borried a few things from Annie. Seems to me she an't so even-tempered as you air," she was saying as I reached the parlor door. "I must be a goin'; hate to, though, this is such a pleasant room. Mebby Dr. Lerie 'll like it for her office. Handy, would n't it be? she a doctor and your father a lawyer. Folks could walk into one room and take their medicine, and then go right into t'other and make their will, he! he! Good mornin'."

I closed the hall door quickly after her and locked it, determining that she should find it so for some time to come.

Marion's head was bent low over her work when I reëntered the room. I resumed my seat without speaking and watched, for a moment, the nervous movement of her hands and

the crimson spot burning on her cheek. At last she raised her head and her eyes met mine.

"It is not true, Annie," she said; yet a lurking doubt was in her voice even then.

"How could it be—father and that woman!" I answered, trying to speak with certainty, to feel sure.

Yet it was true. For some time we said no more to each other about it, only we grew watchful after that, noticing little things that we never had noticed before, and silently in both our hearts the first impossibility shaped itself into a probability, and gradually grew to a certainty. Bitter as the thought was, we said nothing. It is scarcely a daughter's place to speak to a father of such things, and when did it ever avail?

It was well for us that we knew before that one morning at breakfast, when he told us in a hurried, embarrassed way, as if he heartily wished the business were well over. Playing nervously with his spoon the while, and scarcely looking at either of us, he made just the bare announcement of his approaching marriage with Miss Hester Lerie. Yet he was a tender father, and I think he would have liked to speak more freely, to have tried to soften the intelligencé, but it was not easy for him to speak much where he felt deeply. He was a man of few words naturally, and he certainly had none to spare then; so, after a moment's awkward silence, he rose hastily, caught up his hat, and went out. When he had gone Marion threw herself in my arms with a burst of passionate tears.

"If it had been any one else it would have been hard enough, Annie, with our own sweet mother only two years dead," she sobbed; "but to bring her here, how can he do it?"

Only by reputation did we know Hester Lerie. "A strong-minded old maid, who had taken to doctoring," was what the people of Lintonville said of her, with the contemptuous laugh that accompanies such elegant criticism. The same thing repeated in various forms was all we had heard of her, and it was quite enough. Even at a distance, and concerning us in no way, we had looked upon her as a monstrosity—coarse, unfeminine, unloving, and unlovable. The very thought of such a one coming to take our mother's place—our gentle, delicate mother—was unendurable; it was dishonoring to the dead.

"I can not understand it," I said. "It is not as though he were alone, with no one to care for or to care for him. We have done all we could to make home sweet and pleasant for him, as *she* used to have it," taking a swift,

retrospective glance. "I did not think he could ever so far forget her as to call another his wife; and this woman—I am sure he can not love her!"

"Love her! there is not any thing lovable about her," interposed Marion indignantly.

The days wore by wearily; our wonted employments, pleasures, and plans had lost their interest. It never occurred to either of us to set the house on fire, commit suicide, or run away, as a gentle mode of expressing our disapprobation of the course our father had taken. Indeed, it is very probable that if those high-spirited expedients had been suggested to us, we should have thought them unnatural and wicked in the extreme. But that was years ago, and Marion and I had never learned to consider the fifth commandment as obsolete; so we fell into a martyr-like way of making preparations for that which we could not avoid.

"There, Annie," Marion would say, "I have covered those jellies and put them away. They shall be nice and clear this year, whatever they are next;" or, "Had we not better have Bridget take down those curtains in the east room and wash them? We might as well have every thing looking nicely to start with, though it is n't likely they will be kept so long." We took a grim pleasure in so arranging every thing that Miss Lerie should understand at once that our father had not sought her because of any discomforts in his home.

I remember well how she looked the evening I saw her first. Marion and I had been waiting more than an hour, dreading, yet impatient for their coming; and when a carriage stopped at last, and I heard them at the door, I sat still, glancing lingeringly around the room, as if in farewell to all the old sweet life. I heard Marion speak and a strange voice reply. In a moment more my father entered, and with him a woman, not young, and certainly not beautiful. Tall and large, with something of stiffness and awkwardness about her slow movements; dark hair brushed plainly back from a high, broad forehead; features large and not very clearly cut, and a pair of steady, bright gray eyes; dress fair enough, so far as quality was concerned, but not very well suited to her face or form; this was—not Miss Lerie, I could have borne that, but—Mrs. Brycell, my father's wife! Involuntarily I glanced from her to Marion, slender, graceful Marion—such a contrast!

I scarcely know what words were spoken on either side, only noticing that it was a strong, clear voice that answered me. Despite the look of content that was in father's eyes, the

evening was an oppressive one; and when Granny Stetson, having discovered that the door was unlocked, took advantage of it to slip in on one of her "borrying" expeditions, I was glad of even that interruption. The sense of relief was short, however.

"La! why, you've got home! Dunno but my visit is inconvenient, bein' as Dr. Lerie has just come—Mis. Brycell I mean. Wish ye joy—he, he!" exclaimed the old woman, scanning the new-comer with her keen eyes.

I saw my father's sensitive, nervous face flush at that name, "Dr. Lerie," but his wife only smiled a little. I hurried the old woman down stairs, but her provoking laugh still reached the parlor, I knew.

"What have I come for? Why, to see the bloomin' bride—he, he! and taste a bit of the cake, like a decent neighbor should, to be sure. What do you take me for, Annie Brycell? Mebby I'd like to borry a couple of loaves of bread and a dish of them nice plum desarves of yourn, if they're handy, and then I'll go up stairs and set a spell, sociable like."

That was too much even from poor, queer old Granny.

"Now, Mrs. Stetson," I said, "I will give you what you want if you will go quietly out this door with it and go home, but if you will not promise to do that you shall have nothing."

"Well, now, if that an't bein' oncivil! Sot up along of your new relations, an't you?—he, he! Throw in a bar of soap and two can'les, Annie, and I'll do it."

They were "thrown in" accordingly, and she departed, chuckling audibly over the transaction.

As the weeks passed on and she grew into her place in our home, I saw that, whatever Marion and I might think of her, our father had married Hester Lerie simply and only because he loved her, and more, that he needed her. She was so much the stronger of the two. He was sensitive, hesitating, often despondent, lacking confidence in himself. She was prompt, energetic, clear-sighted, brave-hearted, and he leaned upon her. She loved him, too; the sudden lighting up of her plain face, and her eyes that were always following him when he went, always watching for him when he came, told that.

I scarcely know whether we were glad of it or not, Marion and I, for in our secret hearts we still looked upon her as an intruder. There was no open division or unkindness in our home, neither was there, in thought or feeling, much of union. I think the wife stood a little in awe of the daughters; that, despite her strong,

clear mind, she felt painfully sometimes her want of what is styled accomplishments—rather a misnomer in most cases, since doing a few third or fourth-rate paintings, and playing indifferently well upon the piano, is accomplishing as little as possible. Calm and self-possessed as she was with others, there was something almost timid in her manner of addressing us, and we made no effort to lessen the distance and reserve.

We could not forgive her for being plain and ungraceful, and still less for being, as Granny Stetson had mockingly called her, "Dr. Lerie," never caring to know, as we might have done, what a struggle with poverty, pain, and loss her life had been. There had been the death of mother, brothers, sisters, one by one, leaving her to care and toil for her father, a physician, blind during the last years of his life. There had been long hours of patient reading to him the works that he could no longer read for himself, till her searching, active mind became as deeply interested in his favorite pursuits as he himself had been. Then there came lonely days, when he, too, had gone, of pursuing alone the old studies, with no one left to help or sympathize with her. Gradually an irregular practice came to her, without her seeking, in the homes and at the sick-beds of the poor and suffering about her; and she had put her knowledge to a use which gained for her the gratitude of those whom she had benefited, and the sneering title of "old-maid doctor" from the world without.

A noble, unselfish, but lonely life hers had been, till the new love had been given to bless and brighten it. There is a quick pain at my heart even now, as I remember how coldly we stood aloof from her all that first year after she came to us, letting pass so carelessly all those precious days that were never, never to come again.

The Autumn and Winter wore away, and the soft Spring came ripening into Summer—that one, terrible Summer. A heavy cloud seemed to hang for days over the city, settling lower and lower. Then sickness came—the dreadful pestilence sweeping every street, till all faces grew pale, and all eyes wore a look of awe and dread. Places of business were closed, many fled from the town, and where the disease was raging the utmost terror and wretchedness prevailed—people forsaking their own kindred and leaving them to die alone.

Strange, solemn days those were! We looked into each other's faces in the morning, and wondered if the nightfall would find our circle still unbroken; and when we bade each other good-

night it was with a shuddering thought of what might be before the morning. We scarcely saw any one except poor Mrs. Stetson, who stole in now and then to beg what she wanted—a strange, frightened look having quenched the mocking light in her eyes. She had need to come, for famine followed in the wake of its dark sister. Every day Granny's uncertain step would climb the stairs, and her cracked voice call at the door, "Air any of ye dead?" And being assured that we were all living, she would come in, take the daily allowance we had apportioned her, and slip quietly out again.

One day my father came home earlier than usual. His wife's eyes sought his face, as they always did, the instant he entered.

"What is it? You are ill, dear," she said, starting from her seat.

"No, not ill, only tired," he answered; "tired and a little cold," shivering slightly as he spoke.

She arranged the sofa pillows, and persuaded him to lie down.

"Throw a shawl over me, please. There, that is comfortable," closing his eyes. In a moment he opened them to say, with a faint smile, "Now you must n't go to thinking me sick."

"Nor try to make you think yourself so," she answered in her calm, even voice; but I saw something in her face that frightened me.

"What is it?" I asked, following her as she left the room.

"I do not know, Annie—not yet," fixing her wistful eyes on my face—"I only fear."

There was no need to wait long—one little hour told the fearful story. Marion went for a physician, but all were too busy; she could find none. It would have been but little use for any to come; the devoted wife was doing all that love or skill could prompt. Servants we had none—they had left the house and the city long before—and together we three kept our dreadful watch. There was no hope—from the first none. As the moon rose, wan and pale, over the distant hill-tops, the sufferer unclosed his eyes. His glance sought all our faces, resting last and longest on hers.

"I think I am going—going home," he said faintly. "You will love each other, will you not?"

A quiver passed over the lips, the light faded out of the pleading eyes, and a tender hand—not Marion's nor mine—closed them.

The days that followed are dim and confused in my memory. I was very ill; then Marion, too, sickened, and the one loving, unwearying nurse watched with, and cared for us both through it all. Her face—my step-mother's—

worn and pale, was bending over me when I first awoke to consciousness. I looked wonderingly at my thin, wasted hand, raising it feebly to let it fall back in utter helplessness. Then there came a flash of memory.

"I have been ill—have had the fever?" I asked.

Her eyes answered my question; her lips only said, "Hush, dear, do n't talk now."

"And you have saved my life?"

"Under God," she answered reverently, a faint, glad smile breaking over her pale face. I watched her, wondering silently how I could ever have thought that face plain or unlovely.

Marion soon grew well and strong again, but to me health returned slowly. The last Summer flower had faded, and the days had grown quite cool before I was able to walk about again. The fever had abated in the city, and those who had fled from it were returning to their homes once more—so many of them, alas, desolate! The excitement over, and the constant demand for her exertions past, our poor, worn mother had time to rest and think of her own bitter sorrow. Seeking her one day, I found her bending low over a pictured face, and caught the tearful words, "The only one who loved me."

"No! no!" I cried, going to her side. "The dearest, truest, and tenderest he was, but not the only one—never that any more, dear mother!"

Her head fell on my shoulder then, and her hands clasped mine in a long, close clasp. Marion came in presently and found us so, but she only kissed us each, and whispered, softly, "Mother and sister." How we grew to love her, to look to her, and lean upon her in the years that followed! She arranged our father's business, and settled plans for the future, as our inexperience never could have done. She was friend, and counselor, and mother to us always; and the strife in Marion's home and mine to-day is, which may claim "grandmother" longest: And this is the woman whom we called "cold, unfeminine, and unloving;" trying to push from us one of the greatest blessings that a loving God ever sent us.

WHEN Robert Newton, the Wesleyan pulpit orator, married, he and his bride began the married life by retiring twice each day to pray with and for each other. This practice they kept up, when opportunity served, to the end of life. Mark the result. When an old man, Mr. Newton remarked: "My wife and I shall soon celebrate the jubilee of our marriage; and I know not that, during these fifty years, an unkind look or word has ever passed between us."

THE GIFTS OF INTELLECT.

THE gifts of intellect are very precious. It is a wondrous arrangement of God to fit mind to mind by various points of attraction. He makes man to minister to man. He impresses on the intellect the charity of thought, and makes it a joy for his intelligent creatures to think with each other and for each other. Thoughts are the gifts of men to each other. Even though a man be selfishly great, and has no conscious charity while he gives his thoughts to the world, yet, in that they are given, they are gifts—gifts from God through the man. Spiritual gifts come from the Father through the souls of his apostles illumined by the Spirit that is holy. Happy were they who desired "spiritual gifts;" who "spoke with the tongues of men and of angels," and had charity. But precious in the subordinate purpose of God are the gifts of intellect that men may inspire each other. These gifts, however various, are all precious to the world. Every true thought is a precious part of the wealth of mind. Every fragment is precious, as it goes to make up the entirety of the knowledge and the discipline of some intellect of some class in the college of earth. Men are dependent on the thought-charity and the intellectual instinct of each other. Despise no thinker; he may yet be a "senior" in God's classification. Let him think how he will—in whatever department he will—he will serve some purpose if he think well. If you could mark out his track of thought the world would not need him in addition to you.

The great brain and the great heart together are never useless. The great heart sanctifies the gifts of the intellect. The great brain gives force to the charities of the heart. Many single things may not be of great use in the world; the forces of human life combined in the laboratory of Providence become forces indeed. Given the great brain and the great heart together, if there be no prescribed channel of thought, this union of force will make a channel, and it can not but affect the world's commerce of thought in some way. If it does not cut through mountains of difficulties, it will help the great river that does. Indeed, your great thinker with the great heart is not always uneasily desirous of being on the great highway of notice; he will not disturb the thought-power within him by urging it to change its action. His method of thought may be just that of which others will wish to think. *What* he thinks may be just what others do not think—what others may *never* think—what another needs to think to help to another thought.

Given, a man of brain—add right affections, and whatever course or style of thought he adopts will serve some good purpose. If he serves that purpose well, very likely he will have imitators who will not serve that purpose at all.

Society sometimes suffers on account of the preponderance of brain-power over heart-power. The press is teeming with publications manifesting great ingenuity of thought, exulting in the rapidity of the age—the march of progress—overturning the old theologies and the old, precious faiths, but giving us only the semblance of a heart. They cheat us with imaginings. They compliment Jesus with all the airs of heartless politeness. The brain does unhealthy work without the heart. There are men who cry "*Ecce Deus!*" "*Ecce Homo!*" We look, and we behold neither God nor man. Neither the true God nor the true man looks upon us merely through the unsanctified brain of man.

The world needs a diversity of these intellectual gifts. There is a tendency of thought to run in channels already cut out. Society has its periodical phases of thought. For the "spiritual life" there is a demand for diversity of "spiritual gifts;" so for the properly balanced intellectual life there is a demand for diversity of thought and of modes of thought. It is in this demand for diversity that we have our demand for our literary magazines of the higher order. Their tendency is to produce equilibrium of thought. Their use is not so much to exhaust any one subject as to keep up in the individual mind a healthy circulation of ideas. You misuse your well-conducted magazine if you only select what you like best; its noblest office is to teach you to find in variety, instruction, pleasure, sympathy with mind in its various modes of thought and its various themes. In this intensely scientific age society needs pure intellections in great diversity. Neither can society dispense with its science—we need to look into the rocks, the streams, the soul. We need reflection as well as the facts of science. We need various departments of thought and study, and all the various gifts of intellect in each department. We could not afford to have one man do all our thinking for us. In unity of thought—in one sense of unity—there is weakness, simply because God designed us to be strong in another way, the opposite.

The importance of a leader of thought depends much on the method of following him. It was enough for the students of Pythagoras, when asked for a reason for their opinions to respond "*ipse dixit*"—the great thinker said it; but great thinkers are far from saying such

things themselves. Society needs leaders, not a leader—brains, not brain. It is not simply that the pride of intellect will not endure a monopoly of brain; but the freedom and freshness, and individuality of intellect can not sustain such monopoly. Fools have sometimes been leaders of masses of society, because a brain-monopoly has enslaved men. Unless we have diversity of gifts of intellect, and diversity of literary thought and styles of thought and expression, men will become slaves to single ideas, and that is the worst kind of slavery. Even if we were doomed to have monomaniacs in literature, it were better to have many than that one should impress his monomania on society. Save us even from monotonous madness!

We doubt that eclecticism of thought is dangerous to health of mind. It was not the mistake of Christianity, but of a bigoted, fallible Church attempting to hold in trust all the ideas of men, that great thought slumbered for centuries. The gate of heaven was made wide enough for all but heretics—for the multitudes placid in the bosom of the Church—by narrowing men's brains. Those dark ages were humiliating indeed; it requires painful lessons for humanity to be taught to think. No sooner do men settle in grooves of thought than God unsettles them—diversifies their brains—as he did their tongues at Babel, that the earth may be replenished with ideas. There may be confusion for a while, but society does not quite settle back to its former place after each upheaval.

In order the better to understand these gifts of intellect we should consider some of them specifically. Mature and maturing minds are talking to the world in books and periodicals. We like this pleasant hum of literary voices. They talk and write on different themes indeed; but the writer, with his style, and devotions, and thought, sanctifies his theme. He makes immortal with the vitality of his genius the theme scarcely noticed before he consecrated his strength to it. Lost Paradise was almost a commonplace theme till the flame of Milton's genius illumined it.

There is the gift of *seeing*. Thousands of people who do not write, see indeed; they see wonders, curiosities, and glories in the earth and in humanity; but the perfection of the gift is to see and say. To the opportunity of seeing—which many in the wide world do not have—is added the felicity to describe. This perfect gift is very rare; so rare that when we consider the number of artists that have been at work we are astonished at the paucity of true pictures of

men and things hung up in our souls. Faithless daubs, overwrought colors, exaggerations of beauty and of ugliness, unsymmetrical figures, partial views that slander the whole, we have in abundance. It is hard to give up some of the old, glowing pictures painted by ecstatic travelers; but it is better to follow the descriptions of honest minds more intent on truth than romance. They tell us how things strike their eyes; how men impress their honest minds. They make Italy's skies no more heavenly, the streets of Venice no more watery than they are. We have had our mythic period of travel and description. There are myriads of things to be described, but scarcely hundreds of men to describe. Earth and humanity are constantly changing countenance. O, you who see give, give! Your clairvoyants are not the ones for practical seeing. Not mysterious, spiritual, supernatural, but *sensible* eyes, are the ones needed in this world for seeing. We desire to see things as they are, and to have the privilege of our own spiritual interpretation. Give us books and a portion of the periodicals as the gifts of those who see; they will enlarge the visions of our souls.

The gift of *matter-of-fact* comprehends the facts of sight and of knowledge. These are plain facts without any fancy coloring of imagination, yet of the utmost importance to him who aspires to think. They are the sinews of thought; they are facts of every day, of the past, of the present—facts of inanimate nature and of living human nature in its general phenomena and in its individual features. The blessings of all that love to think be on those who patiently treasure up their matters of fact and give them to the world! Not every poet or philosopher can *narrate*; not every genius can supply the world with common-sense. Some plain philosophers have consecrated literature to the service of common-sense. Honor be to them who fill up the interstices of fact with glowing thought, but not less honor be to them who, by patient continuance in investigation, furnish the facts. Honor is due them, for they forego much of glory. Patient labor does not appear like inspiration. The genius whose thoughts, though labored indeed, appear like inspiration, should not despise him of the same fraternity who loves his facts with a love not less noble than the love that is lavished on the petted children of the brain. They who possess important matters of fact well arranged have knowledge. They have treasured knowledge item by item; for them to write on a subject is to classify facts concerning it—to bring facts to a focus where a burning thought is kindled;

but for that concentration of facts that thought had never been known. After all, ideas born of induction, of plebeian facts are noble.

The gifts of the *scientific intellect* comprehend the facts of sight and knowledge *systematized*. Science in one sense is method. The sciences, separately considered, are systems of facts. If the soul will only be honest it will not become less spiritual by looking into rocks and stars. Though rocks should melt, earth's fair bosom sink in the decay of death, and stars go out in darkness, the soul can still reflect; nor will it regret its discipline of science, the impress of solid facts, in so far as it has not permitted science to depress it, to unsanctify it, to cheat it of its spiritual instincts. There are scientific writers who seem almost to wish to have science brutalize us. Every scientific word they utter bristles with antispirtuality; every scientific discovery, like a spoiled child, frets because of the Son of God. Yet we will receive their gifts, their true inductions, and lay them *with*, not above, our faith in Christ. Science and faith, the lion and the lamb, will yet dwell on the earth in perfect peace. Faith is as confident as science. The gifts of the scientific intellect are, for the most part, substantial—they furnish the frame-work of human wisdom. Yet sad would be the fate of society if science should become a despot or an absolute monarch in literature. The heart would harden under the exclusiveness of natural science. Sympathies, loves, yearnings, hopes are repressive under excess of formulas. If the gift of science, with its subordinate things of sight and matters of fact, were all that intellect would yield, the soul would starve; it must have more than material things, it must be more than a mere skeleton of thought.

Mind should give to mind *spirituality*—that is, some independence of materiality, some joy that it is spirit, some food for reflection, some exercise of pure thought, some work of thinking as well as of remembering. True, we are in a world of matter; but let God's universe of mind be a subject of spirit-faith, let thought soar as well as dig. The Creator thought before worlds were made, and man made in his spiritual image may think after worlds have fallen, or after all these natural laws, learned with so much pains, are changed. We need thoughts that cause us to remember that we are spirits not enslaved to matter, though connected with it. We need to think that this world is but a circumstance of our existence; that this earth's mountains, and rivers, and the genius and achievements of men are to be remembered in the distant hereafter as children remember

their play-grounds. There is too great a tendency of too many writers of the present to gather materiality around their thoughts. Literature is weighed down with matter. Thought, like mathematics, may be pure or mixed. A certain proportion of pure thought, unincumbered with the technicalities of science and specific references to history, and expressed without an array of marginal notes, is always necessary—always has a purpose to serve. Poetry, for instance, meets the want rather than the fancy of humanity; though poetry may, and sometimes does, dishonor its mission, as when it fails to represent unmixed and innocent thought; when it fails to be a refiner of spirit; when it fails to furnish pure food for reflection. If we must have *fiction* let it be to stimulate thought and pure sentiment rather than curiosity and mere fancy. At best fiction but supplies an artificial literary want; but few novels minister to our intellectual wants. Although there are hundreds of novel-writers there are very few who bring us precious gifts from the minds of fiction.

There is a temporal spirituality and there is an eternal spirituality. They are the earthly and the heavenly. The one has respect to pure thought for present use, the other for the use of the life beyond. Some write pure truth under the inspiration of faith in immortality, faith in the existence of the supreme, pure, and holy One, faith in the Divine mission of Christianity, and faith in personal human goodness. Precious indeed are the gifts of the sanctified intellect, from whatever department of human learning, from whatever depth of thought. The human intellect has never yet lost any thing by modeling after the mind that was in Jesus. Those thoughts are good which ennoble the spirit in this life, and which tend to be of spiritual use for the life hereafter—that is, they are permanent.

The gift of *consecutive thinking*, whatever may be the subject of thought or the style of expression, is worthy of consideration by itself. It is one of the distinguishing marks of mind. Who is the greatest thinker? He who can think well and consecutively on one subject. A disciplined mind will think an hour on one subject, while another mind will think of a thousand things in that time. The latter thinks fugitive thoughts. To think consecutively is often of more importance than to think smoothly. To write sentence after sentence to the point is often more than compensation for that blending of periods called fluency of speech. The flow of liquids is not the proper figure for consecutive thought. The writer who thinks consecu-

tively tells something at every angle of expression. The principles of association of ideas as existing in the writer's mind are not of most importance to the reader. The tourist is guided by order of sight, the historian by order of events; and so there are various other principles of association of ideas easily conceivable, but of some other departments of thought the principles of association of ideas are not obvious. The peculiar turns of expression, the involution of ideas, the succession of periods completing thoughts, the transition to and from different parts of the subject are all among the mysteries of thought, and enhance the value of the gifts of intellect—gifts that come up from the rich treasure-vaults of mind.

Books are the product of consecutive thinking. We do not refer to the works of every one impelled by bibliomania. Impurity and falsehood may receive successive accretions. The power to do well or wisely is not to be condemned by the possibility of evil or folly. We speak of whatever of advantage the free thinking out and voluminous expression of thoughts may have over the more limited and condensed expression of periodicals. The book-writer generally enters more extensive fields of thought. He *selects* the subject that will admit of growth; he has, even in writing, some notion of proportion. A subject which would very well occupy two or three pages of a magazine might not be suitable for expansion in the form of a book. German writers are more given to expansion than to condensation of thought; their writings are ponderously voluminous. Such a course is rather uncharitable to the masses; the gifted do not give enough. Another extreme is to feed the masses on puerile stuff, diluted thought, to read which the mind has too little exercise of thought. To write to please mental indolence is mistaken charity; rather let the intellect be put in training to *leap chasms of thought*, to think *with* the thinker, and to be pleased with the effort.

Another phase of thought or style of writing we characterize as the gift of *suggesting thought*. There are those who write with the presumption in advance that their readers are thinkers. The thoughts of such are seed thoughts. To think for inferiors and to think for peers are quite different; the latter is more elliptical. The writer who suggests far more than he expresses gives a happy vitality to words. A word of his infolds greater meaning than it does as the medium of a diffusive writer. His thoughts are condensed in a word or words which form the nucleus of successive periods. Other words cluster around these as auxiliaries.

The mind feels vigorous in following him. He gives us much who gives us thoughts that are ever multiplying, each one of which contains a germ productive of thought in infinite series. Very much that is of the greatest value to our thought-life we could not think without the intermediate thoughts of the suggestive thinker. A single sentence may have suggested a mine of thought, evolved an idea that has ruled a nation, inspired to action an intellect that has given destiny to the world, given liberty to an enslaved mind, changed despair to hope. Many a one has solved a problem by the aid of a suggestion from one who would not himself undertake the entire solution. Problems of life are ever multiplying, while the force of suggestion is accumulative. We do not speak of the suggestive thinker as a guesser; he thinks indeed, but with an underlying force of thought. He it is who is ever touching the springs of intellectual activity. He sets his gift adrift on the stream of human thought.

TEMPERATURE OF THE ANTARCTIC.

FEW navigators have penetrated into high southern latitudes. The region about the south pole of the earth is, therefore, imperfectly known. But it appears from limited observations to be the coldest part of the globe. This is indicated by the readings of the thermometer. It appears from the greater accumulation of ice and snow around the south pole. The absolute limit of vegetation has been reached in southern latitudes, but not in corresponding latitudes north. The lowest forms of vegetation, such as moss and alga, have not been observed on the antarctic continent. Not a tribe of men has been found there. Even the animal kingdom thins out to a few species, such as the blue petrel, penguins, sea-elephants, and whales.

The question is fairly raised by such facts, Why is the antarctic the coldest region of the globe?

The temperature of any sphere, like the earth, situated in space, is determined by three elements, namely, the heat derived from itself, from the stars, and from the sun.

The proper temperature of the earth results from its internal heat. The earth has, however, so far cooled from its original state of igneous fusion that the temperature of the atmosphere is not perceptibly affected by this cause.

The temperature of space results from stellar radiation. A line drawn from the center of the earth in any direction will ultimately strike, it is supposed, a radiating body. Radiating impulses must, therefore, traverse every point of the stel-

lar universe in every direction. The earth thus receives a large amount of heat from the stars, but it is nearly equally distributed over every part of its surface.

The temperature of the earth is further varied by the influence of the sun. Pouillet, an eminent French physicist, estimated that the two preceding causes of heat leave the surface of the earth 160 degrees below that of freezing water. All heat compatible with the existence of animal or vegetable life must, therefore, be due to the sun. Secondary causes of the variation of temperature aside, such as latitude, altitude, winds and currents, we are compelled to look to solar radiation to explain the temperature of the antarctic region. To give a clearer view let us glance at the position and orbital movement of the earth.

In the annual motion of the earth around the sun, its axis is always carried forward parallel to itself. By virtue of the inclination of the axis of the earth about 23 1-2 degrees from the perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, the poles of the earth are turned alternately to and from the sun.

Connected with this fact we must consider that the earth moves around the sun in an ellipse; a figure formed by passing a plane obliquely through the opposite sides of a cone, or by letting the image of a circle fall obliquely on a plane. On account of the elliptic form of the earth's orbit, and the consequent varying force of attraction, the earth does not maintain the same angular velocity around the sun. A simple illustration of this fact may be seen by taking a loose thread, fastened at both ends upon a sheet of paper, and drawing a pencil around the points on the thread, keeping it always tight. The curve thus formed resembles that of the earth's orbit, of which the sun occupies one of the points or foci. Now draw radiating lines from one of the points to the periphery, dividing the surface of the ellipse into equal parts. As these lines meet the periphery of the ellipse at greater distances from the radiating point, it will at once be noticed that the angle of the lines decreases. In a similar manner, if the centers of the earth and sun were connected by an imaginary line, called the *radius vector*, it will describe or pass over, in the onward movement of the earth, equal areas of the surface of the earth's orbit in equal periods of time. This angular velocity of the earth, expressed in other terms, is inversely as the square of the distance of the earth and sun. But heat observes the same law; its intensity being in the inverse proportion of the square of the distance of the radiating body. The earth, therefore, receives equal amounts of heat from

the sun while passing over equal angles around it. In other words, the greater length of time the earth is subjected to a less heat compensates for the less time it is subjected to a greater heat. Now the earth is computed to be about three millions of miles nearer the sun on the first of January than on the fourth of July. The Summer of the northern hemisphere is, therefore, longer and colder; that of the southern hemisphere shorter and warmer in compensating proportion.

But this calculation leaves out of view the radiation of the earth, which must be greater for the southern hemisphere during its longer Winter, than for the northern hemisphere during its shorter Winter. This may be illustrated by taking two balls, in all respects alike, and imparting to both the same amounts of heat for successive periods of time, but allowing them to cool for successive unequal periods of time. If both balls receive the same amounts of heat, and one parts with more heat than the other, it will maintain on the whole a lower temperature.

In a similar manner the antarctic becomes the coldest and least habitable portion of the globe through the effect of *greater* radiation. The difference of temperature between the poles of the earth may be, however, somewhat increased by the warm waters of one branch of the Gulf Stream, which flow along the floor of the Atlantic Ocean and are poured into the north polar basin.

A WIFE'S CONFESSION.

"MARY, I wish you would go to the lecture this evening," said my husband in a persuasive tone.

"Charles, I have told you that I can not go," I replied petulantly. "Do not urge me any more. The evening is very cold. Then I must finish this book to-night; for to-morrow, you know, Clara and her husband dine with us, and in the evening we are to go to the party, and I have promised to loan the book the next day, and besides"—

"Well, and besides what, Mary? Are these your only reasons for not wishing to go?"

"No; the truth is, I believe that the lecture will be a bore; and I do n't like Harry Pierce well enough to take the trouble to walk to the hall to listen to him."

"You are very wrong," my husband replied warmly, "Let me tell you that you will gain far more benefit from his lecture than you will from reading that trashy book."

"Trashy! you compliment my taste and judgment truly!" I retorted indignantly. "Please

allow one who knows something of the book to decide upon its merits, instead of yourself, who have only glanced at its contents."

"A glance was enough for me—but let the book pass. Harry is a dear friend of mine, as you know. I have read his lecture, and can assure you that it will repay you for the trouble of going. Besides, he is very sensitive. He thinks much of your opinion, and will be pleased to see you there. Indeed, you must go, Mary."

"*Must* I, Mr. Bennet?" caricaturing his tone. "Now I certainly shall not go. If you had not said *must* I might possibly have changed my mind."

"Are you in earnest, Mrs. Bennet?" he asked with a look that did not serve to allay my indignation.

"I am perfectly in earnest. Once for all, I *shall not go*."

"Very well, madam," and the door closed quickly after my husband. The outer door and gate successively swung to, with a ring that told me plainly with what feelings they had been closed.

I drew the table nearer the grate and seated myself with my book, still irritated by the words "trashy" and "must." I tried to read, but my mind was too much excited to allow an intelligent understanding of what my eye passed over.

At last I threw the book aside and myself upon the sofa. "*Must!*" as though I were a child! I'm glad I did not go. I mean to resist the domineering spirit Charles has exhibited lately. Once it was only the most gentle persuasion—the mildest request. Now it is a command. And only married a year! I never will be ruled or driven—never! If I yield once, I shall be crushed forever. During courtship it was so different! Of course I do not expect the devotion of a lover; but ordinary courtesy and respect I will have, or"—

That "or" stopped me. I could get no further in my soliloquy; so I tried to read again. My eye took in page after page, but the book was not as interesting as it had been. I threw it aside, provoked with myself for my inability to concentrate my thoughts upon it.

"O, dear, how tedious the evening is!" I said to myself. "I wish Charles would come. Perhaps he is in a better mood than when he left. He can be as agreeable as any body when he chooses. He always was charming till lately. Let me see—what was our first quarrel about? O yes, I remember; about a velvet cloak. I wanted a two-hundred-dollar one, and Charles said he could not afford it. He wished me to take one for half that price. Just as though I would wear a cheaper cloak than Mrs. Loring!

He said at last that I *should not* get it; and I, to show him that I would not be tyrannized over, bought it. It is as Mrs. Jones says, 'once obey and let a husband see that you can economize, and you will always be expected to do both.' After Charles found that I really had purchased the cloak, he said no more about it.

"Our next strife was about keeping so many servants. I talked a long time to prove to him that we really did need more; that it was impossible to keep up a genteel establishment with the few we had; and he went out, angrily saying that my extravagance would ruin him. I conquered in that too. Nothing like asserting one's rights! He was wealthy before we were married; but now the cry of 'poverty,' 'sheriff's sale,' and such miserable croaking regales my ears—to bring me into subjection, I suppose; but it will never do it. If he can't afford to support me like a lady, why did he ask me to marry him? I am not going to trouble myself about money matters. I mean to enjoy the present and let the future take care of itself."

"Nine o'clock! the lecture will soon be over," and I seated myself at the piano to try a new waltz.

"Ten o'clock! What can keep Charles? I suppose he is staying to punish me. I'll disappoint him in that. Here's a pretty thing, I'll sing it."

"Eleven o'clock! Well, I can stand it as long as he can. Wonder where he is?"

"Twelve! not come yet! I shall retire and he shall never know that I have been waiting for him these three hours. O, dear, how dreary the house is!"—Charles had never been out so late without me before—"I wish he would come, really."

I went to my room, leaving the gas burning in the hall and the night-latch up. I tried in vain to compose my excited nerves to sleep. A dozen times I fancied I heard the door open and his steps upon the stairs; but still he came not. I began to fear that something had happened to him. Terrible scenes of robbery, garroting, and murder pictured themselves to my imagination, and I was on the point of calling the servants to send them in pursuit of him, when I heard the hall door open and Charles enter.

Fearful dreams haunted me the rest of the night, visions of funeral arrangements, in which I was the chief mourner; assassinations, drinking-houses, and gambling saloons mixed themselves in dreadful confusion in my brain.

My first thought, the next morning, was of my husband's injustice and tyranny. I thought he would surely apologize; but not a word from

him about that, or any thing else indeed that day.

The expected apology never came. Months and years passed. Scenes like that I have described became of more and more frequent occurrence. I could not accustom myself to being alone, and sought by the presence of guests at home and dissipation abroad to make up for the loss of my husband's society. Charles rarely asked me to accompany him out now, while rumors that others received attentions once bestowed upon me, made me inexpressibly wretched. Still, the pride of neither was humbled, and no word of concession or conciliation passed between us.

I was not alone wretched. Charles was miserable too. I might have known it had not my undisciplined heart and injured pride fortified me against the admission of the truth.

Two lovely children came to bless our joyless home. In my worldliness and ingratitude I did not welcome their coming. But they wound themselves about my cold heart and warmed the mother-love there, till it welled up a gushing spring, that has purified my poor life and made it better and nobler.

Charles loved his children tenderly, and I sometimes thought that I was dear to him, as of old; but in the midst of our happy moments some demon, often in the shape of a petty difference, would summon the spirit of discord again.

In a few years my husband failed in business, and sank lower and lower in dissipation. I felt that I had accomplished his ruin. If I had only known the power of gentleness, the might of love, years of degradation and anguish might have been spared us.

I did at last learn the lesson. I saw the hateful errors of my life. My pride, my selfishness, my extravagance, my worldliness and undisciplined temper, all rose as witnesses against me, and pointed to the degraded form of my once noble husband as my work. I could not but plead guilty. Had I been willing to give up my own ease, and been content with a style of living suited to his means; had I sought his happiness, and instead of demanding his respect and deference, made myself worthy of them, all our misery might have been avoided.

But though late, we have both learned by the errors and sorrows of the past, and by the hollow-heartedness of the world, which the loss of our wealth revealed to us, where to seek enduring happiness.

My husband has risen from despair a strong, good man. As we sit in our humble but happy

little home, he often blesses me for what I am to him—alas! that he can not bless me for what I have been—and we thank our Heavenly Father, who has shown to us the better way.

THE SWISS ALPINE CLUB.

WE say Swiss Alpine Club, for John Bull affects an astonishing enthusiasm for Swiss scenery, and Swiss mountain climbing, and Alpine clubs are becoming quite the rage among the gentry of England. And as Englishmen take a pride in any thing like physical victories, that smack of the glory and strength of roast beef, so we see them endeavoring to outdo the Swiss Alpine climbers. The legitimate results are reaped in such terrible accidents as the sad one of the Matterhorn last season.

We have ourselves seen a party of Englishmen engage Swiss guides for some perilous ascent, and then instead of following them and abiding by their counsel, find a pleasure in annoying them by taking the lead and going just where the guides pronounced it dangerous; and then if they come off with unbroken bones, the guides are taunted with being timid and less skillful in Alpine ascents than the newly fledged climbers.

We fully grant to English tourists the praise of overcoming physical obstacles on the Swiss mountains, but we respectfully dissent from their facile decision, that the Swiss know and care little about the sublime beauties of their glorious land. Only a superficial glance will render such a verdict, for the Swiss are quiet, practical, and not very communicative; their communions with the sublimities of their mountains are too frequent and too deep to find a fitting exponent in enthusiastic outbreaks or manifold interjections. He who mingles with the people in their mountain cottages, stops on the Alpine meadows and chats with the shepherds in their solitudes, or sympathizes with those who dwell in the valleys commanded by lofty peaks, and watered by crystal streams from the glaciers, will soon discover that their entire nature is stamped with a worshipful reverence for these divine manifestations around them.

Their very attachment to their native mountains is a proof of that; they are great wanderers, but travel where they will the love of country is so impressed upon their hearts that it is ever an unconscious homage to the sublime beauty of their land. In the remotest climes this beauty remains an attractive power which draws them to their homes, ever the end and

aim of all their hopes, after they have made their fortunes in foreign lands. Many of the Swiss valleys are inhospitable and repulsive, affording so meager a support to their inhabitants that these latter are forced to leave the barren soil that bore them where a struggle for existence would be a conflict with fate; but even here this love is vivid and undying, and the victory gained in other lands over poverty and adversity, is best enjoyed on the bosom of the spare earth that knew their infancy. All the blandishments of softer manners, and the acquaintance with the pleasures and enjoyments of a more refined civilization, or the thousand comforts and joys of life in other lands, can not remove the magic influence of this mountain world.

A few years ago a band of Tyrolese minstrels remained awhile in this country and visited its principal cities, giving their peculiar musical entertainments, to the great satisfaction of all who heard their weird mountain strains. They gained gold and honor, awakened a love for Tyrolese minstrelsy, and disappeared. Some years afterward we were traveling through a remote region near the borders of the Swiss Tyrol, and happened of an evening to stray into a public garden where there was an open-air concert. To our great surprise we recognized among the principal performers a number of the Tyrolese family that had given entertainments in the United States; at the close of the performance we accosted the Tyrolese and remarked that we heard them in America; this was enough to insure a welcome to their hearts, and the company soon learned of the presence of an American, when an impromptu concert was arranged at which Hail Columbia, Star-Spangled Banner, and Yankee Doodle were the principal attractions. The Tyrolese had learned to love America, but its gold and its honors could not detain them from their native valleys and towering mountains; they had returned with fortunes, built themselves comfortable homes in the vales that gave them birth, and found their greatest pleasure in mingling in simplicity with their brother Tyrolese, and singing the songs of their natal land.

But this love of nature and home has found a far loftier expression than these simple songs of the people; it has made many true poets, whose effusions run through all grades of the poetic art, beginning with the people's songs that celebrate in all their rude dialects the glory of the rising sun, the life-giving vigor of the mountain air, and the joyous free life of the lofty Alps, and extending to artistic poems that tell of a genius inspired by the highest sublimities

of natural scenery. These inspirations of the poet have given to the cultivated Swiss mind during the few last decades an unusual impulse to investigate the wondrous works that tower above their homes, and it is a marked characteristic of the times that all through the Switzer's land associations are formed for the study of Alpine scenery. Those in a body form what is known as the "*Swiss Alpine Club*," a truly national compact, whose object is not to perform daring physical feats, but to study all the peculiarities of Alpine life and phenomena, and enrich science while giving to the world much that is interesting and entertaining in regard to these Alpine heights.

Last Summer this scientific club held its third annual meeting or convention, just as our scientific men hold their annual sittings in various parts of the country, and it was found to number nearly six hundred members and be rapidly on the increase, promising advantageous results in the development of Alpine knowledge in a topographical and scientific point of view. These Alpine and glacier trips are, therefore, becoming the Switzer's joy and recreation, and, while having a patriotic aim, they cultivate a nobler passion than that of the English jockey club; a passion that springs from a true love of the natural beauties of their native soil, and leads to an increased patriotic fervor in its honor and destiny. This is the moral bearing of the Alpine Club, but we are convinced that its services in aid of science will not be less marked.

In order to give its platform, aims, and labors to the world, the club publishes an "annual" in handsome form, which is of itself a credit to Swiss enterprise. The work has various divisions, some strictly scientific and others descriptive; and he who will become familiar with the mysteries of Alpine regions, or desires to revive the memory of scenes once viewed and enjoyed, needs only unroll this panorama and let it pass in review before him. The most prominent members of the Club report their mountain ascents, and generally in style so simple and unassuming as to be especially attractive to the general reader. And still, while destitute of false sentimentality or artificial romance, they are full of the spirit of true natural poetry.

It is the custom of the Club to designate each year some Alpine region but little known, yet full of promise to the explorer, as the special object of excursions for the season; thus in the season of 1863 the Canton Glarus was explored, and in 1864 the eastern extremity of the Bernese Alps, that are here traversed by the majestic glaciers of the Rhone. The central chain of the Alpine territory, with its highest sum-

mits unascended, formed the next labors of the Club, but they had no accurate maps, and little was known of the entire region. They, therefore, assumed the character of original explorers, and individual members of the Club were supported by the common fund in a thorough investigation of the territory, and the production of maps that might serve as guides to tyros. To this end the Bernese section of the Club built a log-house on the highest accessible land of an elevated peak, and thus the travelers made their refuge in storm, trouble, or hunger.

To show the innate love of nature and their undertaking, we quote the words of one of the explorers of this party as reported in the Annual: "Wonderfully elevating is the impression on the soul when the dark, starry heavens are contrasted with the snow-white mountain forms, and the death-like stillness is only interrupted by the muffled rumbling of the distant glacier-torrent. O, ye good people of the city and the valley, who, as you shake your heads, find the only inducement to these mountain ascents in vain ambition, and decry it as foolhardy boldness to wish to search out Nature in her most secret workshops, come and see for yourselves! your hearts will then swell within you, and you will experience how beautiful it is on these heights, and how all labor and exertion are a thousand-fold rewarded." The exploration in this region lasted from July till the latter part of September, and was shared by a large number of members in different bands. The report of their expeditions is rich in topography, geology, and botany, and is adorned by historical reminiscences of the great struggle in this region between the French and Austrians in 1799.

Some of these mountain climbers are performing such daring feats that their names are becoming household words to the Swiss, who seem to look upon them as national heroes in the battles with the mountains. At times some rugged peak defies, like a stubborn enemy, all efforts at reduction, when the commander calls for volunteers as a sort of forlorn hope, and it is rare indeed that these brave fellows do not reduce their enemy and place their feet upon his neck in sign of captivity. But when conquered they love him for the glory he imparts to their land, and give to him some endearing name. It is noteworthy that very many of the Swiss peaks bear names that have their peculiar diminutive ending "*li*," which is almost always a sign of endearment, as our delicate misses receive their favorite "Minnie" or "Mattie."

The descriptions given by many of these mountaineers of the peaks they ascend are

couched almost in the language of love. They see grace and beauty in their mountains as the lover in his mistress, especially if they have been coy and hard to conquer; they love them as the sailor loves the craft that swiftly bears him on the crested waves, and will, as he, talk of and to them as things of life.

These Alpine sons are all brave, noble men, with courageous hearts, and these rightly placed to serve them in their bold endeavors, and are endowed with gifts that peculiarly fit them to enjoy these hardy enterprises. They form a Swiss family in which it is scarcely right to make the invidious distinction of naming one more than another. Still there is one who has acquired the title of Nestor among these Swiss Alpine climbers, and whose most heroic story we will give. His name is Studer, and his victory was gained in ascending the Studerhorn, a bold peak that receives its appellation in honor of a celebrated geologist, uncle of the subject of this undertaking. And as if these mountains exhaled the air of eternal youth, it was Studer's sixty-first birthday that he celebrated on these giddy heights, over eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea. After almost superhuman exertions, Studer, one companion, and two porters, reached the summit. To Studer was accorded the privilege of first placing his foot on the giant's crown that hitherto had not known the tread of human conqueror. But we will let his own pen tell his raptures: "A blissful feeling coursed through our veins, and our eyes flashed about in this world of mountains and glaciers that surrounded us in transcendent splendor. With gracious smiles they seemed to beckon to us with their old, well-known, hoary heads, and rejoice at the visit of us poor mortals. In quiet raptures we yielded to the pure pleasure of the moment, and the admiration of the gorgeous picture spread out before us, whose beauty was the reward of our exertions. In this pleasure was associated the thought, even thou, old snowy head, art conquered, and wilt hereafter be registered among the number of these colossal peaks that have lost the prestige of being inaccessible by man. This was the celebration of my sixty-first birthday on the summit of the Studerhorn. And had I not reason enough to rejoice and thank God that I was permitted to celebrate this day on the lofty summit of the mountain that bears my name? Had I not for years, with strong and agile foot, wandered among the Alps, admired their sublime beauty on many a far-seeing peak, and enjoyed the most glorious views of the glacier-world as the reward of my fatiguing labors? Had I not been happily preserved

from every accident on so many a bold ascent and dangerous a path? In this spirit of joy and thankfulness my eye wandered over to the fern-covered summit of the 'Titli,' that was beaming in the distant sunlight, and my thoughts sank behind this proud mountain into the friendly valley that borders its feet, for there was sitting my dear wife, and I was conscious that she was thinking with deeply moved heart of her restless mountain wanderer, and blessing him with an abundance of holy wishes."

Thus is the Annual of the Alpine Club a museum of Alpine curiosities. Now we have a series of well-rounded pictures of the Alps, and then a reminiscence of travel full of interesting observations regarding the Alpine world and its inhabitants. Some of the articles are purely scientific, as, for instance, one explaining a geological panorama of the Alps, fourteen feet in length, which accompanies the book. This panorama presents the whole Alpine chain from west to east, and is skillfully colored to represent the different geological formations. Then there is an essay on the Flora of the Alps, another on the geology of the Bernese Alps, one on the great passes of the Alps, as St. Gothard and St. Bernhard, and one on local names in the Swiss Alps. No subject remains untouched by the Alpine Club.

There is a very interesting treatise on a periodical south wind that blows in Switzerland, and is there known as the Föhu; by many it is considered as allied to the sirocco of the desert, which it greatly resembles in force and feeling. Many authorities regard it as the veritable sirocco direct from the African Sahara, and attribute to its warmth and extraordinary dissolving qualities the happy fact that Switzerland is not entirely enveloped in snow and glaciers. In olden times it is quite clear that massive glaciers extended southward into the plains of Lombardy and northward into the heights of the Jura. At that time, according to this theory, there was no "dry sirocco," as it is now called, for these African plains were one vast sea, and the damp southern winds striking on the summit of the Alps yielded up their moisture in the form of snow, which gradually changed into fields of ice.

The question now debated is, What would become of Switzerland if the sirocco should take a notion to stay away some day? Visions of terrible avalanches and frozen seas rise up, like threatening specters, and the Swiss's home would become an icy grave for man and beast. Therefore the sirocco, uncomfortable as it may feel, is welcomed as a warm-hearted friend, and known as the "snow-eater," whose decided

predilection for frozen delicacies causes him to consume in the early Spring incredible amounts of snow and ice. The Swiss have a proverb concerning the breaking up of the masses of snow and ice in the Spring, which says, in effect, that neither God nor the sun could melt them without the sirocco. Irreverent as this expression is, it shows the searching power of this fiery breath of the South, and we think that in it one may perceive the finger of God more than the Swiss proverb seems inclined to indicate. The transition from Spring to Summer in Switzerland is exceedingly rapid; Winter sometimes lingers so long that it would seem impossible to expect a warm season at all. Then all eyes are turned to the south, and all lips discussing the much hoped-for arrival of the sirocco; and however discouraged the poor Swiss sometimes become with waiting, God always sends this welcome friend, who unlocks the icy bands of Winter in the course of a single day, and sends the foaming torrents down the mountain sides to enliven and enrich the valleys. It sometimes comes with such suddenness and force as to sweep the Swiss lakes like a hurricane, and many is the sad tale that is told of unwary boatmen that have found a watery grave while wrestling with this giant.

We have by no means exhausted the annals of the Alpine Club, but we have, perhaps, said enough to show that it finds its origin in the hearts of the people, and their love for their Alpine home. This attachment to their mountains is the one great cement that binds them together, for in one sense the Swiss are not a nation; their cantons are frequently cut off from one another by high mountains that as completely separate the people as would an ocean. In these secluded valleys live multitudes that never leave them, and get their only glimpse and knowledge of the world by ascending some summit high enough to afford them a peep into the outer world. Such spots are natural prison-houses, and tend to isolate their occupants, who often have but one outlet besides a roaring torrent into the world without. And then again the Swiss are destitute of that great bond of unity that is found in one tongue, for they have no national speech; the majority of them, those on the German border, speak the German, but with so marked an accent and such dialectic peculiarities that the German recognizes a Swiss instantly, and a foreigner, though understanding the German, does not find it easy to converse with them.

A very considerable portion of the Swiss speak the French, and in the cities a very pure French; some contend that French is more

purely spoken in Geneva than in Paris. And lastly, on the Italian border are a few cantons that only understand Italian.

This isolation by mountains and by speech must make a large portion of the Swiss strangers to each other, and all that they may be said to see and know in common are the towering peaks that stand like faithful sentinels and guard them. To the summit of these the hardy Switzers delight to climb and greet each other in brotherly love.

HOW TO CURE DOUBT.

WE counsel the doubter not to *think* so much as to *work*—to act on the basis of Scripture doctrine, even if it appear illogical so to do before the premises of his belief are settled. In a condition of intellectual uncertainty that can find no present relief, logical fairness will surely admit, as well as common-sense dictate, the adoption of that question which secures the greatest, in this case, only positive practical benefit. One who has been no unmoved or incurious spectator of the mental struggles of others, says of moral what we may here also apply to intellectual perplexity: "Let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: Do the duty which lies nearest thee which thou knowest to be a duty. Thy second duty will already have become clearer."

By the unvarying direction of the mind to some special interest, either temporal or spiritual, it becomes incapable of rightly estimating and measuring other equally important though, perhaps, less imperative claims, as the eye, long adjusted to a close focus, beholds in the distance only undefined forms. It is a uniform law that all our physical and moral powers must find their proportionate action, else imperfect development will ensue. If contemplation is made the chief business of life, its power will become impaired, or, we might say, destroyed, so far as any resulting usefulness is concerned. "Every study," says a writer who was as accomplished in his scholarship as he was earnest and successful in his more active life-work, "requires to be tempered and balanced with something out of itself, if it be only to prevent the mind from becoming one-sided or pedantic; and ascending higher still, all intellectual study, however comprehensive, requires spiritual study to be joined with it, lest our nature itself become one-sided, the intellect

governing the higher reason, the moral and spiritual wisdom stunted and decaying." If, then, there is a morbid, undue action of mind in relation to objects of religious apprehension, the dictate no less of philosophy than of common-sense is to restore a healthful condition by rest as to one set of agencies, and exercise as to another.

Study, then, the Scripture, you who are in a state of religious doubt, less to ascertain precisely what you are to believe, and how you are to hold doctrines susceptible of various interpretations, than to find in what manner, supposing the authority of its teachings undisputed, you are to conduct yourself in reference to them. From the continual watching of your mind, the observation of its capability on the one side, and inability on the other, turn your attention to the world around you, of which you form but a fractional portion. Put it to yourself if, whatever you believe, or however these great questions are to be settled, you will ever stand gazing at what you can not see, unemployed and useless where there is so much actual and urgent demand for your exertions. Say not you can not find an object adequate to engage or worthy to retain your attention and interest. There is no conceivable condition in which you can be utterly bereft of the power of benefiting others. The mode may be indirect, the result postponed or uncertain, the work itself very small—the cup of cold water only; but this scantiness of tangible result is nothing, so far as the inward principle is concerned, and is every thing, reckoned by that balance in which the widow's mite outweighed the largest, unloving, easily spared offering of the proud and self-righteous. It is to carry you out of self and conduct you to Him that those commandments were given which refer to God. It is no less to carry you out of self, as well as to secure the general good, that those commandments were given which refer to man. Then are you spiritually most secure, then are you most heavenly-minded, most like the Savior whom you seek to imitate, when, directing our efforts primarily to the obedience of his precepts, and not to the direct conflict with unbelieving thoughts, you "feed his flock" and "follow him whithersoever he goeth;" *whithersoever*—to whatever condition and duty—*he goeth*—his teachings, his Spirit may you conduct. You may not be able, like Howard or Elizabeth Fry, or like another in our own time and country, not, perhaps, surpassed by them in self-denying labor and constraining love for the souls of the sinful and suffering, to visit the prisoner or relieve in person the wants of the

hungry, the naked, and the sick. But in your own home, in your neighborhood, as you walk the street or travel for business or pleasure, as you enter the humble habitation of the poor, or the surely more destitute mansion of the rich, if among its treasures and adornings it lack the "pearl of great price," there must be some occasion for deeds of love, some burden you can bear, some claim upon your head or appeal to your heart.

HUNGRY.

"I AM so hungry! Please, great God, so hungry!"
 What a thin, starved, wan skeleton of a voice!
 It was a child's voice, too! Why, a child's voice
 Should have a fresh, full, round tone in it,
 To match the chubby cheeks and rose-bud lips,
 Or it should have a little, tinkling ripple,
 As if the dimples broke its smoother flow;
 But this voice, this child's voice slipped out and stole,
 Like the thin, shapeless ghost of a former voice,
 Through the still purple darkness of the night,
 The calm, grand, holy, murmural night,
 That seemed as if the glory of the day
 Just dead and of the day so soon to dawn,
 Had so o'erreached its vast expanse of shade,
 That even the darkness pulsed with hidden light.
 What right had that starved voice to break in on
 The calm and lofty stillness of that night?
 Yet, now I think of it, I do not know
 If 't was the voice that broke upon it so,
 Or if 't were not the small, white, childish face,
 Or the little pleading, hungry, half-clad form
 That dared, spite of the shadows of the night,
 Spite of its own thin shape, to cast a shadow
 Against the marble-fronted dwelling near.
 I think the eyes, wild, dark, and wandering,
 Spoke even more startlingly than did the voice.
 The little, brown, clasped fingers—O so thin!—
 The bare feet that had not that pretty roundness
 Which we love to see in the small, pattering things
 That make their music round the door and hearth,
 And the wan cheek that had no dimple in it,
 All said more eagerly, more sadly, too,
 To the great night, and to the cold, still sky,
 "I am hungry! Please, dear God, so hungry!"
 "Hungry!" why, we are all hungry, I think;
 There's not a heart in all the green, round earth
 But has its yearning cry of hungry want!
 And men who sit down in their princely homes
 To sumptuous meals, and men who earn a relish
 For their coarse food by honest, homely toil,
 And women who enrich their scanty bread
 With their own life-blood, yet still find it void
 Of nourishment—*God pity them!*—all, all
 Have this one never-ceasing cry, all feel
 The gnawing tooth of *hunger* in their souls.
 Hungry? Hungry for what? Not bread alone,
 Or meat forsooth, or physical nourishment;
 Hungry with a *soul hunger*—sadder far

Than that which warps the life of man and child
 In the world's great metropolis. Think you
 That want of food alone gives the strained look
 Of eager asking in the hungry eyes
 That meet you at the market-place, the square,
 And the wide thoroughfare? Think you
 That want of bread gives to the thin shut lips
 That sharp-drawn curve that seems almost like rage?
 Think you that women—women who have souls
 As other women have, and yet whose lives
 Have not one tithe of all the joyousness
 That makes a woman's life endurable—
 Care only for the scanty loaf of bread,
 Or cup of tea, that shall reward their toil?
 Ah! who shall say want for more than bread
 Wakes the sad yearning in the pleading cry,
 "O, for rest, for rest, even be it in the grave!
 O, to lay aside this needle tipped with death,
 The instrument of this slow suicide,
 And feel that life means more than work and pay!"

Such women—there are thousands of them—pass
 Along the crowded streets, and beautiful
 And happy women pass them with a frown,
 And draw their dainty silken skirts aside,
 Not recognizing, scorning to recognize
 In the thin form and pinched and shrunken face
 A woman and a sister. Men with wives,
 And mothers, and fair sisters, for whose ease
 They spend their manhood's vigor, clutch the last,
 Long-hoarded dollar which the hand of Want
 Has spared, and turning out from some old garret
 Into the bitter night the widow's brood
 Of hungry little ones, muffle their forms
 In costly wrappings, and with smiling faces
 Seek their own cheerful hearths and waiting groups
 Of innocent and artless prattlers, safe
 From all the bitter night, and cold, and storm.

So these women, with the loves, and hearts, and souls
 Of women, toil, and wait, and spend their lives
 For those who scorn their claims, yet claim their labor
 At such poor rates as suit their pleasure. So
 They hunger for the rights and joys of women;
 Hunger for the sheltering tenderness,
 The blessedness of dear appreciation,
 The conscious sense of sweet security;
 Yet not more hungry are their hearts than many
 Which throb 'neath silken robes, and not more void
 Are their lives of true happiness, than lives
 Spent in the atmosphere of luxury.
 Many a heart, that seems the lightest, aches
 With an intense and famished hungering,
 Ay, and is envious of the earnest life,
 The steady purpose, the sustaining will
 Of these same weary creatures. Many a lip
 That in the ball-room wears the brightest smile,
 In the still chamber writhes with bitterer pain
 Than ever wrung the hearts of humbler ones.
 Many a cheek that wears the rosiest bloom
 To cheat the world, when none but God can see,
 Wears deeper hollows than Want ever traced,
 And all for hunger! Saddest hunger of all
 Is that which tortures in the midst of plenty,

When the heart has so abused God's bounties
 That they no longer satisfy its cravings;
 When, grasping the fair-seeming fruit, it falls
 To ashes on the lip, or, sweet at first,
 Becomes the bitterest wormwood in the mouth.

O, the whole world is famished! yet, thank God,
 Three have been, and are still, great hearts whose lives
 Have been a constant work in this vast, bleak,
 And overflowing pauper-house of souls,
 And who, in feeding others, satisfy
 The craving hunger of their yearning souls.
 O, that a voice from heaven would rouse the world
 Of idlers from their selfish luxury!
 "Ho! here are starving souls that need your care!
 The needy ye have always with you, but
 Me ye have not always!" O, that the lives
 Spent in the task of pampering selfish hunger,
 Might feel the hunger that is given of God!
 Then would the world's great, greedy, gaping mouth,
 Red with the blood of victims, be appased,
 The cry of hunger and the cry of gain
 Would no more be the war-cry between rich
 And poor. Labor and worth would pass for gold,
 And mind would be as rich a diadem,
 Upon the wearer's brow, as precious stones;
 Souls would be measured as God measures them,
 And the proud teaching of the great, brave Burns
 Would be accounted true, "The rank is but
 The guinea's stamp, the man's the gold for a' that."

PROSPICE.

FEAR death? to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go;
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that Death bandaged my eyes and
 forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness, and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

BIRDS.

"I HAVE brought home a bird for you, Ella," said a returning mother to her little girl of seven years, her only child, and whose home was with her own parents, the "grandpa" and "grandma" of the little one.

"O, I'm so glad," and the little hands were clasped about the giver's neck, and a shower of kisses were bestowed upon the mother's face, while the love light was dancing in her own dark eyes. She was a lonely child in the house, for her mother was absent much of the time—a lonely child full of deep thoughts and quiet ways; sad, and sweet, and "spirituelle."

"I think it will prove a pleasant care for you to feed a little bird, and induce a regular habit, withal."

"And I will call my birdie Jessie."

And thus the brown canary was duly appointed musician in the sitting-room, where three rocking-chairs stood before the fire, "one for grandpa, and one for grandma, and one for Ella, so we all take comfort," she said one day.

Jessie sang some to her admiring mistress, but frequently, when the little girl climbed up in a chair so as to be near the cage, the bird would hop down from the swing, and turn its head on one side against the wires, and respond "sweet" as often as the red lips of the child sang "sweet."

After several months the absent mother sent home another bird, a bright, yellow-feathered one with brilliant eyes. What a happy child, as Ella and her grandpa came back with the new treasure—what a source of artless questionings! When ma came home "Bobbie Lincoln" was duly reported, that, although he had a fine voice and faultless plumage, he manifested none of Jessie's winning ways; if any one approached the cage he fluttered and beat the wires as if he would escape, but Jessie was ever ready to pick the white sugar-lumps held in the little fingers, a mutual entertainment.

What a golden Summer passed to all of that household! The birds were petted and Ella was so fond of them; her mother was at home, and aunts, too; and although she often rode out with grandpa, and heard the wood-birds sing, or watched the brown thrush, whose nest was in the honeysuckle, or leaned out of the upper window to see the dazzling beauty of the hum-

ming-birds among the flowers, none of these ever rivaled her love for Jessie.

With the early frosts of October came a white chill that blanched the lips and closed the eyes of the brightest bird we ever knew—even Ella. Then was gathered away the clothing and books, toys and keepsakes, all that she had delighted to call her own—all but Jessie and Bobbie Lincoln, and these were invested with a new and tender interest.

Spring brought flowers for the bee, and chirping voices to the nest of Jessie. She had been a wonderful disorderly housekeeper, it was thought, in tearing up the clean paper that carpeted anew the cage clean each day, till she tore it into bits and filled her bathing-dish with the litter. At last it was suggested that a nest should be furnished her, whereupon she became more sedate in manner, and kept a better house, so that Summer was somewhat blessed by additional members in the choir, and yet some affliction befell the birdies.

It was discovered, one morning, that the birds were all wounded, feathers were off in the strangest fashion, and one little fledgeling had all of the toes eaten off from one foot, and the other was bleeding. A band of great wood ants had found their way into the cage, and attempted the assassination of a whole family. The maimed foot was wrapped up with a fine cloth moistened with sweet oil, and the bird lived, and, proving a splendid singer, was given to a friend; another sufferer grew to be a beautiful bird, with full crest and yellow plumage, was called "Prince of Wales," but with all of his fine feathers and name he never was a favorite.

For two or three successive Summers Jessie was intensely domestic, but one June morning, when very busy feeding her three nestlings, she was seen to fall, a fluttering was heard, the cage was taken down, and there lay the mother bird on the floor dead. How piteously the little ones called! And some one mourned as she smoothed Jessie's feathers after death, and placed her under the turf at Ella's feet.

Bobbie now became the center of attraction. Yet the motherless family were reared, and one of them given to a dear little girl, who bestowed a great deal of loving care upon it; but Charlie could not be coaxed to sing, till one morning, when Kate's mother was grinding coffee, the

bird chimed in with a series of notes that made the little girl dance for joy, and plead for more coffee to grind just to hear him sing. But her Charlie was never in tune for singing, though she talked to him and fed him many a happy day.

When the snow lay white over the ground, and the river was frozen, and the leafless trees stood dark and jagged against the gray sky, a procession of sad friends followed a little coffin to an old cemetery, and lowered into a grave an only daughter, precious Kate!

But to return to Bobbie, whose broken household was cheered by a docile creature for a mate, Nellie, but he was still wild, tyrannical, and daring. His cage required a guard, or he was sure to seek his freedom. He crowded out one morning from between the wires, and flying first to the lilac bush, and then to the housetop, and finally to the orchard, then in full leaf, he perched upon the highest tree and spent the day, defying all attempts to imprison him again. O, how bravely he did sing on the top twig of an old apple-tree! As the day declined he drew nearer to the house and answered to Nellie's call, as her cage had been hung so as to allure him home; but he sang and flew around with such an air of conscious liberty that the hope of capturing him was growing faint, till just after sunset he was seen to enter a cage-door for drink; it was quickly closed, while he ate seed and refreshed himself, as it was evident that he was nearly exhausted from the day's adventure. A few months after this occurrence his last mate died, and Bobbie's old age is passing in a lonely, unattractive prison, from which he sends forth, at times, the richest, clearest music that an untaught bird can waken to delight the listener.

OLD MADELINE.

IT was a Winter night; the ground was covered with snow, and the wind blew very hard. In a field stood a lonely cottage, and from the narrow window could be seen a little light. Two peasants, who had gone into the neighboring forest to gather fagots, were returning past this house. They heard loud cries coming from it, and one of them, named Marie, in opening the door, struck with her foot a child five or six years old, that was lying on the floor when she entered. This child called himself Louis. He wept pitifully, for his mother had just died. And he would have perished, too, if God, who watches over little children, had not sent Marie to his assistance. He was very cold and nearly famished with hunger.

Marie lighted one of the fagots she had gathered; then she sent her companion to seek some bread and some soup in the neighborhood, and gave the little Louis to eat.

A large woman, who had come in, said Monsieur, the mayor, must be informed, and the little child must be sent to the alms-house.

"No," said the child, crying still harder, "my mother said she would never put me in the alms-house."

Then Maria comforted the little Louis, and carried him home with her. Unfortunately she had a very hard-hearted and wicked husband. He forbade his wife's keeping the child with her, and would have him put into the alms-house. Louis was very much distressed. The day on which he was to be taken away Marie gave him his breakfast, and wept as she embraced the poor little orphan; then she went to the fountain to draw water, but when she returned the child was not to be found in the house, and no one could give her any information concerning him.

Two or three days after the disappearance of Louis an old woman named Madeline, a poor but a very pious woman, went out very early in the morning to buy vegetables from the peasants to sell again in market; in this way she gained a scanty livelihood. Madeline had not always been so poor; she had at one time lived as child's nurse in the house of a rich gentleman, Mr. Dorval, where she had been well fed and clothed; she had laid by some money, and with this money she had bought the little cottage in which she lived. She was now feeble, bent, and wrinkled, but she was good, and every body loved her. She traveled to market, staff in hand, a basket on her back.

At the first farm-house she came to she found nobody was up. She was surprised not to hear the bark of the large black dog Loulou. All at once she perceived in a kennel a little child five or six years old. This was the little Louis, shivering with cold, lying between the paws of the animal, and eating a morsel of black bread which had been given to the dog. Loulou licked his forehead, and the fair hair of the little child rested against the black dog.

Soon every body in the house came out, and surrounded the dog kennel, to witness the strange sight, and when they learned that he had neither father nor mother, then they, too, declared he must be put in the alms-house.

"No, no," cried Louis, clasping his hands. And he drew near to the dog again, who looked as though he would defend him against those who would take him.

"Come, my dear little one," said the good

Madeline, "though I am old and poor I will be a mother to thee, and share my bread with thee."

The child ran into the arms of this good woman, and called Loulou, the dog; but Loulou could not follow him. He looked sadly after him, and went back into his kennel.

Many people said to the old Madeline that she ought not to burden herself with this charge, since she had little enough to support herself on; but she trusted God would aid her, for he blesses those who help the afflicted, and who give bread to the hungry and drink to those that thirst, since, as the Savior has said to us, the things which we do to one of his brethren we do unto him.

After having been to market Madeline spun fine thread in order that she might give bread to the little Louis; and at night, when she was very tired, the child would climb upon her knee to embrace her, and would bring her porringer of milk and her crumpet. The old woman was repaid for her trouble, and comforted by the affection this amiable child manifested toward her.

Louis began to grow big; and, to render himself useful to Madeline, on market days he helped to carry some little burdens. In the evening, by the fireside, he reeled the thread Madeline had spun, and the good old woman related many touching stories she had drawn from the Bible, and which he listened to with great pleasure. She told him also of voyages she had made with her old master, for she had been on the sea, and had seen countries very far away.

"When I am grown to be a man I will travel also," said the child. "I will take you with me. I will earn money and thou shalt rest."

One day, it was in November, it rained in torrents, the sky was every-where black, and Madeline saw well that she could not go to market. Meanwhile Louis was eating the last piece of bread that yet remained, and there would be none for the morrow. Madeline thought not of herself, but she thought of her dear child. When he began to suffer hunger she wept, and prayed God to help them.

At that moment there was a knock at the door. A neighbor entered and put a letter into Madeline's hand. Not being accustomed to get letters this surprised and agitated her a good deal. She put on her spectacles, however, having first rubbed the glasses, and read with some difficulty these words:

"MY DEAR MADELINE,—I have just returned from one of my long voyages, and wish that you would come to live with us. I send the money to pay your expenses on the journey, or to use as you please if you do not wish to come."

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This letter was written by her old master, Monsieur Dorval.

"Blessed be God!" said Madeline, "I can now give bread to my dear Louis."

But she decided not to quit her home at present. She went to the post-office to seek the money, and was very joyful when she found how large a sum had been sent her, and wrote a letter of thanks to her generous benefactor.

She gave half the money to pay for apprenticing Louis with a carpenter. After a while he earned a little, enough to support himself, and did not cost Madeline any thing. This was very fortunate, for this poor woman had become so old and so infirm that she could no longer work. She could only, still, spin a little, which helped to support her. She was very feeble, and felt that she had not long to live.

Then she wrote to her old master that she could not go to him, but she recommended her dear son Louis to his care. Monsieur Dorval answered her letter immediately, and informed her that he had found a situation for Louis. Then the good old woman threw herself on her knees and thanked the Lord.

On the morrow she fell ill, and as poor Louis sat at her bedside lamenting she consoled him and blessed him, and recommended him to God. Two days after she died, and Louis followed her to the grave weeping.

A stone is placed over the tomb of Madeline with her name on it, and those who go to visit the cemetery stop before this stone and say, "She loved her Savior, for she befriended the orphan and succored one of these little ones whom he loves; 'and he who gives to the poor lends to the Lord.' He will reward her."

Before taking his departure for his new home Louis entered once more the cottage of his dear old mother, and his grief broke out afresh at the thought he should no more find her there, who had always welcomed him so kindly. He took the packet she had prepared for him before she took ill, not forgetting her staff, which he would always keep, and went to present himself to Monsieur Dorval, who cared for him and put him in the way of earning a respectable livelihood.

My dear little friends, we read in God's Holy Word, "When my father and my mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up." You see, from the history of Louis, that this is true. Then pray to the Lord always, and put your trust in "Him who keepeth Israel."

IT behooves us to pay respect to old age, for we are all desirous of attaining it.

CONFIDENCE IN A PARENT.

DO you know what faith is? I think you do; and although it is very common to hear persons say they can not believe, I fear it is because they will not. You know what faith in your father or your mother means. A very young child can have faith in a parent.

A little girl, whose mother had always told her the truth, and in whom she trusted, went with her one day to a large town. The child had been used to live in the quiet country, and the bustle and the noise were alarming to her, for she was not strong; and her head ached, and her limbs grew weary, as they entered the town. A great crowd was gathered together to see some show in the street, and Lucy pressed her mother's hand, for her heart beat, and she was frightened. "Do not be afraid, Lucy," said her mamma, "I will not take you into danger; you are quite safe; keep my hand, nothing shall hurt you." And the child believed her mother, and was happy. Well, this is faith in a mother whom she could see. It would be harder to trust in one she could not see.

Clouds had been gathering for some time, and soon the rain fell. The mother looked at her little delicate girl, and said, "Lucy, dear, I dare not take you any further; I must go, for I have business to do elsewhere. I must leave you in this shop; do not you go away from it, and I will be back as soon as I can; but my errand will take me some time."

The child looked into her mother's eyes, and said, "You won't forget me, I know."

And, after a kiss and a blessing, the mother left her under the care of the master of the shop, and went out to attend to her errand.

At first she was amused by seeing the gay ribbons measured, and the ladies coming to do their shopping; but after a while she began to long to see her mamma, and to hope that she would come before dark, for it was Winter. She had a bun to eat, and was not hungry, but she was tired. A little girl, older than herself, now came into the shop, and they began to talk. Lucy told her how she was to wait there for her mamma, and how glad she should be when she came.

"Perhaps she will forget you," said the little girl.

"I am sure she will not do that," said Lucy.

"How can you be sure? She may, you know."

"She promised," was the child's reply. "She never broke her promise yet."

Another hour passed away. It seemed like a day to the weary little one. The gay customers had gone home, and the shopmen were putting

away the goods; the gas lamps were lighted, and still the mother had not returned. A woman came into the shop at this moment whom Lucy knew. She lived near her father's house, and, seeing the little girl, offered to take her back in her pony gig. "No, thank you," replied the child; "mamma will come for me; I must wait."

At length the mother came; and O, what love was there in her kiss to the trusting, patient child? The confidence of faith she had shown pleased her; and when they were once more by their fireside at home, and Lucy was nestling in her bosom, her mamma told her that this was the very kind of trust which God required of his children—to try no means to save themselves but according to his word; to believe alone on the Lord Jesus for salvation, and to trust his promise, which says, that, "Whosoever believeth shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life." Without such faith it is impossible to please God.

TELL THE GOOD NEWS.

IT is the duty of every one who knows the good news of salvation through Christ, to tell the good news, as he has opportunity and ability, to his companion, who does not know it, and he, too, may be saved. It is the duty of every Christian who can, to tell to a Sabbath school class of children, or of young men, or of adults, or to a meeting for prayer and conference, or to any other appropriate meeting where it will promote the glory of God, and the good of men, and to exhort men to come to Jesus. These duties are done daily by earnest, working Christians. They are done in accordance with the Divine injunction, "Let him that heareth, say come." They are done in accordance with the New Testament usage. When the persecution arose about Stephen, the members of the Church at Jerusalem were all scattered abroad except the apostles, and "they that were scattered abroad went every-where preaching the Word"—telling the good news. They labored as evangelists wherever they came, without any official obligation or express authority. They were moved by the inward power of that faith which can not but speak of the truth of which the heart is full; they were influenced by the Spirit, with whom they had been anointed; they were controlled by their love of the Savior, to whom they owed the remission of their sins, and all their blessed hopes. They held no office, but were invested with the general priesthood of believers.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

TOO MUCH DOCTORING.—Every candid physician of large private practice will confess that nine-tenths of the cases to which he is called to administer are such as require neither the advice of the doctor nor the use of a drug. Most of such voluntary patients, eager to display their tongues to the inspection and to submit their pulses to the titillation of the fashionable Sangrado of town or village, and to reveal to him the mysteries of their digestion and other functions, are women. Of these there are many, doubtless, who are afflicted with what may be considered a real malady—hypochondria. Such believe themselves to be ill, and in fact are so, and require, if not a doctor or a drug, both physical and moral treatment.

There are many more, however, who know that they are well, and yet pretend to be ill. It seems strange that any one should be so fond of being drenched with draughts and scorched with blisters as to affect a disease that does not exist. A celebrated divine, in making an eloquent appeal in behalf of a city dispensary, assured his listeners that they might bestow their money without fear of its being wasted upon impostors, for where, he asked, could you find a human being who would lie for a taste of castor-oil or the sensation of an active dose of Epsom salts?

Such impostors probably are not frequent among the poor who are forced to resort to the unsophisticated drugging and rude handling of the dispensary doctor. They abound, however, among the rich and delicate females who compose the larger portion of the patients of the sympathetic physician of fashion.

The fact, astounding as it may appear, is no less a fact, and is confirmed by the writings and experience of the most intelligent medical observers. There is one remarkable case of undoubted authenticity, recorded by a physician of Dublin. A young girl belonging to a family of wealth and distinction complained of a pain in her elbow. Medical counsel was sought, and medical advice given. Treatment of the severest kind was submitted to year after year, without apparent result, till finally physicians and surgeons, finding that they could not cure the arm, determined to get rid of it by cutting it off. Amputation was performed, and then upon dissection of the limb the secret was discovered. The elbow was stuck full as a pin-cushion with pins. The young girl, for no other motive than to put herself in the interesting position of a sick patient, and thus to awaken the

sympathy of her family and friends, had for years tortured herself, and finally submitted to the agony of mutilation.

It is seldom, perhaps, that such heroic examples of imposition are found, but the same morbid desire of sympathy is filling every-where the lists of the doctors with patients and their pockets with fees. Spinsters and young widows form by far the most numerous portion of these cases. The former, either from want of personal charms or some obvious cause, despairing, and the latter by accident being suddenly bereft of that great source of human sympathy, marriage, are apt to seek what they desire elsewhere. This desire for sympathy, like all other desires, when not gratified naturally, becomes excessive as well as perverse in its manifestation; and one of the most frequent forms it assumes is the affectation of disease, for no other purpose than to obtain the visit of a good-looking and favorite doctor, to provoke his *tactus eruditus*—his "skilled touch"—and to awaken the interest that the sick never fail to do among friends and acquaintances. The obvious consequences are, the useless expenditure of a great deal of money, and much unnecessary inconvenience to every one brought into relation with the pretended patient. More serious results may follow, and indeed have followed. The yielding to a morbid desire for sympathy is in itself a moral debauchery, which unstrings the nerves and unfits the female mind for every duty in life. A woman thus places herself, moreover, at the mercy of the first unprincipled medical attendant she may call to act as a confederate in her imposture.

The causes of the evil are easily traced to the senseless training of women. Their superficial education deprives them of those resources which alone can supply the serious interests, mental, moral, and physical, which divert from unhealthy sentiment and lead to judicious views and right conduct of life. Girls are brought up with too exclusive a view to the mere act of matrimony, without regard to the performance of its duties. The practices of fashionable life, too, seem to be established for no other purpose than to bring the two sexes in close proximity for pairing. Balls and parties, it is well known, are the matrimonial markets of fashion. If a healthy tone were given to female emotion by a more substantial education and a less free indulgence in social excitement, there would be no such morbid desire for sympathy, and the physician would not be called in till

his presence was absolutely necessary. Then, with less of the doctor, there would not be so great reason to complain of "too much doctoring."

GARDENING FOR WOMEN.—There is nothing better for wives and daughters, physically, than to have the care of a garden—a flower-pot, if nothing more. What is pleasanter than to spend a portion of every passing day in working among plants and watching the growth of shrubs, and trees, and plants, and to observe the opening of flowers from week to week as the season advances? Then how much it adds to the enjoyment to know that your own hands have planted and tilled them! This is a pleasure that requires neither great riches nor profound knowledge. The humble cottage of the laboring poor, not less than their grounds, may be adorned with pet plants, which in due time will become redolent of rich perfume, not less radiant with beauty, thus ministering to the love of the beautiful in nature.

The wife and daughter that love home, and would seek ever to make it the best place for husband and brother, is willing to forego some gossiping morning calls for the sake of having leisure for the cultivation of plants, and shrubs, and flowers. The good housewife is early among her plants and flowers, as the husband at his place of business. They are both utilitarians, the one, it may be, in the abstract, and the other in the concrete, each as essential to the enjoyment of the other as are the real and ideal in human life. The lowest utilitarianism would labor only for the meat that perisheth. Those of higher and nobler views would labor with no less assiduity for the substantial things of life, but would in addition seek also those things which elevate and refine the mind and exalt the soul.

The advantages which woman personally derives from stirring the soil are beauty and freshness of cheek and brightness of eye, cheerfulness of temper, vigor of mind, and purity of heart. Consequently she is more cheerful and lovely as a daughter, more dignified and womanly as a sister, and more attractive and confiding as a wife.

Hence the fruits and products of garden culture as they relate to woman, when viewed objectively, are but small, relatively, as compared with the benefits secured in regard to herself, as the center of social refinement and enjoyment amid such a world as ours. A husband who revolves round such a center can not but be a good neighbor, a useful citizen, a kind father, a loving and confiding companion. Do not, then, mothers and sisters—the latter wives in prospect—neglect the garden.

OCCUPATION FOR CHILDREN.—The active habits of children prove that occupation is a necessity with most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing, still more to be usefully employed. With some children it is a strongly developed necessity, and if not turned to good account will be productive of positive evil, thus verifying the old adage that "idleness is the mother of mischief." Children should be encouraged, or, if indolently disinclined to it, should be disciplined into performing for them-

selves every little office relative to the toilet which they are capable of performing. They should keep their own clothes and other possessions in neat order, and fetch for themselves whatever they want; in short, they should learn to be as independent of others as possible, fitting them alike to make a good use of prosperity, and to meet with fortitude any reverse of fortune that may befall them. I know of no rank, however exalted, in which such a system would not prove beneficial.

KIND MANNERS AT HOME.—There are many families the members of which are, without doubt, dear to each other. If sickness or sudden trouble falls on one, all are afflicted. But in their daily life and ordinary intercourse there is not only no expression of affection, none of the pleasant and fond behavior that has, perhaps, little dignity, but which more than makes up for that in its sweetness; but there is an absolute hardness of language and actions which is shocking to every sensitive and tender feeling. Between father and mother, and brother and sister pass rough and hasty words, yes, and angry words, far more frequently than words of endearment. To see and hear them one would think that they hated instead of loved each other. It does not seem to have entered into their heads that it is their duty, as it should be their best pleasure, to do and say all that they possibly can for each other's good and happiness. "Each one for himself, and bad luck take the hindmost." The father orders and growls, the mother frets, complains, and so go the children, snap, snarl, and whine, and so goes the day. Alas, if this is a type of heaven! as the "family" is said to be—at least, it is said to be the nearest thing to heaven of any thing on earth. But the spirit of selfishness, of violence, render it more like the other place; yea, and this too often, even when all the members of the household are members of the Church. Where you see—when you know it—one family where love and gentleness reign, you see ten where they only make visits, and this among Christian families as well as others.

Now, it is a sad and melancholy thing to "sit solitary" in life, but give me a cave in the bowels of earth, give me a lodge in any waste, howling wilderness, where foot nor face of human being ever came rather than an abode with parents, friends, or kindred in which I must hear or utter language which causes pain, or where I must see conduct which is not born of love. No wealth, no advantage of any kind would induce me to live with people whose intercourse was of such a nature. The dearer they were to me the less would I remain among them, if they did not do all they could to make each other happy. With mere strangers one might endure, even under such circumstances, to remain for a time, for what they say or do has but limited effect upon one's feelings; but how members of the same family, children of the same parents, can remain together year after year, when every day they hear quarreling, if they do not join in it, and when hard words fly on every side of them thick as hail, and the

very visitors in their houses are rendered uncomfortable by them, is indeed a mystery.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.—You are all apt to complain, writes a lady addressing her own sex, that lovers, when they become husbands, can not unite the two characters. You lay this mostly to the men's charge. Do you think it is their fault entirely? I am disposed to say, No. I will tell you why. Before marriage you take the greatest pains to elevate yourselves into goddesses, and desire to be worshiped accordingly. Men, especially those possessing superior intellectual qualities and refinement of nature, favor those views, and treat you as something nearer to heaven than themselves; and lo! no sooner has the honeymoon passed than your husbands discover, by imperceptible but sure degrees, that you are—though in somewhat inferior ratio to themselves—of the "earth, earthy." Happy the woman who has the wit to contrive that in her married life the same halo shall surround her in her husband's eyes that existed before their union. The thing, in the intimacy of common-place, every-day life, may be difficult to achieve. Your own neglect of all those cares and arts by which you won the lover causes commonly the early estrangement of the husband.

How frequent is the spectacle of neat, scrupulous maidens, who, when they become wives, neglect their personal appearance, and who, if asked why they do so, would answer, "O, I'm married!" showing plainly that their care and trimness formed no part of their natures, but was a trap, a net spread for the lure and destruction of men. Pretty Mrs. Spider! when your careful, fine-spun web caught the credulous fly, your object being effected, good-by to neatness, good looks, care, and refinement. What more had you in the world to do? Your unfortunate husband finds the very qualities which most likely influenced his choice have vanished, "like the base fabric of a vision," and which, to paraphrase the poet, "leaves but a wreck behind."

AMERICAN WOMEN.—Bishop Arthur Cleaveland Coxe, in his recent pastoral, addresses the following words fitly spoken to the Christian women of the Protestant Episcopal Church and of America. We most heartily indorse the sentiments of Bishop Coxe, and recommend their adoption and practice to the Christian women of our own Church. Much reformation among us is needed in the directions to which allusion is had. The spirit of Mrs. Wesley, Mrs. Fletcher, and of Barbara Heck is needed to deliver Methodism from the vices which are fast tending to her degradation and destruction:

When I see the tawdry fashions, the costly vulgarity, and the wicked extravagance of the times, I feel sure that thousands of American women are strangers to the first law of refinement—simplicity in manners and attire.

When I see that thousands of American women read the most shameful romances and the most degrading newspapers, frequent the vilest dramatic entertainment, and join in dances too shocking to be named among Christians, I feel that Christian ma-

trons are becoming too few, and that civilized heathenism is returning to the fields we have wrested from the Indians.

When I read daily of the most ungodly divorces, and of crimes against social purity and against human life itself, which are too gross to be mentioned more particularly, I feel that too many of our country-women are without God in the world, and that radical reforms are necessary.

When I see thousands of households in which young girls are reared for a life of pleasure without reference to duty, I can not wonder at these results, nor at the misery in which they involve families and communities. Sow the wind and reap the whirlwind!

As a Christian bishop, therefore, I make my appeal to you, Christian women, and I ask you to begin the reformation by faithfully bearing your testimony against all that tends to the degradation of your sex, and the more so when such crime is not only winked at, but receives countenance in circles which ought to be exemplary.

EARLY RISING.—Do not hurry up the young and the weakly. It is no advantage to pull them out of bed as soon as their eyes are open, nor is it best for the studios, or even for the well who have passed an unusually fatiguing day, to jump out of bed the moment they wake up; let them remain without going to sleep again till the sense of weariness passes from their limbs. Nature abhors two things—violence and vacuum. The sun does not break out into the glare of the meridian. The diurnal flowers unfold themselves by slow degrees; nor fleetest beast, nor sprightliest bird leap at once from their resting-place.

TREATMENT OF THE AGED.—A little thoughtful attention, how happy it makes the old! They have outlived most of the friends of their early youth. How lonely their hours! Often their partners in life have long filled silent graves; often their children they have followed to the tomb. They stand solitary, bending on their staff, waiting till the same call shall reach them. How often they must think of absent, lamented faces, of the love which cherished them, and the tears of sympathy that fell with theirs, now all gone! Why should not the young cling around and comfort them, cheering their gloom with songs and happy smiles?

LOVING AND FALLING IN LOVE.—Nothing is indeed so common in this world as falling in love, yet it is not quite so common to love. The one is the flower that may bloom and wither in a night, the other is the rich fruit from the flower, that can survive the sun and storm, and ripen to decay no more. When feverish anxieties have passed away, when "hopes, and fears that kindle hope," cease, when selfish jealousies and lover's quarrels are buried, when "honeymoons" are long forgotten, and the snowy brow has become wrinkled, and the eye lost its moisture, then does love, worthy of the name, become the inmate of the heart and home—a love such as youth never dreamed of nor realized.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

DYING WORDS OF PIOUS WOMEN.—Dying testimonies of rare beauty have fallen from the lips of pious women, and, if less familiar than those of eminent reformers and divines, they are not less worthy as witnesses of the power of religion to impart spiritual comfort and triumph at the hour of dissolution. Pious women as well as worthy men have, near the heavenly portals, been filled with exultation and triumph—have seen transporting prospects from the Delectable Mountains, and have heard the music of celestial harps and the ringing of celestial bells. They have walked in Beulah, leaning on the arm of their Beloved, and their souls, amid the wrecks of mortality, have been freshened and exhilarated by the fragrance and glory of a heavenly atmosphere. "O, those rays of glory!" said Mrs. Clarkson, when dying. "My God, I come flying to thee!" said Lady Alice Lucy. Lady Hastings said, "O, the greatness of the glory that is revealed to me!"

Beautiful is the expression of the dying poetess, Mrs. Hemans: "I feel as if I were sitting with Mary at the feet of my Redeemer, hearing the music of his voice, and learning of him to be meek and lowly." No poetry, she said, could express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy, and made her waking hours more delightful than even those that were given to temporary repose. Similar was the experience of Mrs. Rowe. She said, with tears of joy, that she knew not that she had felt such happiness in all her life. Hannah More's last words were, "Welcome, joy!"

"O, sweet, sweet dying!" said Mrs. Talbot, of Reading. "If this be dying," said Lady Glenorchy, "it is the pleasantest thing imaginable." "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb!" said Grace Bennett, one of the early Methodists. "I shall go to my Father this night," said Lady Huntingdon. The dying injunction of the mother of Wesley was, "Children, when I am gone, sing a song of praise to God!"

Looks as well as words often express dying triumph. Says one, after quoting the last prayer of the Countess of Seafeld, "With these words she closed her eyes, and seemed to all present to be yielding up her last breath. But in a little time she opened her eyes again, and with an air as it seemed of joy and wonder, she continued looking upward with a fixed gaze for near half an hour. By degrees she let her eyes fall, shut them, and yielded up her last breath. Those who were present were not a little affected both with her last words and her last looks."

Said Lady Margaret Steward, forewarned of her speedy dissolution, "Sirs, I tell you that this night when your sun goes down my sun will arise, and never go down!" She testified: "I have many times

besought the Lord that death might be no surprise to me; and neither is it. And I have prayed, likewise, that death might not be a terror to me; and neither is it. And I have sought that I might not be terrible to others in dying." The sun sank low in the West, and as its last rays lit up the hill-tops she sank to rest amid holy ejaculations and in great elevation of soul.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

MAKING LIGHT OF OTHERS.—The spirit of detraction, the love of hearing and spreading scandal, the want of sympathy and allowance for human infirmity, is a rank growth of depravity which hangs loosely by many men. If they do not glory in these things they feast on them as fat things. There is nothing about which some men have so little conscience as their speech concerning others. They are tender-skinned themselves, yet treat others as if their skin could not be penetrated. Such get it in the following extract of a sermon, and no doubt many such will read it with a sort of merriment, as if others were getting it instead of themselves. He who delights to retail scandal, who is a wonder-maker about people's faults and falls, ought to be shunned as an enemy of his race.

"I will admit that there is a playful, good-humored kind of *badinage* that is harmless. The reprehension or exposition of a man's faults in a light, genial spirit, is often the best way of telling him of them. I do not, therefore, say that all innocent raillery and good-natured reprehension is to be disallowed. It must be genuine, however, producing good, and not pain. But he that makes the mistakes, the foibles, the faults, the misconception of men—the ten thousand infelicities of human life—the subject-matter of comment, of jest, and social enjoyment, and personal amusement, is simply a barbarian. He is not a Christian; he does not belong to that category. It is one of those things that are monstrous in the sight of God. Could you do it to your children? A mother may tantalize her child; she may frolic with it; she may do a thousand things with it causing it to hover, vibrating between a tear and a smile, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, just for a moment; but she instantly presses it to her bosom, and covers its face with kisses, so that there are no shades left upon its spirits. And there is such a thing as innocent raillery. But to watch to see what is awkward in others; to search out the infirmities of man; to go out like a street-sweeper, or a universal scavenger, to collect the faults and failings of people to carry these things about as if they were cherries or flowers; throw them out of your bag or pouch, and make them an evening repast or a noonday meal, or the amusement of a social hour, enlivened by unfeeling criticism, heartless jests,

and cutting sarcasms; to take a man up as you would a chicken, and gnaw his flesh from his very bones, and then lay him down, saying, with fiendish exultation, There is his skeleton; this is devilish! You may call it by as many pretty names as you please, but it is devilish; and you will do nothing worse than this when you go to hell, for you may expect to go there if you have such a disposition, and do not change it. Talk about cannibalism! Cannibals never eat a man till he is dead. They are nearer Christ than you are, a great deal."

AMUSEMENTS.—Men will have amusement and excitement, as certain as the ocean will have its Spring tides, and the world its Summer flowers and Summer songs. How can this inborn appetite best be fed? Shall it be treated as a crime and handed over to Satan, or shall it be made to minister to man's happiness according to God's will? Shall it be pent up till it gathers strength enough to burst all the barriers of law and decency, and rush forth in annual floods of wild and unbridled passion; or shall society recognize it, perceive how full of goodness and benevolence it is, and adopt such wise plans as will run it off in gentle rills, week by week, or even day by day, to freshen and irrigate the earth, and make our fields more green and beautiful?

Whoever adjusts this demand to the other and higher demands of man's nature, will confer an inestimable boon on society. All classes require their amusements to be reformed, not reduced; spread over, not concentrated; directed, not annihilated; in a word, to be taken out of the kingdom of Satan, and brought into the well-ordered and beautifully balanced kingdom of Christ on earth. The tendency of all extremes is to toss men over into their opposites. When the swing is highest on one side, look out for broken heads and falls on the other. One cause of the tendency to pervert the Sabbath from a holy day to a holiday is the incessant toil, barren of hours of rest, and of all amusement and gentle excitement during the week.—*Rev. Norman M'Leod.*

MAKING MOUNTAINS OF MOLE-HILLS.—We refer to the habit of making mountains of mole-hills in the little affairs of every-day life. Most people will say at once that the habit is on the increase among their friends and connections, and the saying is likely to be true. This steam-engine life of ours is sadly wearing to the nerves and temper, no doubt, and it suggests excuses which are not without plausibility. Yet, to have a plausible excuse is not to be relieved from the responsibility of making an effort. We have no right to permit ourselves to fall into the habit of irritable speaking upon slight occasions to those around us. It may be that we have too much to do—most of us unhappily have—but although this should beget consideration for ourselves, it does not free us from the duty of having consideration for others. It should rather admonish us of its propriety. Some people have a trick of groaning and grunting, and giving out sudden shrill alarms over very small grievances or mischances.

This does not always arise from ill-temper; it is

rather a trick springing from exaggerated self-pity, the unrestrained custom of leaning unduly upon others for aid and consolation. Among petty social vices this is perhaps the most harassing to the nerves of those who are forced to encounter it. Doubtless it may sometimes have its source in a certain mental defect, a want of perception respecting the proportions of things; but more frequently it comes from mere thoughtless abandonment of that habitual self-command which every rational being should aim to preserve.

To people who are really obliged to think or to direct affairs of veritable importance this nagging practice of making mountains of mole-hills is supremely distressing. It is also very disabling. No one, however philosophical, can suffer constant distraction of this nature without a proportional diminution of his powers for useful work. Nothing valuable is ever achieved, in the way, at all events, of intellectual achievement, without mental concentration; and there can be no concentration where the attention is perpetually challenged in behalf of unimportant details. A world of peevishness is engendered in this way, and thousands of firesides made unhappy without the slightest reasonable cause. Fretfulness begets fretfulness, and many a noble life is impeded and wasted by trifles which a little thought, a little cultivation of the habit of serenity, might entirely have prevented.—*Round Table.*

MAN'S DEPENDENCE.—If men are indeed independent of God, it may with safety be asserted that he is almost the only being or object in the universe on whom they are not dependent. From the cradle to the grave their lives exhibit little else than a continued course of dependence. They are dependent on the earth, the water, the air, on each other, on irrational animals, on vegetables, on unorganized substances. Let but the sun withhold his beams, and the clouds their showers for a single year, and the whole race of these independent beings expire. Let but some imperceptible derangement take place in their frail but complicated frame, and all their boasted intellectual powers sink to the level of an infant's or an idiot's mind. Let a small portion of that food on which they daily depend for nourishment pass but the breadth of a line from its proper course, and they expire in agony. And while they are dependent on so many objects for the continuance of their lives, they are dependent on a still greater number for happiness, and for the success of their enterprises. Let but a single spark fall unheeded, and a city, which it has cost thousands the labors of many years to erect, may be turned to ashes. Let the wind blow from one point, rather than from another, and the hopes of the merchant are dashed against a rock. Let but a little more or a little less than the usual quantity of rain descend, and in the latter case the prospects of the husbandman are blasted, while in the other his anticipated harvest perishes beneath the clods, or is swept away by an inundation. But in vain do we attempt to describe the extent of man's dependence, or enumerate all the objects and events

on which he depends. Yet all these objects and events are under the control of Jehovah. O, how far is it, then, from being true that man is not dependent on God!—*Payson*.

TRUTH FINDING.—When the experienced bee-hunter sets out to discover at what precise point in the deep forest the little honey gatherers have laid up their stores of sweet, he does not attempt to do this by what information may be gained from observing the operations of a single bee, nor yet from a random notice of multitudes of them. His method or system is like this: Having lured into captivity a sufficient number of wild bees to answer his purposes, and having fed them to the full with honey provided for the purpose, he takes his stand at some suitable point and sets at liberty a small parcel of his prisoners, noting with great care the line of their homeward flight. Then, from another point, he sets free another parcel, making the same observations as before. This simple process being several times repeated, the converging lines of flights thus obtained fix, with the utmost certainty, the location of the coveted honey-tree. So must it be in our search for truth. No single, isolated fact; no one line of investigation should be trusted as a competent guide. But when several well-attested facts, traced with great painstaking to their logical results, are found to converge toward one common center, we may be quite sure that the secret dwelling-place of truth is at that point.

MODERN INFIDELITY.—We should like to see in some of the modern periodicals devoted to the destruction of the Christian religion, a fair, four-square review of the "New Testament of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

If the Gospel, so called by the Christian, is not the wisdom of God and the power of God, unto salvation, it would be quite as easy to prove it in a bold, manly, and scholar-like review of the book its believers rely on, as by petty half and half, true and false, philosophical essays in the newspapers and the quarterlies. The time was when infidelity had a bold front and a foeman's steel. It marched up to the strongholds of Christianity, and struck at the heart of the system. True, it made a failure of it, but the world is wiser now than it was then, and "progress" is the watchword of the infidel party of this country and abroad. Why, then, do we have to track the enemy as you would an Indian through the forest, who fears to leave a footprint lest you should run him down? Why must you tie him to a definition, and then force him to explain himself, before he will admit that he is the opposer of revelation?

Why does he contend that he believes Paul was inspired, and then confess that he believes Milton and Tom Moore were inspired also? Why does he insist that he believes in God, and then say that every thing good is God, and he believes in all alike? Why does he profess to receive the New Testament, and then pretend to tell you what is true and what is false in its pages? Why do they admit the Old Testament to be from God, and then call it "Hebrew

reservoir for all possible inconsistencies?" Why do they lay the slightest claim to faith in Christianity, and then discuss the questions whether Jesus was mistaken, or his evangelists have misrepresented him in the reports of his lectures?

All this, and more, we are free to charge upon the modern opponent of Christianity, and in this we have reason to complain that the enemy does not show his colors, and stand up to the fight. The evidences of Christianity have been luminously set forth by various writers in the last and present generation, so that in a fair field the infidel would have small chance of making a successful stand. Instead of meeting him there, we see him sneaking into the reviews, magazines, and newspapers, under the cover of progress, reform, and independent criticism, making a dig under the fifth rib of religion, as he says, "Art thou well, my brother?"—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

SEEK AFTER THAT WHICH IS ABIDING AND PRECIOUS.—The things of this world are vanity; but there is a world of reality and substance. There is that which can fill the soul and make it glad, even amid privations and sufferings, and satisfy it with enduring happiness. "This is eternal life, to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: "Fear God and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." With the soul anchored on the Almighty and Immutable, with the heart set to meet his will, with the life solemnly consecrated to his service, we become linked to his eternal Majesty, so as to share somewhat in his imperishable excellencies, and become "partakers of a Divine nature," being the sons and heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus, with a reserved inheritance, incorruptible and unfading. Having laid hold upon the refuge set before us in the Gospel, we plant ourselves on the immutable things of God, and find strong consolation in the hope of a future of blessedness, high as heaven, changeless as God, and enduring as eternity. And why should any one cheat himself out of that glorious portion for the trifles and vanities of earth?

"I ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT I HAVE BOYS AWAY FROM HOME."—Such was the remark we overheard the other night from the lips of an aged mother, who addressed a female friend of hers. It had reference to comments that had been freely made upon the conduct of a young man who was "away from home." We did not see the face of the speaker; but we will wager our existence that a great woman's heart beats under her bodice. She always remembered that she had boys away from home. There is a world of tenderness and forbearance in this matronly language. It would be well in this age of virulent gossip if all mothers would acknowledge the potency of the simple social law which this mother had written upon her heart. Her boys were "away from home," and subject to the temptations of those upon whom her neighbor had passed a merciless judgment. She would not so far violate her own instincts as a mother, as to pass condemnatory sentence on the children of any other.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SERMONS. By Rev. D. W. Clark, D. D., *One of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. First Series.* 12mo. Pp. 478. \$2. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. New York: Carlton & Porter.

Mechanically this is one of the handsomest books that has yet been issued from the Methodist press, and we have not seen it surpassed by any publishing-house in the country in respect to the qualities which go to the making up of a substantially and neatly finished volume. The moment you touch it you feel that it is both beautiful and substantial; that it will not go to pieces in your hands, and that its beauty is not mere tinsel and show. It is printed on laid and tinted paper, in antique type, and put up in heavy covers with beveled edges, and finished with gilt tops. The contents of the volume are worthy of this elegant setting. It contains eighteen sermons on practical and important subjects, written in a plain, strong, yet pure and elegant style. The author is no aspirant after new, affected, or pompous methods of expression. He has something to say, and says it in good, substantial English. We indorse what he says in his preface, that "while, on the one hand, he has utterly discarded pompous or pretentious diction, on the other, he has held all low, mean, *cant* phrases—however much they might appeal to popular taste—to be unworthy of the sacred themes of the pulpit, as they are of the place itself. But clear exposition, earnest exhortation, pathetic appeal, appropriate illustration—embodying as they do the great elements of effective preaching—are not wanting in these discourses." The manner, too, in which these sermons were written is about the only way in which we are willing to accept written sermons. Only a few of them were prepared for special occasions and written before delivery; for the most part they have *grown up* in the hands of the author. Delivered at first from brief notes, they were afterward modified to adapt them to the occasions of their use, or improve their general character, till at last they were developed into their present state. The result is a volume that we are willing to accept as model sermons. The themes discussed are of great interest, and some of them of the highest importance. "Methodism a Divine Institution," "Mission and Work of American Methodism," will instruct and inspire Methodist preachers and people to still nobler work. "The Cross of Christ," "Insufficiency of Moral Virtue," and "The Problem of Life," are full of suggestive thought and sound reasoning. "The Sunday School of the Present the Germ of the Church of the Future," "An Appeal for City Mission Work," and "On Revivals of Religion," are eminently practical, and point out the way for efficient labor for Christ. Get this book and read it, and it will improve your head and heart.

A DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE, *Comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History, with Numerous Illustrations and Maps. Edited by William Smith, LL. D. Published by Messrs. J. B. Burr & Co., Hartford, Conn. 8vo. Double Column.* Pp. 776.

"A Dictionary of the Bible!" If one reflects how much of the Scriptures is history and biography, and how much relates to the geography of the East, and the manners and customs—the social and national life of many peoples—he will see that no man can be an intelligent reader of the Bible without such a help as this. Possibly the Sabbath school teacher has thought himself equal to his work without such an aid. But if so, he has greatly misapprehended his duty, and done injustice to his pupils. There are families—unfortunately too many—where parents and children read and study the Bible without such a help to its interpretation. A school-room without a comprehensive dictionary of our language—its words and their meaning—would be no more unfurnished than a home without a work like this.

There have been numerous Bible dictionaries prepared, but this of Dr. Smith's *greatly excels* all others—presenting the results of the ripest scholarship and latest research, so largely and so luminously that he and his associates have conferred a measureless benefaction upon the religious world.

The edition, as announced above, by Messrs. Burr & Co., is the reprint of the abridgment of Dr. Smith's three volumes, made by his own hand for families and Sabbath school teachers. Every person, and people, and place; every allusion to manners, customs, utensils, weapons, modes of life, forms of worship, and idolatry; strifes and wars—every thing that one can wish to know about in the Bible, is included in this work.

This reprint, by Messrs. Burr & Co., has important excellencies, rendering it superior to any other, and making it just the thing for the family and teacher. It is in its external character, its type, binding, and especially in its numerous wood and steel engravings, "a thing of beauty." It gives the proper names—of which there are hundreds—with the American pronunciation. We are much gratified that Messrs. Burr & Co. have not fallen into a mistake in this respect, but have furnished in so beautiful and so cheap a form the dictionary of Dr. Smith, modified in its pronunciation to meet the wants of the American and not the English public.

We can conscientiously commend *this work*, possessing so much artistic and intrinsic excellence. We wish it might find a place in every family of the land, and, beside the Bible, shed its light, and yield its explanations, and tell its story to the student, young and old, of God's Word. Agents here have a *rare*

opportunity in canvassing for a work of such real, and permanent, and indispensable value; they can not but find most remunerative employment. It is *cheap, compact, comprehensive*, and should go into every American household.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE, BOTH THE CANONICAL AND THE APOCRYPHAL. By Professor C. E. Stowe, D. D. 8vo. Pp. 583. Hartford Publishing Company. Cincinnati: Zeigler, McCurdy & Co.

This volume, like the previous one, is sold only by subscription, and it is a matter of thankfulness that publishers of books for this kind of circulation are turning their attention to works that are really valuable, and that can be heartily recommended to all families, and that they are issuing them in really excellent and substantial style. The volume before us is well printed on good paper, and is substantially bound. Its illustrations are very good wood-cuts, except the first, which is a fine steel portrait of the author. The contents of the book are just what multitudes in the present day ought to know. It is designed to show "what the Bible is not, what it is, and how to use it." Each one of the books of the New Testament is historically traced up to the apostles, who only had authority to deliver inspired books to the churches. Each individual book is shown to stand on its own merits, its own evidence; and there is a full exposure of the groundlessness of the silly story so often repeated, that certain men got together and voted what should be Bible and what should not. The question of the apocryphal books is also fully treated, and full and copious extracts given from them. The style of the book is plain, simple, and colloquial. Whoever will read this book will be able to give a reason for the hope that is in him, and will learn many most valuable things about the Bible. As we have said, it is sold only by agents, and all communications should be addressed to the publishers.

ORATORY—SACRED AND SECULAR; or, *The Extemporaneous Speaker. Including a Chairman's Guide.* By Rev. Wm. Pittinger, with an Introduction by Hon. John A. Bingham. 12mo. Pp. 220. \$1.50. New York: S. R. Wells.

The living voice rightly cultivated and rightly employed is a power in the world, and he who by study and practice makes himself able to use this power in easy, earnest, and appropriate extempore address makes himself a leader among his fellow-men. It is now almost universally conceded that unwritten speech is the more efficient method of public speaking, because it is the natural method. It is also conceded that the art of clothing one's thoughts with appropriate language at the moment of utterance, and in the presence of many hearers, is not to be attained without great labor. Public speaking is an art, and as such is to be learned, and efficiency in it is only to be attained by long and patient practice. Yet it is worth all the study necessary, and will subsequently repay the speaker for all the disappointment and

chagrin he may have to endure while acquiring his art. The little volume before us will aid the young aspirant greatly. The introductory letter by Hon. John A. Bingham will itself be worth a great deal to the young speaker by its lessons and inspiration. The work is a clear and succinct exposition of the rules and methods by which readiness in the expression of thought may be acquired, and an acceptable style both in composition and gesture. The author brings to his work a mind matured by years of experience in the very field of which he treats. The book is published in first-class style, well and clearly printed, and handsomely bound.

MEMOIRS OF OLIVET. By J. R. Macduff, D. D., Author of "*Morning and Night Watches*," "*The Shepherd and his Flock*," etc. 12mo. Pp. 373. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.

In every respect this is a beautiful and excellent book. In mechanical finish it is first-class, and its contents will instruct the mind and warm and bless the heart. It is uniform in design and purport, with "*Memories of Gennesaret*" and "*Memories of Bethany*" by the same author, books which have sold by the thousands in England and America. It groups together the scenes connected with Mount Olivet, giving a full and connected representation of our Lord's ministry, his sayings and doings, during the last week of sufferings and triumphs before the cross, and of his ascension from this sacred Mount. The frontispiece is a remarkable picture, being a careful attempt, under the guidance of reliable authorities, to reproduce the Mount of Olives as it was in our Lord's time.

HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE. By Horatius Bonar, D. D. Third Series. 16mo. Pp. 324. New York: Robert Carter & Bros.

We love the hymns of Bonar, and are quite sure that all who have read the two preceding series will also want this one. There is no living writer of hymns, and we believe there has been none since the days of Charles Wesley, that can equal Bonar in the tenderness, sweetness, strength of faith, and depth of love which pervade all his hymns. In the present series he appears to overcome what seemed to us a defect in the previous ones, and to mount up into a higher hope and more joyous strain. Faith and hope both are here, the one strongly resting on the Rock of Ages, the other peering into the skies and rejoicing in anticipation of the glories to come.

A FRENCH COUNTRY FAMILY. By Madame de Witt, née Guizot. Translated by Dinah Mulock Craik. 12mo. Pp. 216. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Miss Mulock, whom we can hardly yet consent to call Mrs. Craik, has given to the public some of the purest stories and sweetest poetry of her own composition, and now enters a new field as a translator; and if her translations are all to be as pure, natural, and interesting as the present one, she will lay the public under a new obligation to her. Of this volume

she says, "We Britons are too apt to believe that French society is only as modern French novels make it appear; but this book—wherein the authoress has taken her pictures of both nature and human nature from that combination of the real and imaginary, which, together, form the truest art—shows us that our neighbors across the channel understand 'home' as well as ourselves." While adapted more especially to the young, the book will benefit their elders too.

THE VISITOR'S BOOK OF TEXTS; or, the Word Brought Nigh to the Sick and Sorrowful. By Rev. Andrew A. Bonar. Fourth Edition. 16mo. Pp. 230. New York: Robert Carter & Bros.

This is a companion for the sick-room; a book of texts adapted to the various states of sickness and sorrow; a most convenient and suggestive hand-book for the pastor, and for all who would minister instruction and consolation to the sick and suffering.

LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL. By Charles Adams, D. D. Four Illustrations. 16mo. Pp. 268. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.

The author has been diligent in consulting authorities, and, we think, has succeeded in his attempt to "give a true and unprejudiced picture of a great and good man, who, with some marked faults, was distinguished by eminent virtues, who was great in arms and in statesmanship, and who, in his views of religious and civil liberty, stood a century in advance of his times." Our American youth will find this an attractive and instructive volume.

THE ELEMENTS OF PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE; A Text-Book for Educational Institutions. By Thos. H. Huxley, LL. D., F. R. S., and Wm. Jay Youmans, M. D. 12mo. Pp. 420. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

Prof. Huxley is one of the first anatomists and physiologists of our day, and the work before us was chiefly prepared by him for publication in England, and has been edited and enlarged, especially by the addition of the department of Hygiene, by Prof. Youmans, of the State Normal School, of Minnesota. These names insure the value and adaptation of the work. It is an admirable treatise on the facts and principles of physiology and hygiene, devoid of speculation, but stating in plain and concise language the settled and known principles of the science. The arrangement is excellent, and the style is especially commendable.

OLD FRITZ AND THE NEW ERA. By L. Muhlbach. Translated from the German by Peter Langley. 8vo. Pp. 271. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

A STORMY LIFE. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. 8vo. Pp. 304. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

The authoress of "Old Fritz" begins in this volume a new series entitled "Germany in Storm and Stress," or Germany in the time of the Rosicrucians,

and in the days of Goethe and the glory of Weimar. "A Stormy Life" is by the authoress of "Too Strange Not to be True," etc. Both works are illustrated by Gastor Fay.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Westminster Review, The Edinburgh Review, and the London Quarterly Review, for January, 1868, are on our table from the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 140 Fulton-street, New York. The Westminster contains as leading articles "Dangers of Democracy," and "Physiological Psychology," with seven other valuable articles. The Edinburgh furnishes, besides other good things, "Tyndall's Lectures on Sound," and "Liberal Education in England." "Sir Walter Scott," "Private Confession in the Church of England," and "Church Progress," are interesting articles in the London Quarterly. We have also received from the same publishers Blackwood for February.

SOMETHING NEW. Mr. S. R. Wells, editor Phrenological Journal, has published: *The Good Man's Legacy*. An Excellent Sermon. By Rev. Samuel Osgood, D. D. With Portrait and Sketch of Dr. Richard Rothe, of Heidelberg. Price, 25 cents. *Consumption; Its Cause, and Cure by the Swedish Movement*. With Illustrations and Directions for Home Application. By David Wark, M. D. Price, 30 cents. *Education of the Heart*. The Necessity of Moral Culture for Human Happiness. By Hon. Schuyler Colfax. Sent, post-paid, for 10 cents. Address the Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

THE BIBLE DOCTRINE OF IMMORTALITY. By Hiram Mattison, D. D. Paper. Pp. 96. New York: Carlton & Porter. It is the object of this pamphlet to prove from the Scriptures that man has a purely spiritual nature, distinct from the body in which it dwells, and destined to a separate and immortal existence when the body is dissolved. It is an assertion of natural immortality and a protest against all phases of annihilation.

BARNABY RUDGE. By Charles Dickens. 12mo. Paper, 30 cents. Pp. 257. OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. By Charles Dickens. 12mo. Paper, 30 cents. Pp. 221. DAVID COPPERFIELD. By Charles Dickens. 12mo. Paper, 35 cents. Pp. 351. SKETCHES BY BOZ. By Charles Dickens. 12mo. Paper, 25 cents. This last is a juvenile effort, and contains the author's earliest writings. WAVERLEY NOVELS.—This series is intended to comprise all the popular stories written by Sir Walter Scott. The list, so far published, contains *Waverley*, 12mo, pp. 204; *Ivanhoe*, 12mo, pp. 198; *Kenilworth*, 12mo, pp. 192; *Guy Rannering*, 12mo, pp. 182. The works of Dickens and Scott are too well known to require notice. These are cheap paper editions of their works, and are issued by the Appletons, of New York, and kept for sale by R. W. Carroll & Co., Cincinnati. The type is clear and distinct, and the paper of good quality. The former series is sent by mail for \$4.50, and the latter for \$6.

MONTHLY RECORD.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The following abstract of our annual report for 1868 will show the state and progress of our Sunday school work in 1867. The total for 1867 is 15,292 schools; 171,695 officers and teachers; 1,083,525 scholars; 2,737,734 volumes in library; 31,270 conversions.

The increase in schools, officers and teachers, and of scholars, is much greater than in any previous year. The decrease in conversions is an indication that the spiritual growth of our Sunday schools has not kept pace with their numerical progress.

The income of the Union was \$23,197, an increase of \$3,577. The expenditures were \$21,898. Our treasury is still in debt to the amount of \$3,472.86, owing to the unprecedented number of schools which applied for aid in 1866; consequently we are unable to meet the wants of the work as they should be met in these eventful times.

The Sunday School Journal reached a circulation of 24,000; increase, 4,500. The *maximum* circulation of the Sunday School Advocate was 352,500; 156,500 at New York, 101,000 at Cincinnati, 87,000 at Chicago, 7,000 at Toronto; increase, 24,000. The average circulation was 306,500; average increase, 12,700. The number of copies printed was 7,356,000. This is exclusive of the Canada edition.

Forty-eight new publications were added to our libraries and requisites. The printing for the department amounted to 574,227,000 pages; the binding to 1,343,000 books, etc.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.—Dickinson College is raised out of its pecuniary embarrassment. It has received from scholarships \$58,757.49; Centenary contributions now invested, \$90,272.11, making a total of \$180,474.99. The debt of the College to be deducted is \$31,660.48, leaving a total productive fund of \$148,814.51. The committee favor incorporating a Biblical Department, more fully aiding and encouraging young men for the ministry. This is highly gratifying news, and we most heartily congratulate President Johnson and his associates, both in the Board of Trustees and faculty.

MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.—The past year was one of much prosperity in the work of the Board. The missions report 11 new Churches organized, 22 more native pastors settled, and the force of native laborers enlarged from 815 to 928. The additions to the Churches by profession were 1,467. A larger spirit of Christian benevolence is manifest. Three missionaries and two women, engaged in mission work, died during the year; 16 returned home to recover their health, and 20 have been sent out. The number of missions is 18; stations, 104; out stations, 482; whole number of persons employed, 1,267; number of churches, 205;

Church members, 25,502; training and theological schools, 16; other boarding schools, 16; free schools, 459; pupils, 13,624.

THE GULF STREAM.—There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other majestic flow of water. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Caroline coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that this line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of the vessels may be perceived floating in the gulf-stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between these waters; and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea. In addition to this, there is another peculiar fact. The fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the Gulf Stream. Think of the Arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco.

POLICE OF LONDON.—They are bold men, perfectly fearless, most of them of long experience, and ready at any moment to grapple with a rogue or ruffian. I have seen them handle two or three fellows who were disposed to resist their authority in a way which was a caution to peace disturbers. They are about every-where, especially active in preserving order on the Sabbath; and in walking the streets of London it is difficult to be beyond the sight or call of a policeman. As they are retained during good behavior, and are not subject to political change, and do not feel anxious about offending pot-house politicians, or hesitate to refuse to fraternize with drunken rowdies, they are doubly efficient, and are ever prompt in the discharge of duty. Their uniform is neat, and every man seems to average six feet.

THE NARCOTICS AND POISONS WE INDULGE IN.—The Chemistry of Common Life states that tobacco is produced to the extent of 4,480,000,000 pounds annually, and is used among 800,000,000 of men; opium, among 400,000,000 of men; Indian hemp, among 250,000 of men; betel-nut—or pinang—among 100,000,000 of men; cocoa, among 10,000,000 of men. Little is known in Europe of the use of hemp as a narcotic; yet in the East it is as familiar to the voluptuary as the opium and tobacco of other regions.

The value of these articles is fixed at £60,500,000 annually—\$302,500,000. Suppose we add strong drink, what a frightful aggregate of expense we would show! Hard times would cease if man would cease to poison himself.

JARRING ON RAIL-CARS.—One of the annoyances to which people are subject on railroads is the clickety-clack all the time making itself heard above the rumble of the wheels and the snorting of the engine, and any or all the other noises combined. This is to a certain extent a necessity, for it is occasioned by the wheels passing over the open spaces between the rails. Sometimes, indeed, the unevenness occasioned by one rail-end being above or below its neighbor increases this racket; but the open space itself is the main cause. This might be remedied by a closer contact, but that the expansion of the iron rails on a road, say 500 miles in length, in a good hot Summer's day, will amount to nearly a quarter of a mile beyond the extent to which the same rails will contract on a snapping cold day in Winter. Without the joints there would be a pretty state of things.

AN ENGLISH SCHOOL HISTORY.—An English clergyman has provided a history for the use of schools, in which he says of the American Revolution: "As England had been at great expenses during this war, it was thought fit that the North American colonists should contribute their share. This the Americans wickedly resisted, and their spirit toward the mother country became worse and worse. It was in a great measure the fault of England. We were right in the dispute; but we had been fearfully wrong in not supplying those vast regions with bishops."

Some of our Southern historical text-books can parallel even this nonsense. We have seen some of them filled with questions and statements, even in arithmetic, designed to prejudice and mislead.

WHAT IS SILICA?—Silica is a mineral substance, commonly known as *flint*; and it is one of the wonders of the vegetable tribes, that, although flint is so indestructible that the strongest chemical aid is required for its solution, plants possess the power of *dissolving and secreting* it. Even so delicate a structure as the wheat straw dissolves silica, and every stalk of wheat is covered with a perfect, but inconceivably thin coating of this substance.

Amid all the wonders of nature which we have had occasion to explain, there is none more startling than that which reveals to our knowledge the fact that a flint stone consists of the mineralized bodies of animals, just as coal consists of masses of mineralized vegetable matter. The animals are believed to have been infusorial animalculæ, coated with silicious shells, as the wheat straw of to-day is coated with a glassy covering of silica. The skeletons of animalculæ which compose flint may be brought under microscopic examination. Geologists have some difficulty in determining their opinions respecting the relation which these animalculæ bear to the flint stones in which they are found. Whether the animalculæ, in dense masses, form the flint, or whether the flint

merely supplies a sepulcher to the countless millions of creatures that, ages ago, enjoyed each a separate and conscious existence, is a problem that may never be solved. And what a problem! The buried plant being disintombed, after having lain for ages in the bowels of the earth, gives us light and warmth; and the animalcule, after a sleep of ages, dissolves into the sap of a plant, and wraps the coat it wore probably "in the beginning, when God created the heavens and the earth, and when the earth first brought forth living creatures," around the slender stock of waving corn!—*The Reason Why*.

FACTS FROM THE LAST BRITISH CENSUS.—There are forty-six persons in England who have incomes of £450,000 a year, equal to two millions and a quarter dollars, while four hundred and forty-four persons have incomes ranging from fifty to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and eight hundred and eleven from twenty-five to fifty thousand. In Ireland there is but one person who has an income of upward of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; twenty-one have incomes from fifty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand, and thirty from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars. Among other facts of interest in the last census of Great Britain, it is stated that the English people in Scotland numbered 18,562 males, and 19,234 females; the Scotch people in England and Wales, 60,704 males, and 42,834 females; Irish people in England and Scotland, 219,397 males, and 199,853 females.

The males in the three islands at the soldier's age of twenty to forty, amount to three millions, three hundred thousand men. So that, with a good militia system, and such a degree of military discipline as experience in this country has proved can be attained by volunteers, England might bid defiance to all Europe in arms.

MORTALITY IN GREAT CITIES.—The following, from the London Times, is in marked contrast with the statistics of mortality relating to our largest city, New York:

It is scarcely credible, but yet the uncontested figures quoted by Dr. Letheby leave it beyond all doubt, that the average of health throughout the city of London is higher than the average of health throughout all England, taking town and country together. The mortality in all England is at the rate of 22.8 in every 1,000 of the population; in the city of London it is at the rate of 22.3 for every 1,000 inhabitants. The advantage in our favor thus expressed in a decimal which is equivalent to only half an individual for every 1,000 is not very great, although, indeed, it comes to a considerable saving of life when the thousands are multiplied by hundreds. But, on the other hand, two circumstances lead us to regard even this small advantage with no ordinary satisfaction. For, in the first place, the improvement has been progressive; it has been slow, but steady and sure. Gradually the mortality has decreased, till the usual yearly death-roll of 3,768 has been reduced to 2,904 within the period of nine years, during which the city has been under the rule of the Sanitary

Commission. The deaths this year—23.3 per thousand, or 1 in every 45 of the inhabitants—are 9 per cent. below the general average, and represent a saving of 286 lives. And, secondly, this gratifying result has been obtained in the face of obstacles which seemed to be almost insurmountable.

CONSUMPTION OF FUEL.—One pound of carbon in burning gives 14,000 units of heat. $14,400 \times 772 = 11,116,800$ foot lbs. On the supposition that one hour is occupied in the burning, then $11,116,800 \div 60 = 185,280$ foot lbs., represents the mechanical value of the heat for one minute. $185,280 \div 33,000 = 5.6$ horse-power. In other words, the mechanical value of one pound of carbon burned in one hour is 5.6 horse-power, and one horse-power per hour is equivalent to 1—5.6 lbs. carbon burned per hour. Thus it will be seen that our engineers realize only about 5 per cent. of the value of fuel.

INTEMPERANCE AND CRIME.—A few years ago the British Parliament passed, at about the same time, two bills—one to enforce the closing of public houses in Scotland on the Sabbath, the other to authorize the raising of £12,000 by the city of Edinburgh, for the enlargement of its jail, which was entirely too small to accommodate the number of criminals sentenced to confinement. The first of these bills was immediately carried into effect. At the end of the first year after the closing of drinking-houses on the Sabbath in the above-mentioned city, it was found that the number of criminal offenses for the year had been reduced one-third. The authorities, therefore, decided to defer the raising of the £12,000 for a time. At the close of the second year the number

of criminals was still further reduced, and the idea of enlarging the jail was abandoned. At the present time, after several years' operation of the Sabbath law, the jail is so much too large that one entire wing is unoccupied, and the authorities are considering to what other useful purpose it can be applied. It would be well if politicians, who are every-where throughout the country denouncing the friends of the Sabbath and temperance as fanatics and enemies of civil liberty, would read and meditate upon this fact.

WESTERN BOOK CONCERN.—The following Exhibit of the Western Agents was duly audited, and will be made to the Annual Conferences of 1868:

RESOURCES FROM ALL SOURCES.	
Stock, Real Estate, Notes, Accounts, and Fixtures...	\$571,989 32
Liabilities of all kinds, November 30, 1867.....	111,614 85
Leaving at that date, net capital.....	460,374 47
Deduct capital November 30, 1866.....	402,939 30
Leaving net profits for year ending Nov. 30, 1867.....	\$57,435 17

The Western Agents have also paid, during the year, to bishops, and to order of the General Conference, \$10,383.83, which, added to the above, make the profits \$67,819.00.

The total net capital stock of the two Book Concerns is \$1,050,946.17. The total profits for 1867 were \$128,371.39.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS OF ILLINOIS.—The Church membership of the different denominations in this State is given as follows: Methodists, 80,000; Baptists, 52,000; Presbyterians—of every name—30,000; Congregationalists, 16,000; Episcopalians, 5,000; Universalists, 5,000; Unitarians, 3,000; Campbellites, 10,000; Lutherans, 6,000. There are various other lesser sects, in all probability numbering 25,000.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

DR. TODD AND WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The following letter tells its own story vigorously and to the point. In behalf of the abused Doctor, however, we would say that nothing that we have seen in his book would indicate that he would dispute any point raised by the writer. If they perfectly understood each other we do not think they would differ greatly in their views on the vexed question, at least so far as the following points are concerned:

"I claim, then, for her that it is her 'right' to be treated with the utmost love, respect, honor, and consideration in her sphere. I claim that it is her right to have every possible aid and advantage to fulfill her mission. . . . She has a right to be exempted from certain things that men must endure. She ought to be exempted from the hard drudgery of earth."

"Thus writes Dr. Todd in the *Congregationalist*, and thus quotes paper after paper, and finally our beloved *Repository*. Is any woman's heart so wanting in sensibility as to be untouched by the kind and gracious words? Can she be ungrateful for the 'love, respect, and honor,' the 'exemption from drudgery,' the 'aid and advantage?' What more

can the most exacting spirit ask? Ah, me! if words were only things! If woman were exempted from drudgery and granted every possible aid and advantage to fulfill her mission—if she were shielded from all the storms of life and reared like some tender plant in a warm, sunny atmosphere, methinks there are few who would have the hardihood to prefer the out-door life of storm, and heat, and cold. But how many women enjoy these rights which the good divine so graciously concedes? To a few petted daughters of wealth and luxury this life of ease is possible, but upon thousands of the wives and mothers of our land is imposed a heavier burden, a severer drudgery, a more incessant and exhausting toil than upon the husbands and fathers. There are thousands, too, who, in lieu of household cares, or, perhaps, in addition to them, are compelled by stern necessity to go out and battle with the world and wrest from it the means of subsistence for themselves and dear ones depending on them. What kind of 'aid and advantage' do they find then? What but scorn, and misrepresentation, and injustice? Slighted

by society, their services wretchedly undervalued and underpaid, where is now their meed of 'love, respect, honor, and consideration?' Yet dare Dr. Todd assert that they are out of their sphere in honestly attempting to provide for their own necessities or those of helpless loved ones?

"No, reverend sir. You shall not lord it over God's heritage in this manner. Every woman 'stands single in responsible act and thought,' and must mark out her own sphere according to the capabilities God has given her, and the circumstances in which she is placed. If, thrown upon her own resources, she can best provide for herself by entering a store or counting-room, you shall not send her away to starve. She will live poorly enough upon her meager salary—a salary which the public sentiment you are fostering will make more meager still. If she is capable of taking a higher place and winning competence and fame by the exercise of lofty powers, you shall not 'wheedle her into contented insignificance' by the cry that she is out of her sphere, nor frighten her by the petty threat that if she will lecture, or practice medicine, or seek political honors she must also black boots, carry hods of mortar, knock down oxen, stick swine, and slaughter cattle. When she develops any particular aptitude for these employments no doubt she will be ready to enter them, and perhaps some would be willing to do so even now for the sake of a reasonable compensation.

"Dr. Todd knows and acknowledges the disadvantages under which women labor when thrown upon their own resources for support, but he makes no attempt and proposes no plan to remedy this evil, while he loads with ridicule and reproach all such efforts made by others, and then tries to atone for the wrong he has done with smooth words and honeyed speeches about the beauty and sacredness of woman's mission. We have had enough, and far more than enough of these stale sentimental platitudes; we want something more substantial. 'If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one say unto him, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give him not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?' How long, O, how long will Church and clergy stand in the way of reform, and in attempting to hinder the progress of the age, be themselves overwhelmed by the rushing tide, which will sweep on in spite of them and over them! A pro-slavery Church made many infidels; a Church which would tyrannize over woman is making many more. But for the Divinity within it, which renders it invincible, we might well fear that Christianity itself would fall through the weakness and unwisdom of its advocates.

BLANCHE ARDEN."

EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—The following racy letter, just and true in most of its views and all of its facts, is from one whose articles we seldom find reason to decline. As to the "inconsistency" referred to, we accept the writer's amendment, as, of course, in saying "every editor will pounce upon every really good article," etc, we meant every arti-

cle really good *for him* in its adaptation to his own periodical. In a very important sense an article is really good or not good in relation to the wants of each editor. What may be "good" for one periodical may not be "good" for another. The two facts that editors are quite as liable to mistakes as other people, and that they judge of articles chiefly in relation to their own needs, will explain most of the facts of the following letter:

"Dear Editor,—I can not rest till I have eased my mind of the thoughts caused by your letter to your contributors. Methodist editors are the most courteous on earth, and you are about the most courteous of Methodist editors. Do you know why you have offended none? The reason you may gather from the foregoing sentence. Writers are not so unreasonable as to take offense because editors reject their articles. It is the *manner* of rejection that offends. There is but one fault to find with that article of yours, 'To our Contributors.' Do not you take offense if I indicate it: 'We are often obliged to decline articles of sufficient literary merit for the simple reason that we have not space for them, and at other times because they treat of subjects similar to others which have recently been used. . . . Contributors may be sure that every editor will pounce upon every really good article with almost as much avidity as the miner upon a new lead of gold.' Is there not a little, just a little inconsistency in this? Would it not be better to say, 'good for his purposes?' And if the latter assertion is true, what correct and admirable judges editors must be! One thing is a little curious about it. How comes it that one editor refuses what another eagerly accepts? It can not be because one is a good judge and the other is not, for you say 'every editor;' besides writers [are somewhat malicious, perhaps, and] try number one with what number two rejects, and *vice versa*. There is no editor who will not buy what some other editor rejects. Who, then, is to be judge of the absolute merit of an article? The writer, bewildered by so diverse opinions, can not tell the quality of his production.

"To tell the truth, editors, with exceptions above named, and a few others, are a most unsatisfactory set of beings. That they reject an article is no sign it is bad; that they accept it is no sign it is good; yet they all, with one accord, assert ungratefully, 'We are always glad to get a good article.' This is claiming to know a good deal, and it is being very hard indeed on each other, not to mention writers.

"Editors who are not themselves writers are by far the most arrogant and conceited. One in New York has more than once jeered in a low-bred style at the claims of authors, asking what would become of them were there no editors to patronize and pay them. What, indeed? What did become of them in the days of Job, Moses, Plato, or before editors were? What would become of editors, I ask, were there no writers? Say the earth were to-day to swallow every editor on the globe, how long would it be before from the ranks of writers their places would be filled? You, dear sir, are an author; to

you, as such, I speak. Let the editor forgive my plainness; my heart is warm and kind toward you, though my words may sound rude.

"With a fact or two I close. I know an editor, one who assumes the most that an editor can, who rejected and destroyed, without the slightest apology, articles for which the writer—being happily able to reproduce them—afterward received nine hundred dollars. I know an editor of one of the great New York dailies—the leading editor, who would admit no merit in a poem, and altered it—for which the writer was afterward well paid by an editor of a paper of the same rank, who is also a first-class poet. He rejected the former editor's amendment, and accepted the original lines of the writer. I know editors who have been greatly pleased with articles which have been more than once rejected by their craft brothers whom they consider hardly their equals.

"Thus you see, dear Doctor, there is something for the writer to think, if he does not often say it, when such editorial assertions as 'good articles every editor accepts,' meet his eye. And the writer objects to hearing a just and noble editor make use of an unjust and injurious statement. Am I excused?"

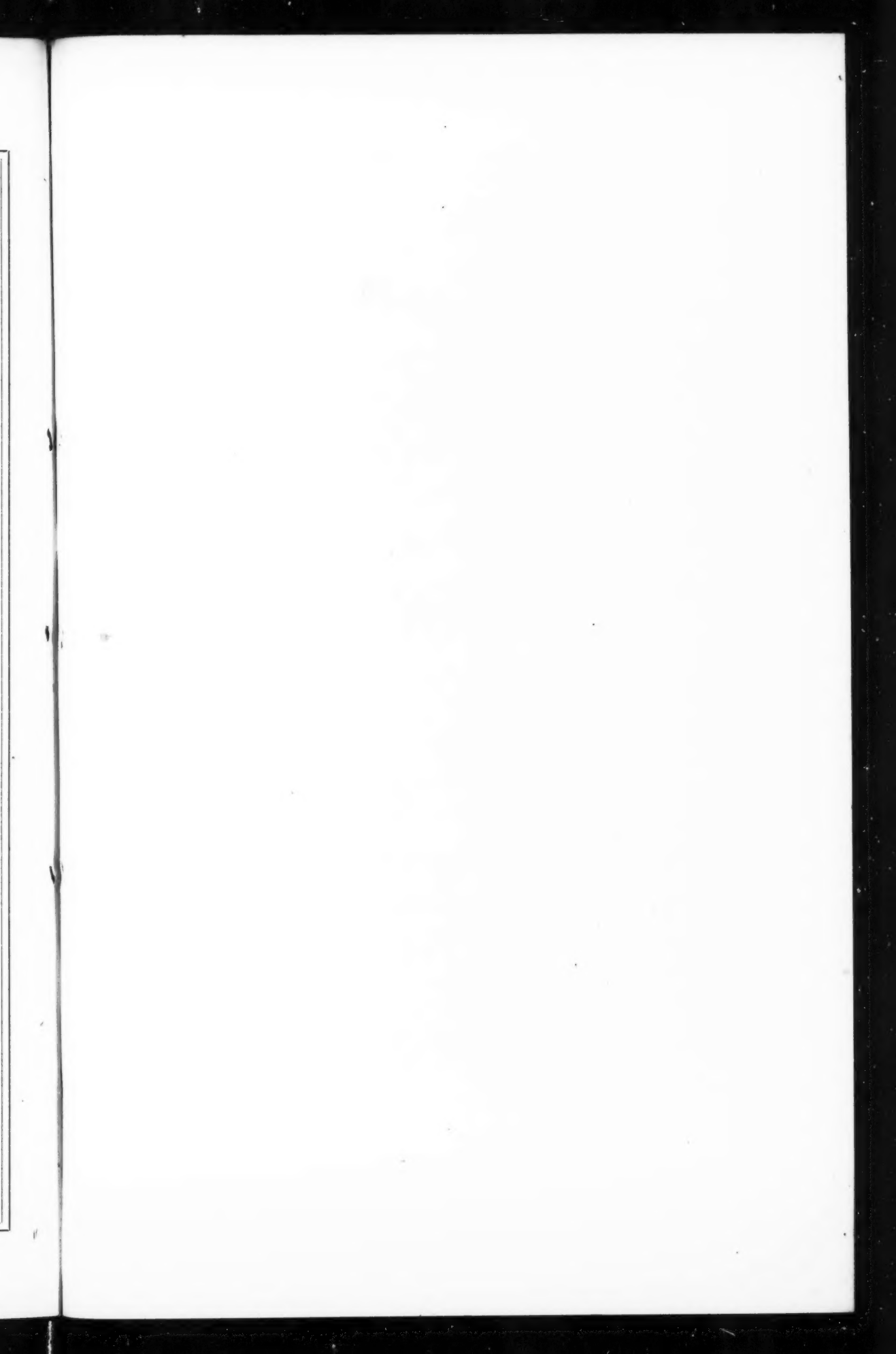
WM. B. BRADBURY.—The following incident was related by Prof. Sanders, the author of a series of books for primary schools, at a recent Teachers' Institute held in Lockport, New York. No doubt this was the turning point in Mr. Bradbury's remarkable career. We give the incident as reported from Mr. Sanders' language: "Many years ago, while walking down Broadway, he chanced to hear music, something like singing, and the thrilling sounds arrested his attention; and it being a public place he walked in, took a seat, and listened for a while to the exercises. He found there quite a large number of small children, singing such tunes as Old Hundred, and the like, under the direction of a boy of perhaps seventeen or eighteen years of age. After the entertainment was closed, he walked leisurely along up to where the young man was standing, and said to him, 'Sir, you ought to have a different book from this one you are using to instruct these little children from. You should have some neat little book containing selections fitted and adapted to these juvenile minds.' Said the boy to Mr. Sanders, 'I am fully aware of that, sir; but I have never seen such a book.' 'Well, sir,' said he, 'I am engaged in making just such a book as you want here, and I would like to have you go to work with me to finish it; I wish you to write the tunes to such selections as I may choose.' 'Why, sir,' the boy replied, 'I can not write a tune; I never attempted such a thing in my life.' But Mr. S. had detected a power of music in the boy which he, himself, was not aware of, and which, if properly cultivated and developed, would be of some use to the world; and he said to him, 'I think you can, and you come over to my office in the morning—giving him the name and number of the street, for they had been strangers till that time—and I will give you some poetry to write tunes for; and the boy consented and came over. The result

was, that after a few ineffectual attempts on the piece entitled 'Try, Try Again,' he succeeded in getting a piece that was adapted to it, and they sung it together. That boy has since that time written a vast amount, perhaps more than any other living man, of the best music that ever charmed the ear. That boy was Wm. B. Bradbury, and his music to-day thrills and charms the ears of a world."

A QUESTION IN SOCIAL SCIENCE.—We give the following note from one of our readers, without comment:

"I was much interested with your article on Social Science in the January number; but there is one feature of our social life which you did not depict. I refer to the spirit of public crime which seems to rule the hour. It is appalling to read of the thefts, robberies, suicides, murders, and enormities which abound in all portions of the country. Sin revels in its most outrageous forms. It does not put on the seductive charms of an angel of light, but in open day stalks undisguised. 'Dark, dark, amidst the blaze of noon,' it seeks its victims, takes possession of their wills, leads captive their judgment, urges to desperation and folly, and shuts out all thought, as well as all hope of heaven. This is not a matter in which men alone are interested, but our wives, our sisters, our daughters are equally its victims and its subjects. It is not enough to say that public opinion has been debauched, that war has rendered men's minds familiar with and indifferent to rapine and bloodshed, that political causes produce the present excitement, and that with a new administration the carnival of crime will cease. Is there not something behind and deeper than all these? Are our laws executed for righteousness' sake, impartially and without fear? Have we a practical faith in God and in the Gospel of his Son? Do we feel the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and so teach it in our schools and preach it in our pulpits? Is our home training a matter of duty and conscience as much as of convenience and self-ease? Is it a sufficient rebuke of sin to keep our garments unsoiled from contact with the low, the ignorant, the degraded, the brutal? If sin ruled them only, we might plead some human excuse; but the educated, the wealthy, the refined, are themselves guilty of horrid crimes. How are we to reach even them? And how are we to save the masses? I am not a croaker, dear editor, but indeed I am a
FEARER."

DEATH OF A CONTRIBUTOR.—Miss Letta C. Lord has furnished us with a few pieces of poetry for the Repository of sufficient merit to give promise of considerable success as she ripened into maturer years. But she was ripening for heaven and not for earth, and her mother drops us a note saying that she "has gone home." She writes: "I am writing with *her* pen, but the dear hands are folded and quiet. There are no papers strewed on her table; her piano gives forth no sound, for the angels whispered to her and lured her away with their sweeter music, and I am being drawn nearer to God."







DESIGNED BY W. W. W.

THE WRITING LESSON

ENGRAVED FOR THE LADY'S EDITION